NUMBER TWO FEBRUARY 1916 VOLUME XXXIV

Everybody's Magazine

WE GO TO WASHINGTON

CARTOON BY H. L. DRUCKLIEB

EVERYBODY'S MAGAZINE has gone to Washington.

EVERYBODY'S MAGAZINE is determined that this year the "folks back home" shall be supplied with full and accurate information as to the what, why, and how of congressional action relating to national defense.

There has been much talk by ultra-pacificists of the schemes of militarists and the greed of munition-makers who would drive the country to blood-lust to feed ambition or to fill money-pots.

There has been much talk by the ultra-big-army-big-navyists of the asininity and skim-milk patriotism of the peace-at-any-pricers.

All this talk has been good for the country.

TO HELP THE NATION WATCH CONGRESS.

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EVERYBODY'S MAGAZINE has contributed to the discussion as intelligently as it could. In these pages, month after month, have appeared analyses of the problems of the national defense, articles as accurate, as wide-visioned, and as patriotic of purpose as expert knowledge, painstaking investigation, and earnestness of endeavor could make them.

EVERYBODY'S MAGAZINE hopes and believes that these articles have been of national value. Else they would not have been printed.

EVERYBODY'S MAGAZINE feels that in securing these articles it discharged a very definite duty. The problem of a national defense is the big problem of this nation to-day. It is vital. It transcends even the important problems of revenue, shipping, and foreign policy.

This Congress will have to do something about it.

Therefore, EVERYBODY'S MAGAZINE has gone to Washington to see what Congress does, how Congress does it, and why. That means an intelligent scrutiny of the actions of every United States Senator and every member of the House of Representatives; of every lobbyist and of every Cabinet member—yes, and even of the President of the United States.

EVERYBODY'S MAGAZINE assumes that all these servants of ours are true patriots.

EVERYBODY'S MAGAZINE assumes that the Du Ponts and the other folks whose business is the making of explosives, that the arms people, the steel people, the wagon people, the automobile people, and all the other people who would make for us the materials with which to defend our homes, should that necessity come—assumes that all these members of our family are wholly patriotic, ready to ignore personal gain in bending personal ability and individual efficiency to the happiness and security of all.

Yet EVERYBODY'S MAGAZINE recalls:

That in the past there have been appropriation scandals, army-post scandals, navy-yard scandals.

That, for years, through political sculduggery or otherwise, Congress has been throwing away a cold hundred million dollars a year in army and navy expenditures alone.

EVERYBODY'S MAGAZINE believes that this country is ready to return to our traditional military policy of a citizenship trained to arms; that national sentiment is rapidly crystallizing in favor of universal military training.

EVERYBODY'S MAGAZINE knows that the people of this nation want an army and a navy balanced in men and materials, administered with out loss of efficiency or waste of funds.

EVERYBODY'S MAGAZINE may be wrong in its view of what system of defense this nation is ready for. It is eternally right in its belief that whatever plan of defense is pursued, that plan can be adopted and administered without political trickery, misspent funds, and legislative scandals. The nation is watching this Congress with intense interest.

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So EVERYBODY'S MAGAZINE has gone to Washington to help along in the watching.

EVERYBODY'S is camping right on the job, in the person of Mr. Gardner L. Harding.

Now, Mr. Harding has not gone to Washington with a chip on his shoulder. He is there just to watch. As a watcher, he is an expert. He has done some notable and powerful watching for the press in many parts of the world, notably in the Parliament of Great Britain and in the Congress of the United States.

As a writer, he needs no introduction. Yet he is under no contract to write. During the whole session of Congress he may not write a line. Then, again, he may.

It all depends.

GARDNER L. HARDING

Whenever, in watching the progress of defense legislation, he sees anything good or bad, honest or dishonest, that he thinks the people ought to know about, he is going to tell about it—regardless.

He recognizes no party, no section, no creed. He has no program, no grudges—and no timidity.

The pending legislation bears directly and vitally on the future security and happiness of our country.

EVERYBODY'S MAGAZINE proposes to get at first hand its information concerning this legislation.

That is why Mr. Harding is in Washington. He is not there to "get" any one. EVERYBODY'S MAGAZINE hopes that there is no one in Congress to "get." It recognizes in the problem of the national defense a wide field for difference of opinion, for honest divergence of conviction. It hopes that not one of the men the voters have sent there will be guided by anything save honest conviction. If there is one, or more than one, EVERYBODY'S MAGAZINE hopes fervently that it will be able to "get" each one, and to hold him up so that American voters can see him.

EVERYBODY'S MAGAZINE, through Mr. Harding, has undertaken to be a capable reporter on all legislative activity touching the peace, the safety, and the dignity of this nation.

It is a big job for EVERYBODY'S. It is a big job for Harding.

For both it involves industry, loyalty, accuracy, patience.

We expect to make good.

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WYOMING'S ANSWER

Five Years of Training Schoolboys

BY GEORGE CREEL

WITH PHOTOGRAPHS OF THE CHEYENNE HIGH SCHOOL CADETS

(This is from the Wyoming State Superintendent of Public Instruction)

MAY I take this opportunity to express my hearty endorsement of the cadet work which is being done in Wyoming? For some time I have been watching the influence which it has exerted upon the young men enrolled in the various corps, and I wish to say that I consider it most valuable training for our high-school boys. I am glad to see the movement grow in popularity.

EDITH K. O. CLARK.

ON MAY 8, 1915, while a stunned nation read the death-roll of the *Lusitania*, the high-school boys of Wyoming were gathered in Cheyenne for a "cadet tournament" to determine their progress in physical development and military instruction. Small connection between the two events at first sight, yet the experiment of this western state in the training of citizen soldiers may be the answer to a vital aspect of the demand for "preparedness" that is the direct result of the liner's destruction.

Some answer *must* be given. When all is said and done, the ultimate blasphemy is the defiance of facts. For the world to read, Europe has written the grim truth that not treaties nor love of peace nor excessive armaments can guard against the lightning-bolt of war. The task of wise patriotism in the United States to-day is to decide upon a rational plan of preparedness that will serve either to deter invasion or to resist it successfully.

Fortunately, choice does not lie between an ostrich-headed pacifism and a thick-headed militarism, discredited alike by history and the harsh realities of the day. There is a firm middle ground upon which all may stand who have their hearts set on peace without being blind to the necessity of defense. A citizen soldiery, already insisted upon by EVERYBODY'S, is the one plan that

SHARPSHOOTERS PLATOON OF THE CADET CORPS AT THE CHEYENNE HIGH SCHOOL. PART OF THE "WYOMING IDEA" OF CITIZEN-BUILDING.

All Photographs by Tishler & Langer, Denver, Colo.

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TO MILITARISM

to Think True, Live True—and Shoot True

meets the needs of sane preparedness without the slightest sacrifice of democratic principles or menace to free institutions.

Nor is it necessary to turn eyes to Switzerland and Australia. For five years Wyoming has been pioneering in this delicate matter of military instruction in the schools, and now places results on the table for all the nation to see and study. The Swiss and Australian models have been followed in some degree, but the big outstanding features of the plan are entirely original, having particular regard for American ideals and prejudices.

Boston has had high-school cadets for fifty years, and Washington, D. C., for thirty-two years, but the Wyoming experiment lends itself best to investigation because it has had the acid test of opposition.

Service in the cadet corps of Wyoming is not compulsory, and there is no such thing as active recruiting, yet ninety per cent. of the high-school population of the state has volunteered.

Like most big ideas, the Wyoming experiment "just happened." In 1911, the War Office assigned Lieutenant Edgar Z. Steever to duty as inspector-instructor of the organized militia of Wyoming, for the nation still clings to its traditional belief that the National Guard has no need that can not be met by casual contact with an officer of the regular army. Quite inevitably, Lieutenant Steever found time hanging heavily on his hands, and it was out of his restless energy that he conceived the idea of a cadet corps in the high school of Cheyenne. The opposition that sprung instantly into angry life merits analysis because, in its essence, it typifies *all* opposition to any such ideas.

The labor unions refused to see anything in the plan but a training-school for the militia,

EACH SQUAD HAS A SPONSOR CHOSEN FROM THE GIRLS OF THE SCHOOL, WHO GIVES A NOTE OF CHIVALRY TO THE COMPETITIONS.

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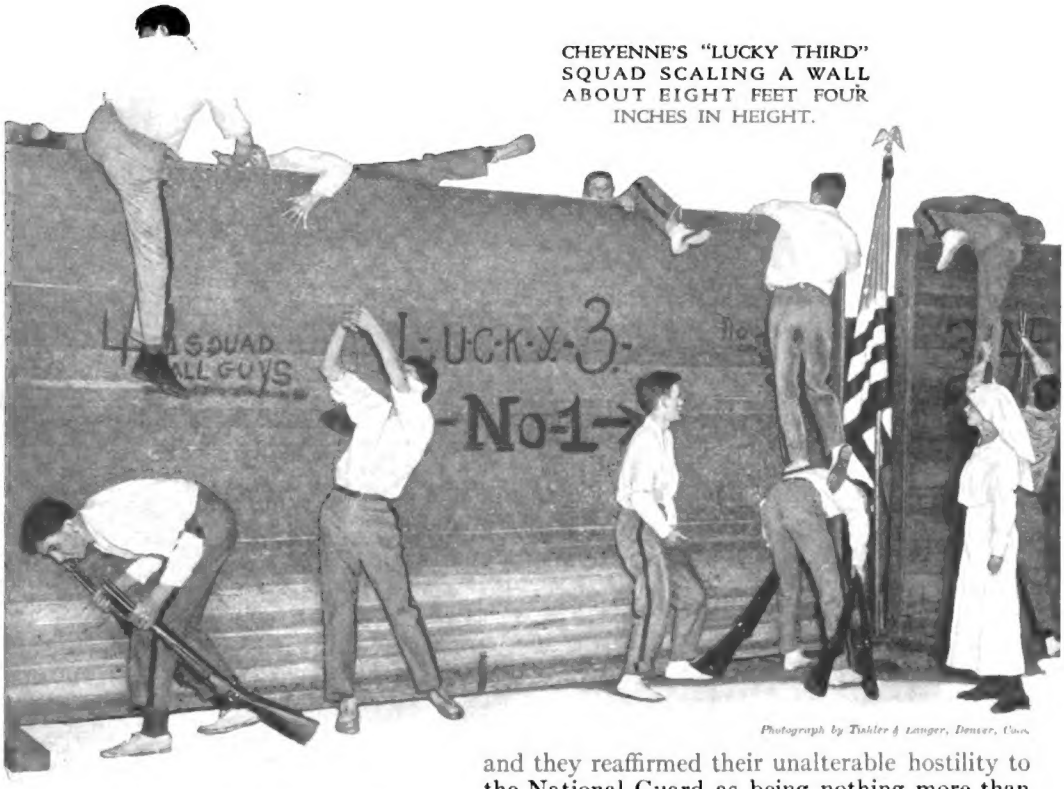

CHEYENNE'S "LUCKY THIRD" SQUAD SCALING A WALL ABOUT EIGHT FEET FOUR INCHES IN HEIGHT.

Photograph by Tishler & Langer, Denver, Colo.

and they reaffirmed their unalterable hostility to the National Guard as being nothing more than an armed force for the use of the employing class in industrial disputes.

Parents based their objections upon the ground that military instruction would exalt martial ideals in the mind of every youngster. Preachers opposed because they scented militarism; and educators were antagonistic out of their fear that individual initiative would be destroyed and personal responsibility undermined.

Lieutenant Steever might have followed the custom of his profession by denouncing those who opposed him as "traitors" and "mollycoddles," but instead of that he analyzed the objections and devised ways of satisfying them in all fairness. It was at this point that the plan left beaten paths and commenced to take on originality.

To the labor unions he said: "I will agree to surrender all idea of compulsion. *Enlistment shall be voluntary.* I promise complete separation of the cadet corps from the militia, and the placing of entire emphasis upon national defense without reference to police duty for the state."

He went to the parents with these assurances: "We will make citizens, *not* soldiers. Your boys will be taught the advantages of a strong body and a clean mind, the value of self-control and decent restraints, civic duties and responsibilities. Our goal will be the full development of the fraternal instinct—the community-of-interest spirit—so that every youngster will grow up in the understanding that no group, whether it be a cadet company, city, state, or nation, is stronger than its weakest member."

The clergy and the pacifists were appeased by this frank statement of position: "The essence of militarism is excessive armaments and a huge standing

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army, while our purpose is no more than such training of youth during the school years as will permit them to devote their manhood to orderly civil pursuits. You can't *cut* militarism out with a moral precept. You've got to *crowd* it out with something better and finer."

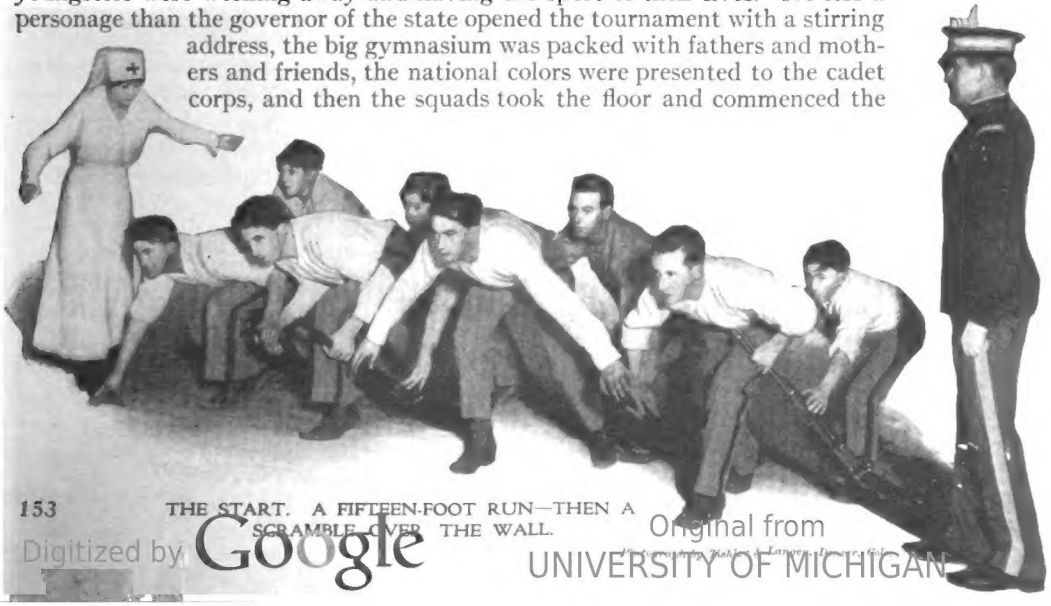
THE attack of the educators on the score of destroyed initiative was met by a counter-attack. "Do you mean to say that the athletic sports of your schools *develop* initiative?" Lieutenant Steever demanded. "Go and listen a while to the coaches of football teams and baseball nines! You rake the school or college for the strongest and most skilful, and put these chosen few in the hands of specialists who demand the blindest sort of obedience. This one-half of one per cent. is the athletic expression of the student body. The ninety-nine and a half per cent. get exercise by sitting in grand-stand seats, and develop initiative by parroting the cries that a yell-leader teaches them. What is this but a tragedy of lopsided development? All thought for those who are strong already,and neglect for those who can not make a team! My cadet plan reaches *every* boy in the school with a training that will strengthen him physically, mentally, and morally."

The Cheyenne school-board gave its consent at last, and Lieutenant Steever issued his call for volunteers. Just sixteen boys responded, their ages running from twelve to eighteen, and with even greater differences in the matter of physique. First of all, Lieutenant Steever had them elect two leaders, and when this was done, two squads were formed of eight men each, the leaders taking turn about in choosing members. As a consequence, each squad contained an equal number of strong, medium, and weak.

His squads formed, Lieutenant Steever straightway made appeal to the three fundamentals of juvenile life—the love of games, the competitive instinct, and the "gang" instinct. "It's one squad against the other," he said. "Nip and tuck. We're going to have a tournament in January, and the winners will get gold medals. Remember, now, team play does it. Your squad's your *gang*, boys."

The setting-up exercises and calisthenics came under routine, but Lieutenant Steever got the game note with competitive wall-scaling. Enlisting the services of a carpenter, he had two board walls, about eight feet four inches in height, chocked in place in the gymnasium. A fifteen-foot run started the climb, and the race was to see which squad could scramble over first.

Won gradually by the splendid time that the cadets seemed to be having, other boys dropped into line, so that by the day of the tournament fifty-five youngsters were working away and having the sport of their lives. No less a personage than the governor of the state opened the tournament with a stirring address, the big gymnasium was packed with fathers and mothers and friends, the national colors were presented to the cadet corps, and then the squads took the floor and commenced the



THE START. A FIFTEEN-FOOT RUN—THEN A SCRAMBLE OVER THE WALL.

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TWO OF THE CHEYENNE CHAMPION *SCHOLARSHIP* SQUAD.

struggle for medals. No football game or baseball clash ever aroused the enthusiasm that shook the building as those youngsters whirled through the drill or tore over the high wall, and when the bugle shrilled its last note the last objection to a cadet corps died with it.

Every boy in the Cheyenne high school was now enrolled, that is, every *fit* boy. In that institution, as in every other, a certain number of lads were found to be unfit for cadet work, and Lieutenant Steever devised a special course in physical training for this class that would bring them up to normal. One boy with a heart lesion plugged away for two years before the doctors pronounced him ready for the squad. To-day he hasn't a weak spot in his whole body.

Looking over his ground, Lieutenant Steever hit upon a new idea that not only accentuated the non-militaristic emphasis, but also gave promise of stimulating youthful ardor to an even higher pitch. It was decided to let each squad have a sponsor, chosen from the girls of the school, who should be a member of the squad to all intents and purposes, sharing in high hopes, softening juvenile savageries, and giving a note of chivalry to the competitions.

As spring wore away, the gymnasium was deserted for the open field, and Lieutenant Steever's eyes turned longingly to the mountains. It took a bit of arranging, but consent to two weeks of "camping out" was gained at last, and a joyous morning came when the cadets marched out of Cheyenne at a double quick, singing at the top of their young voices. Singing, by the way, is a Steever hobby.

Once in camp, instruction commenced to take wide sweeps. The boys learned to pitch their tents, to do their own cooking, and were taught the all-important fundamentals of sanitation and personal hygiene. There were extended-order drills and skirmishes, first aid to the injured practise, signal corps work, trench-digging, map-reading, and map-making; the secrets of woodcraft and plain-craft were revealed to them, and they even reached a point where they flung a sturdy bridge across a turbulent little mountain stream.

Hard and fast orders were never given. From the first, Lieutenant Steever bent every energy to make the clean-cut distinction between *leadership* and *drivership*. In camp he prefaced all new departures by conferences with the boys, "doping it out together," in order that the smallest cadet should understand the "why." In his own school-days he had been a member of the cadet corps in Washington, and he still remembered his boyish revolt against the "rock-crusher" style of drilling.

THE two types of military instruction—intelligent obedience and unthinking acquiescence—got a competitive test in the Boer War. The autocratic English system *failed*, and victory rested with the democratized, *thinking* citizen soldiers of Australia and Canada.

Target practise, naturally, proved a joyous feature of cadet life for the Wyoming boys. Rifles were borrowed from the War Office, and here again the competitive note was introduced by having the squads shoot, one against the other, for medals. Lieutenant Steever holds the world's rifle-record at 200, 500, and 1,000 yards, and to-day he makes the flat assertion that every visit to the range sees him hard pressed by his cadets for first honors.

In December, 1912, the third tournament was held, and as a sign of improvement, the wall-scaling record was cut from twenty-five seconds to fourteen.

Now came a distressful interim. Lieutenant Steever was ordered away from Wyoming, and spent 1913 and 1914 down on the Mexican border herding revolutionists. During his absence, the cadet corps stood pat, holding its membership and interest, but the organization was too young to do without a

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guiding hand, and the mothers and fathers of Wyoming sent a call to Washington for the return of "the father of the idea." The demand was heeded, and as soon after January 1, 1915, as trains permitted, Lieutenant Steever was back on the job in Cheyenne.

BUT why Cheyenne alone? Had not the plan proved itself sufficiently to warrant its extension to other Wyoming towns? Well, he'd have a try at it, anyway. So over to Laramie went Lieutenant Steever; but even before he began to recite his arguments the school-board said: "Go to it. We've been watching your work in Cheyenne, and it looks mighty good to us." Rawlins and Casper returned similar answers, and so did Newcastle, Douglas, and Lander. To-day every municipality in Wyoming has either given its high school over to the cadet idea, or is building a gymnasium by way of preparation for it, and contiguous sections of Montana and Nebraska are asking for Steever.

In February, 1915, the first inter-city cadet tournament was held in Cheyenne. Casper sent one squad, Laramie two, Cheyenne entered three, and not even the famous Frontier Days caused larger measure of excitement in Wyoming. To the amazement of all but its devoted supporters, the Casper squad raced away with the gold medals, hanging up the remarkable time of eight seconds in the wall-scaling competition. It was a victory that enabled Lieutenant Steever to point a smashing moral. The ages of the Casper squad ranged from twelve to eighteen, but not a youngster of the eight had ever touched tobacco in any form or been a victim to any evil habit.

The lesson was not allowed to lose its vividness. In May, 1915, a second inter-city tournament was held, this time with Rawlins added to the list, and again the Casper squad carried off first honors. Wall-scaling calls for five trials, and three times that gallant little eight did the trick in six and one-fifth seconds, a fourth run in six and three-fifths, and the fifth run in six and four-fifths. Think of it! A fifteen-foot dash, a wall eight feet four inches in height, each youngster with a heavy rifle in his hands, and the eight of them piling over in six and one-fifth seconds!

Is it any wonder that of the four-year boys in the Wyoming high schools only five out of every twenty-five have less than forty-inch chests?

Patriotism, when unaccompanied by physical fitness, is not the splendid and effective passion that the pacifist gentlemen would have us believe when they declare that America's call for defenders would find a million men in arms by nightfall. The records prove that fifty per cent. of the men who offer for enlistment can not be accepted, and that fifty per cent. of those who are accepted die before the firing-line is reached because they can not stand the hardships of the open.

THE idea must not be gained, however, that the Wyoming plan cares for nothing but a boy's chest and legs. There are scholarship squads as well as wall-scaling squads; and while the competitions are not fought out before cheering thousands, there are medals for the winners, and the rivalry is just as keen. Squad-leaders are elected, they take turns choosing members as in the case of the other squads, and the fight is to hang up the highest average in every branch of school work. These scholarship squads have their sponsors to urge them on, and the standings are posted on the bulletin-board every week, medals being awarded at the end of the term. One squad-leader, whose team had lost in the tournament, set sail for a scholarship medal, and he won it by going to the homes of his backward members at night for the purpose of helping them with their lessons. Not very much "militarism" about that!

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After five years of demonstration, the Steever idea has won the official stamp of approval by Wyoming and its people, regardless of class and circumstance, creeds and prejudices. Not one single prophesied evil has flowed from it, while the good results have exceeded the most sanguine expectation.

The principals of the high schools unite in this declaration: "Since the organization of the cadet corps, truancy is no longer a problem, nor do our boys quit school for a premature entrance into industry. School life has been made interesting, and we have no trouble in keeping them for the complete course."

The juvenile judges say: "We are the doctors, but Lieutenant Steever is the sanitarian. We prescribe, but he prevents. There used to be about eight per cent. of delinquency among high-school boys, but the self-discipline and self-restraints of the cadets have wiped it out."

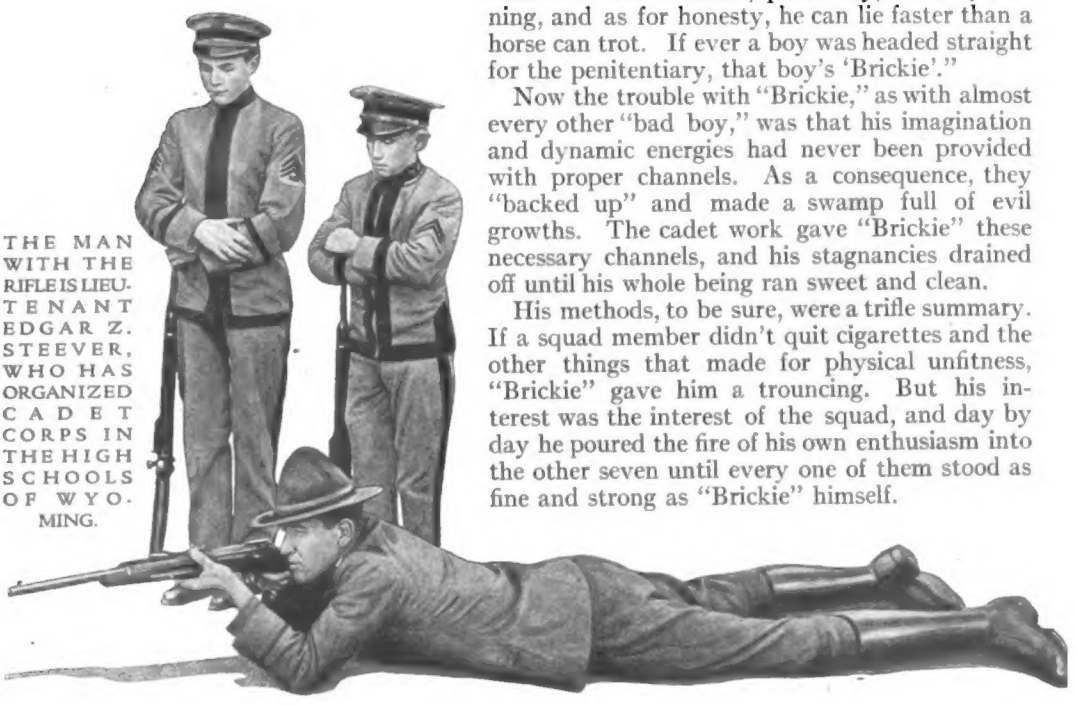
The warden of the penitentiary makes this succinct statement: "If Lieutenant Steever gets them, I don't."

THESE results are no more mysterious nor miraculous than the commonest of common sense. Every youngster wants his squad to walk away with the medals, and the first lesson brought home to him is the absolute necessity of "keeping in shape." When a squad finds that its chances of success are being endangered by the weakness of some one member, the cause is ferreted out, and unless he chooses to "cut it" of his own accord, drastic action is taken. All the moral preachments of the good, and all the harsh discipline of martinets, could not begin to compare with the results obtained by the boys themselves.

"Brickie," for instance, was Wyoming's most notorious "bad boy." He was the despair of parents, police, and school authorities, and when "Brickie" decided to become a cadet, the high-school principal sent for Lieutenant Steever. "He hasn't a single redeeming quality," she moaned. "He is cruel, predatory, vicious, cunning, and as for honesty, he can lie faster than a horse can trot. If ever a boy was headed straight for the penitentiary, that boy's 'Brickie'."

Now the trouble with "Brickie," as with almost every other "bad boy," was that his imagination and dynamic energies had never been provided with proper channels. As a consequence, they "backed up" and made a swamp full of evil growths. The cadet work gave "Brickie" these necessary channels, and his stagnancies drained off until his whole being ran sweet and clean.

His methods, to be sure, were a trifle summary. If a squad member didn't quit cigarettes and the other things that made for physical unfitness, "Brickie" gave him a trouncing. But his interest was the interest of the squad, and day by day he poured the fire of his own enthusiasm into the other seven until every one of them stood as fine and strong as "Brickie" himself.



THE MAN WITH THE RIFLE IS LIEUTENANT EDGAR Z. STEEVER, WHO HAS ORGANIZED CADET CORPS IN THE HIGH SCHOOLS OF WYOMING.

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Photograph by Kahler & Langer, Denver, Colo.

SPONSORS OF THE CHEYENNE HIGH SCHOOL CADETS, READY TO ACT AS NURSES.

Another tremendous benefit lies in the complete elimination of class distinctions and caste lines. Snobbery finds it impossible to live in the democratic atmosphere of the cadet corps, for just as every squad has its weak and strong so it is made up of the rich and the poor, the Fauntleroys and the Smikes. A feature of the cadet year is the parties given by the sponsor, or by the squad itself under the supervision of the sponsor, and it may be the case that the sponsor is a banker's daughter, and the squad-leader the son of a miner.

Another democratizing influence lies in the entertainment arrangements during the inter-city tournaments. The boys and the sponsors are not sent to hotels, but are billeted on the members of the local corps. As a consequence, the car-conductor's son may be the guest in the home of the car-conductor's president, or the son of a magnate may be occupying the spare room in the cottage of a workman. The time to sow the seeds of democracy is in youth, before prejudices have had a chance to harden.

A by-product of this system, by the way, is good breeding. No squad, when attending a party or visiting away from home, wants to be disgraced by a "rough-neck." Lessons in deportment that would be resisted and derided if they came from adults are heeded when they proceed from squad pride.

The very selection of squad-leaders is in itself a training in citizenship. At the beginning of each year an election is held by secret ballot. At the start, boy politics exercised a dominant influence, and many inefficients were chosen because of personal popularity or social standing. It was soon seen that an inefficient leader meant an inefficient squad, and each succeeding election witnessed an increase in the intelligent voting that is based on the merit of the candidate rather than his personality. To-day the one thing that counts in a cadet election is the ability to deliver the goods.

JIM, for example, was a lad who reached up from one of the dark holes of the world, and caught the bottom rung of life's ladder. He started to climb, and at the time he entered the high school he was paying his way by all sorts of janitor work. The very courage that carried this boy over obstacles was the courage that wins out in cadet work, and there came an election when the votes of well-to-do boys named the young furnace-cleaner as squad-leader.

The most careful inquiry in Wyoming fails to reveal the slightest foundation for the fear that military instruction will irresistibly incline the juvenile mind to martial pursuits. The four years of cadet work in the high school seems to satisfy the military desires of the normal boy. This is borne out by the experience of Boston, where compulsory military training in the schools has been in effect for fifty years. The percentage of enlistment in the United States army from Boston and its six suburbs is one-half of one per cent., the lowest in the United States.

The large emphasis of this article has been placed upon the civic ideals of the Wyoming idea because it is from this direction that attack comes principally. But the results obtained constitute an answer not only to the "professional" pacifist, but also to the "professional" militarist who remains wedded

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to the obsession of a standing army. Competent defenders are made as well as intelligent citizens! No less an authority than Major-General Wood commends unstintedly the *military* values of the Wyoming system in these words:

"Give these Steever cadets three months in a training-camp for the purpose of coordinating what they have learned, and familiarizing them with the work in the mass, and you will have as fine and effective a body of troops as ever took arms in defense of a country. The high-school training gives the boys the sound physical base that is the first essential to any rational plan of national preparedness. It teaches the important lessons of abstinence and self-mastery, and forms the invaluable habits of discipline and cooperative effort. Above all, it grounds them in the fundamentals of military science and training, lifting them high above the raw volunteers who are the despair of officers in a crisis."

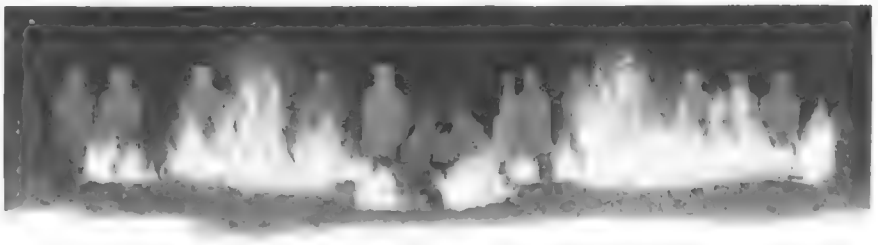
Certainly no plan of an adequate national defense yet broached deserves larger consideration than the Wyoming idea. Aside from the fact that it gains every desired result without the slightest impingement upon American ideals, there are the added advantages of simplicity and economy. Given a gymnasium, which no school should lack, the only additional expense lies in the erection of scaling-walls and the purchase of uniforms. In 1914, however, the Wyoming legislature passed a law providing a fund for furnishing uniforms to the cadets, and this generous example could be followed with profit by other states.

Also, it is in the province of the War Department, by act of Congress, to lend rifles, bayonets, cartridge-belts, and canteens to such cadets, and to supply each individual with 120 rounds of ammunition annually.

No larger task remains, then, than the division of the United States into districts, and the assignment of army officers to school duty in these districts.

THE problem of continued instruction, contained in the scheme of a national reserve, is solved by the very summer camps that are an integral part of the regular cadet work. As they fall during the vacation period, the district officer would merely transfer his activities from the school to the open for the three months of June, July, and August.

Two weeks would serve the needs of the school-going cadet, but graduates would remain the full three months in order to gain the coordination suggested by General Wood. For the next two years these graduates need report only for two weeks, and, for the following three years, ten days a year. Six years of it—from nineteen to twenty-five, say—without interrupting the business of life, and then inclusion in the great trained national-reserve force ready for any exigency of national peril.



FOR PRACTISE IN NIGHT-FIRING, TARGETS ARE MADE TO REPRESENT THE ENEMY AROUND BIVOUAC FIRES.

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The War Department is already committed to the policy of supplying these camps with all necessary equipment, as well as the necessary instructors and the personnel for the organization and maintenance of camp-wagon transports, medical care, and sanitation.

Here, then, is a plan that has stood the test of five years of practise—a plan based upon voluntary action, without suspicion of militarism, and admittedly productive of *better* citizens as well as fit defenders.

FIRST AID TO THE INJURED: TEACHING A CADET HOW TO CARRY A WOUNDED MAN.

It is in this very absence of compulsion that the inherent weakness of the scheme is found. To be forced to wait on the voluntary action of individual school-boards is to put the entire problem of national defense at the mercy of the community. Nor will it suffice to assume that the success of the plan will lead *inevitably* to its *universal* spread.

Education is the imperative need of democracy, and no principle is more firmly established than compulsory school-laws; yet even to-day four states are without such laws, poisoning the wells of progress with their high percentages of illiteracy. If commonwealths can not be trusted to appreciate an obvious necessity like education, may more patriotic answers be expected from localities in the more or less abstract matter of national defense?

TO REALIZE its full possibilities, the training of citizen soldiers must be universal, and this means such measure of Federal authority as will bring even the most backward community into line. The very fact that only five per cent. of the 16,000,000 grade-school pupils ever enter high school forces home the conclusion that the system of military instruction must embrace the upper grades of the ward schools.

There is no validity in the outcry against compulsion. It is one of those "bogey" words that arise at regular intervals to befuddle and retard. As applied to the business of national defense, it is no more undemocratic than the compulsion that is used in education, health laws, sanitation laws, workmen's compensation laws, or in the very criminal code itself. In its essence it is not compulsion at all, but merely *majority enforcement* of such action as *majority agreement* deems necessary for the advancement and protection of the nation, the state, the city, and the individual.

Each year in the United States one million youths enter manhood's estate. The training of these boys during their school-days is the one democratic solution of the problem of America's "unpreparedness." When all is said and done, the chief value of the Wyoming experiment is its positive proof that such training can be given with advantage to democracy, and without hurt to the individual, to the community, or to free institutions.

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PEARL VS. PEARLS

BY DOROTHY DE JAGERS

ILLUSTRATIONS BY BALFOUR KER

IT WAS one of those glittering cafés wherein we dine expensively, syncopatedly, and dyspeptically. Around the tables, which rose like snowy islands from the green marsh of the carpet, sat the usual restauranters. Débutantes in Callot gowns and occasional chorus-girls in luck; brewers, brokers, and bankers, fat of jowl and capacious of girth; old gentlemen with flowing mustaches and a deplorable dietary preference for soggy soups—they were all there. And at a little table in the corner sat the woman-in-purple.

She was about thirty-five or perhaps a little older, large and handsome in the same way that a circus poster or a Mardi Gras pageant might be. She wore a suit of purple broadcloth, and a petticoat of the same shade winked from the edge of her skirt. Her hat, big and black and floppy, dipped low over her face, almost hiding the twin loops of hair which jutted out, peninsula-wise, on to her faintly rouged cheeks—hair which you knew without looking was flaxen, because from the beginning of time the association existing between the Maizie Whitfields of the world and self-ordained blondinity has been proverbial. True to type, too, her round blue eyes looked out through lashes perceptibly darkened, but they looked out genially, not bitterly; and when she smiled in greeting at a near-by diner, they creased pleasantly at the corners, galvanizing the smile into an infectious, well-dentistried invitation to laugh with her at the whole huge joke of existence.

When she had first come in, there had been a winking commerce among the waiters, and two women close by had stared at her with that significant flickerless stare whereby femininity can, with the cooperation of expressively elevated eyebrow and shoulder, so delicately convey the disdain of caste. Unkind? Perhaps—and yet had you seen Maizie, your brow and shoulder would have been as eloquent, and you would have voted her—well—a bit impossible, because, you see, our mental processes have never developed beyond the point of confounding offenses against taste with those against conduct. And yet, in spite of your disdain, you would have liked Maizie. In her you would have recognized the type whose generosity is equaled only by her tolerance—the kind, in short, who lend us money, cold-cream, and shoulders to cry on, in return for our snubs and sneers.

After she had ordered her dinner, Maizie lapsed into brooding retrospection. For the portly comedienne of the Broadway Broilers was blue—not the *ciel* blue of low chrome that comes from malnutrition or the discovery of a

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first gray hair, but that intermingled misery of ultramarine and prussian which envelopes us when we realize how sadly mismanaged is this sorry scheme of things entire—and in this age of efficiency engineers too.

The first agency of her melancholy reposed in her purse. To the Average Person, if there be such a creature, it would have been merely a railroad ticket; but to Maizie it was a pink, perforated, sectional blanket of gloom. For it meant a summer road-trip through the South. She shuddered at the thought.

The second agency of her melancholy gleamed in a blue plush box in a jeweler's window. It was a string of pearls—not large or imposing gems, but tiny, fairy globules of milky warmth. Maizie had never cared much for jewels, but she had seen these one noon, and from that time had thought of nothing else. The next day, hurrying back, she had asked the price; and the answer—two hundred—should have relegated them to the cluttered corner reserved in every woman's heart for prohibitive fancies. But somehow it didn't. She continued to think of them; and the more she thought, the surer she grew that while any fifty-cent lavallière might cover the little hollow in her throat, only those fairy pearls, price two hundred, could effectively conceal the hollow mockery of life. Added to all this gloom, Maizie hated dining alone, and that was why she smiled so glowingly at the man who joined her as she was finishing her salad.

He was a small, slightly bald man who took the seat across from her—a type we see everywhere, the inevitable product of the city, conservative haberdashery, and profitable activities. His face was redeemed from commonplaceness by his eyes, which were cool and gray and gabled at the outer corners by drooping lids that lent them a shrewd, statistical look.

After Maizie's dolorous description of the summer ahead of her had evoked from him a few words of sympathy, the woman-in-purple asked casually: "Putting on many new things this fall, Sam?"

The man lit a cigar before answering. "Not many." Then, with a rising inflection of enthusiasm: "But say, I've got hold of one good thing, though, that ought to be a winner. It's a musical comedy, but not the usual flub-dub of tunes and—er—torsos; the music is good, but it's also got some ripping lines and a well-developed plot."

MAIZIE'S incredulity shoved her eyebrows up under her hat. "A musical comedy with lines instead of curves, and a *plot?* It sounds like folk-lore; but proceed. Who is to shine in this extraordinary production?"

"That's just the trouble," the other lamented. "I haven't been able, so far, to find the person I want for the ingénue lead. It calls for somebody who is very small and pretty, and with a good voice. The success of the piece, I believe, depends upon this rôle, and I want to get somebody who just suits."

The waiter placed a triangle of pie in front of Maizie, and before answering she sampled it. Then: "Well, that ought to be easy. From the reports I've heard about the large number of professionals out of work, all you'd have to do would be to page Forty-second Street for a wee, winsome warbler, and you'd have a hundred running after you."

"Oh, no, you wouldn't!" he corrected. "You'd get 'em wee and winsome, maybe, but not warbling. Or you'd get winsome warblers, but not wee ones. In fact, you'd get every possible combination of two, Maizie, but not the blessed trinity together."

"Well, cheer up, Sam. The South, you know, is the home of the *à la* Marylands, and if I see any down there who can sing, I'll send her up."

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It was this suggestion which shoved the man's chair nearer the table and injected a sudden fervor into his crisp bass. "By Jove, Maizie," he reminded her, "Grimes picked up Hilda Benner down there, somewhere, doing slow time. I wonder—I wonder—say, you know the type I want, don't you? I've got to have a girl who's small, under five feet, if possible, a looker, and with a voice of considerable range. The acting doesn't matter. If she looks the part and can sing, any raw recruit could get away with the lines. Suppose you keep your eyes open, will you, Maizie?"

The lady appealed to slid a rather indifferent assent in between two forkfuls of pie, and the manager, noticing the indifference, burst out: "See here, Whitfield, I know I can depend upon your judgment, and if you can find what I want, at two hundred per, I'll do something nice for you." He halted uncertainly, then asked: "Is there any little trinket you'd like to have?"

The woman across the table straightened in her chair. There was instantly kindled in her face a wide-eyed eagerness. "Is there?" she thrilled dramatically. "I should say there is!"—and in a few well-chosen phrases she told him of the pearls. "But the price," she finished, her eyes clouded, "is two hundred. I guess that rooks you, eh?"

The man whistled but said nothing. For a fleeting second his forehead corrugated in rapid calculation, after which he smiled. "Well, I guess I'm taking a long shot. So it's a go!" From an inner pocket he exhumed a fountain-pen, and scratchily wrote out an agreement. After he signed it, Maizie added her signature, and then, folding it smilingly, sandwiched it in her purse between a receipt for almond cream and Kipling's "If."

THE next morning the woman-in-purple arose after a sleepless night on the train. She found the dressing-room empty, but it was not long until another kimono fluttered in. Without looking around, Maizie registered it as a flannelet, provincially designed garment, and went on with the rites of cream-jar and powder-box. It was not until she rose to go that she glanced at the kimonoed figure, and halted blinkingly.

For she found herself gazing at the most unbelievable loveliness she had ever seen—a loveliness all ivory and magenta, all warm young curves and lithe, youthful straightnesses which fused into the whispery soft winsomeness of a young girl not yet twenty. As she struggled hunchingly with an insurgent fastening, her under-lip caught in the arc of her teeth, a ginger-brown mole in her cheek was tucked into an almost thimble-deep dimple, and Maizie decided right then and there that all her future conceptions of breath-taking beauty would include the incarceration of a tiny mole in a flashing dimple.

Silently she stood and looked at the girl, with mingled emotions. First, there was a surprise, surprise that a Creator capable of such handiwork would let it retrograde into the sagging cheeks and sodden eyes of age; then there was a momentary bitterness—the gnarled, gnawing bitterness of Youth waning against Youth waxing. There were other feelings, too; but as she of the deep dimple appealed to Maizie with eyes unforgettably bronze, they were all fused in the impulse of ministry.

"Here, honey," she offered, "let me help you," and in a second she had snipped buttons into their corresponding openings, while the girl thanked her with shy, grateful superlatives.

After breakfast Maizie found the lovely creature of the dressing-room seated just ahead of her in the chair-car. She was dressed in a primly cut linen frock which buttoned austerely about her throat. No garb, though, however nun-like, could qualify her almost pagan beauty, and Maizie noted with

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amusement that a fat man in front, with chins that had multiplied beyond computation, was stretching them cruelly in a craning effort to look back at her, while a bebadged delegate across the aisle had dropped what must have been a pat hand, when he first noticed her.

The wearer of the linen dress, however, was aware of neither. Half through the morning she sat reading a crimson-covered book. There was a conscientious intentness about her which might have savored of coquetry had it not been for the unconscious purse of her lips and the unstudied sag of her shoulders. From time to time, however, her attention was diverted from her reading to the slouching groups at wayside stations, and Maizie caught occasional shy smiles cast at some village squire.

WHEN the man in gray boarded the train about noon, the woman-in-purple wondered if he had not caught one of these smiles. It seemed improbable to her that any combination of pink and white, however comely, could elicit such tireless, unflickering interest without some previous challenge. For from the time he shoved his hat into the rack overhead, his eyes never wavered from the girl's alluring profile.

Other than this, the woman-in-purple did not notice him particularly until his conference with the conductor, and then her interest was aroused by his voice. Undeniably, it was charming! Pleasantly deep and softly drawly, it was not the voice of declamation to sway mob-minds, perhaps, but a delicious tête-à-tête tone with warm cadences and expressive appoggiaturas in it—a voice capable of investing the most banal remark with the significance of Delphic oracles. Maizie's first concern, after she heard it, was as to whether his face matched. Faces so seldom do. It was only after a very careful scrutiny she decided his did. True, his eyes and hair were drably neutral-tinted and his features had no linear claim to distinction save for a mouth fascinatingly aslant, which zigzagged into frequent brilliant smiles. And yet there was about the whole a charm as potent and poignant as that of his voice—not a charm that would ever flag a man-interest, Maizie knew, but an impious, woman-baiting charm.

After the conductor left, he resumed his inspection of the fair passenger ahead, still wholly engrossed in the red-backed book. Yet Maizie knew, somehow, that no book, however absorbing, could cope with the dynamic force of the man's attractiveness, once the girl became aware of it, so she leaned back in her chair and waited.

In through the opened windows came the gusty breezes and the delicious odors of spring—the warm, damp fragrances of newly inaugurated gardens and fresh-plowed acreage. With them, too, came that ineffable Something which only spring can bring—that Something which makes old maids loosen their front hair and sextagenarians babble that, after all, man is only as old as he ogles. Under its influence, Maizie noted, the girl began stirring restlessly. Finally she looked back and met the man's gaze with a glance of crimsoning surprise. Certainly there was nothing especially significant in the look they exchanged, and yet it prophesied developments, so Maizie waited patiently. A half hour passed. Nothing happened! Another thirty minutes whirred by. Still no action! It was one now; and the wearied spectator went back to the diner and forgot the two in the selection of a sandwich and an ice.

But when she returned, things had happened. The man was at last seated with the girl, and they seemed to be on the friendliest of terms. He was talking spiritedly, illumining trivial topics with the flash of his crooked smile, while the girl listened rapt and almost reverent. Occasionally they laughed together,

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the tinkly tempo of her mirth drowned in his throaty hilarity, and the brown dot of her mole lost in the deep dimple. Altogether, it was an engaging picture, the counterpart of which may be seen on the midsummer magazine covers. Maizie hunched down in the plush thicket of the chair and gave herself up to the enjoyment of it.

But as time wore on she began to grow uneasy. The man was getting too painstakingly charming and the girl was too hypnotically charmed. Their conversation had grown more modulated, and disturbing little personal inflections had crept into it. Their eyes met oftener and lingered longer, and once, Maizie noted, when the gray tweed shoulder touched the soft arm near it, the soft arm was not drawn away. Certainly there was too much intimacy about the tableau for an hour's acquaintance! But with saws about tending to your own business and other travelogue scriptures the woman-in-purple argued away her fears and, picking up a magazine, buried them in a morass of adventure.

When she looked up later, it was to find that the plot ahead of her had thickened marshily; so the magazine was discarded. The man, she made out, was urging his companion to do something, to which she objected with the palest pretense of unwillingness. Then followed a long altercation, the one alternating with pleading and peremptoriness, to which the other listened silently. Finally the man broke out in exasperation:

"Well, why won't you get off at Clinton with me, then?"

Maizie sat up tensely, waiting for the girl's answer. It was lost in an inarticulate blur, but by the unholy flare of joy in the man's eyes she knew that the girl had consented to his plan. In a moment he was gone, with a murmur about arranging with the conductor for stop-over privileges.

THE woman-in-purple's first feeling was one of blind, unreasoning fear. But instantly her lips twisted scornfully. The girl's hesitancy about consenting had established her knowledge of the rules of the game. She was evidently perfectly capable of taking care of herself. And yet—and yet—what if she weren't? What if she were ignorant of the purport of this handsome stranger's overtures? The possibility of this sent the blood whirring through Maizie's veins like ice-floes. Uncertainty held her immobile for a heart-beat or two. Then in the next second she was seated beside the girl. "Going far, dear?" she asked blindly.

"Only to Kerr," was the answer, followed by a detailed autobiography. It seemed the lovely creature was seventeen, and lived in a tiny house near a tiny village with a grandfather who was the vicar of a tiny church. Besides him, there was Nancy, a person-who-looked-after-things—not a relative by blood, she explained, but a relative by love. Then there was Don, a woolly,

"WELL, I GUESS I'M TAKING A LONG SHOT. SO IT'S A GO!"

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woofy dog, and millions and millions of chickens. Altogether it was the rubric of an unbelievable rusticity, not so much territorial as mental.

Maizie gulped in inarticulate astonishment. Succeeding her surprise, there welled in her a biting, writhing anger against a man that could take advantage of such innocence. After the girl finished, they sat silent for a little while. Then the woman-in-purple leaned over. "Your mother isn't living, then?" she asked, and after the other's nodded confirmation, continued: "Well, I'm going to talk to you like one for a few minutes . . ." She paused, but went on after a second: "You're young, my dear, and you're beautiful, so you don't need brains, but what you do need is craftiness. I mean that men are bound to figure pretty prominently in your life, and you've got to learn to know the good from the bad—to distinguish the wheat from the chaff."

THE girl fluttered with surprise, and under downcast eyes struggled to imprison the pardonable pride in her prophesied influence over men. Finally she looked up: "You don't think I have, then?"

"No; frankly, I don't, because, you see, this man with whom you've just been talking is decidedly chaff, and yet I gather you've ranked him wheat."

The girl's eyes, deepening from a blurred bronze into a puzzled sepia, questioned Maizie mutely. "You mean he's not nice?"—after a bewildered moment . . . "Oh, no, you're all wrong. Mr. Helmer is a—perfect gentleman."

The woman-in-purple laughed gratingly at the provincial phrase; then sobered suddenly. "My dear, there isn't such a thing as a perfect gentleman, and even if there were, Mr.—er—Helmer wouldn't be in that class." She was sitting erect now, and the purposeful crispness of her voice gave her utterance an oracular significance. "Oh, I know his class all right," she went on. "I tell you, little girl, there's nothing that brings you so close to human nature—unless it is a subway crush—" she bracketed mirthlessly, "as knocking about the world for fifteen years as I've done. In that time you may lose your ideals, your sense of humor, and your girlish outlines, but you gain a knowledge of men that amply repays you. You learn, for instance, that the engaging man is not necessarily the marrying man, and other paradoxical but useful information. Why, in this age where shifty eyes hide behind smoked glasses, where weak mouths grow mustaches, and chinlessness wears a beard, I can size a man up by the way he lights a cigarette or by the stripes on his cuffs!"

She paused, and into this slot the other inserted a triumphant refutation: "Yes, but Mr. Helmer doesn't smoke cigarettes, and his cuffs aren't striped!"

Maizie smiled at this literal application. "No," she conceded, "but his suits will be, if he doesn't stop persuading young girls to get off at wayside stations with him."

She watched critically the effect this statement might have. Surely the young innocent would have some vague idea as to the significance of this Clinton excursion—at least enough to be disconcerted by an outsider's knowledge of it. Yet she received it without a trace of embarrassment. It was troubled amazement instead which puckered her brow.

"Do you mean my getting off at Clinton with him? Why, what harm"—incredulously—"could there be in my stopping off there for a few hours to see a street-fair? I never have, you know!"

"But, honey—" flaxen and chestnut head were very close together now—"don't you know there is only one train out of there a day?"

The chestnut head shook in dissent, and for a troubled moment the girl sat silent. "Well—" at last—"his sister lives there. She can look after me."

"Know his sister?"

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SILENTLY SHE STOOD AND GAZED AT THE GIRL. SHE FELT THE GNAWING BITTERNESS OF YOUTH WANING AGAINST YOUTH WAXING.

"No!" The crimson mouth quirked sullenly and the bronze eyes kindled with the flash of a fleeting rebelliousness. "He showed me her picture, though. It's all right, I tell you, so please don't say anything more about it. I want to see that street-fair, and I'm going to get off with Mr. Helmer, because he isn't what you think. He's nice, I tell you, nice!"

The rebellion had surrendered now to a squad of tears, which, mobilizing in the corner of each eye, marched slowly over the snowy slope of her cheeks to the entrenching linen ruffle below. Tenderly Maizie gathered the tense little figure into her arms, soothing her with those smothered, meaningless sounds into which feminine vocabularies are always perverted by the sight of tears. . . . And, strangely thrilled by the warm weight against her bosom, she thought of many things. The situation, washed, so to speak, by that briny overflow, presented new angles to be considered. Maizie saw, first of all, that the girl cared nothing about Helmer, but cared a great deal about the things for which he stood. To her he was the fleshly prototype of those gay cavaliers she had met between the covers of crimson-backed books. He was Life to her, and Romance, and Man. The woman-in-purple knew that the thing she ought to do was to tell her something of the physical facts of life, the primal

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realities which she had manifestly ignored. The issue called for a brief tract about the fleshpots of Egypt, with footnotes from the report of inquiry into social evils. Yet as she looked into the bronze eyes, glowing with their beautiful faith in Life, Romance, and Man, Maizie knew she would never deliver that tract. There must be some gentler way!

"Gee!" she exploded, "I guess I'm just an old fool, honey. I've got used to judging people by ready-made standards, and you can't do that nowadays. Human nature is so complex, you have to draft a different pattern for everybody. I'm sure Mr. Helmer *is* all right, and I'll tell you what I'll do. I'll ask him if there isn't some other train you can get out of Clinton."

Instantly the girl brightened. "All right!" she agreed. "There he is now."

He came slowly down the aisle, but when he saw Maizie he halted uncertainly. After a second, however, he joined them. In a businesslike tone, tempered with a certain suavity, Maizie asked him if she might speak to him, and led the way to a back seat. After they had sat down, she fumblingly patted her hair into adhesiveness, and under cover of the gesture studied him. The jut of his chin and the insolent tilt of his head warned her that hers was to be no simple task of bluff and blandishment, but would require the determination of a mule and the forceful, direct diction of a muleteer.

"What I wanted to ask you," she began tentatively, "was the name of your sister in Clinton. I thought I might know her."

The man's eyes narrowed and glittered unpleasantly, and he smiled his crookedest. "Just why did you think you might know her?"

"Well, you see—" in the tone of one trying to keep a pardonable civic pride out of her voice—"I live in Clinton, and happen to know 'most everybody there."

For just the fraction of a second the man looked startled. Then he turned the recovered composure of his eyes to the woman. Appraisingly he looked her over, from the columnar rise of her psyche-knot to the swoop of the purpling petticoat beneath the edge of her skirt. "Do you know"—another smile bisected the suspicion—"you don't look like a product of Clinton to me?"

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There was a silence then—the gulch-deep silence that follows the janitor's knock after time-prohibited revelry. At last the woman broke it. "Well, after all, Mr.—er—Helmer, I'm about as typical of Clinton as your problematical sister, am I not?"

They were facing each other now, tense, contemptuous. "May I ask," the man asked, "what either I or my 'problematical' sister is to you?"

"Absolutely nothing!" Maizie's emphasis was fervidly unflattering. "But that young girl up there is this much to me: that I don't intend seeing her fall into the hands of carrion like yourself!"

"SO THAT'S the idea? You talk, dear lady, like a committee from a vice-investigation board, though I should take you to be either a manicurist or a milliner. You see, you look as if you had trimmed so many!"

Fifteen years' bickering with profanity-proficient stage-managers and in quelling scorn-unscathed stage-door barnacles had taught Maizie a certain self-control, but it threatened to crumble as she listened to the man's mirthful endorsement of the humor in his sally. Menacingly she rose. "Well," she boomed, "whatever I am, I've got your number all right. I knew that sister business was just a bluff. God! Why can't you and your kind play your rotten game with the wise ones who know the rules?"

The man leered. "So that's how the land lays, is it? You mean, I presume —yourself? Well, I'll tell you: the wise ones who know the rules are not usually so stimulating to the masculine optic nerve."

The woman-in-purple was still standing. Her mouth had thinned to a fine white dash of truculence; and her eyes held his in a look of rapier-keen hatred. "Oh, no!"—contemptuously—"that isn't the reason. It's because no woman who has seen a regular man-sized model of your well-known sex would look twice at you, you poor, deluded small-town masher. . . . Well, are you going to change your itinerary, or shall I call the conductor?"

She had dropped into the seat again, awaiting his decision, and the man leaned over and gripped her shoulder threateningly. All the flippancy was gone from his face, leaving in its place a cold fury. "Now, look here!" The shoulder-grip tightened. . . . "You keep out of my business. That little country maid up there is going to get off at Clinton with me! It may be to see a street-fair and it may not. I may have a sister there and I may not; all of which concerns you not in the least, my good woman!"

IN HIS FACE WAS A COLD FURY. "YOU KEEP OUT OF MY BUSINESS!"

"The good woman" shook his hand off and started for the aisle, but a gray tweed shoulder intercepted her. "Going to call the conductor? Fine!" he approved. "Call him, and then tell your story, and I'll tell mine. I'll intimate that you want the girl for yourself. I'll leave it to anybody—" he laughed maddeningly—"if you don't look

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more like a lady trafficker than a motherly old soul who protects innocent young lambs from wicked wolves!"

Maizie's hand on the back of the chair ahead stiffened like a ruinously laundered glove. She saw the force of the other's threat. And whether the conductor believed the man's story or hers, it entailed participation in a melodramatic scene which would not only be unpleasant to her, but terrifying for the girl ahead.

"Well, I can at least telegraph to the child's people," she announced, and in a few steps was out on the platform of the car. There, seated on a carpet-covered stool, she reviewed the situation. Telegraphing had been the idlest of threats. In the first place, she knew neither the girl's name nor where she lived, and even if she had, she could not have summoned family interference soon enough to prevent their flight. No—there seemed nothing she could do. So finally she returned to her seat, finding the man collecting the girl's scattered baggage. Maizie grew desperate. Something had to be done, and done quick! A whole cohort of plans stampeded through her mind, but before she could act upon any of them, a bulky, butchery-looking man came lumbering down the aisle.

When he saw Helmer, he paused. "Why, hello, old fellow!" he bellowed. "Going home?"

HELMER looked up viciously. "No; stopping off at Clinton on a little business," he vouchsafed in temperature-reducing tones.

He in the aisle looked startled, but ventured a question: "Want me to stop and tell your wife?"

There was a clanging, clanking silence then, and strange, colorful changes were consummated. First Helmer went gray, and the girl beside him went white, and when the bulky, butchery-looking person saw this, he went purple. Only Maizie retained the creamy complexional monochrome bestowed upon her by Nature and various pharmaceutical experiments. Calm, but portentous, she sat until the man in the aisle fled; then majestically confronted him of the gray suit in her best up-stage manner.

"If your wife doesn't know of this sudden business in Clinton," she suggested, her voice treacle-sweet, "don't you think you had better postpone it?"

The man jumped wildly to his feet. "You keep out of this!" he warned shrilly. "I can explain. That was a joke!" He turned to the girl to see how she had received the alleged jest, but Maizie bent over her protectingly, presenting a hollow grooved with the pressure of many sorrowing heads, for the chestnut one now bowed with soft, choky sobs.

"Look here, Mr. Married Man!" The woman-in-purple edged toward him threateningly. "Don't try to pull that joke business around here. Just—just take your matting valise and beat it . . ." Then, as an after-thought, "And tell your wife I wish her either alimony or an early grave."

But he had fled out of hearing.

She eased into the plush seat with the girl still in her arms, and through three stations soothed her sobbing charge with extracts from her wholesome philosophy. It was not long until the latter recovered her composure; soon she was chatting gaily with a cheerfulness that had quite forgotten the wiles and wives of wicked deceivers; and when she at last got off at Kerr, she kissed Maizie with a soft mouth that winged upward in the old, dimpled smile.

After she had waved the girl into a cousinly embrace, the woman-in-purple settled back in her seat, suddenly fagged and jaded with the nervous strain of the morning. "Gosh!" she sighed. "If I'd 'a' kept this rescue work up much

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"LOOK HERE, MR. MARRIED MAN! JUST TAKE YOUR MATTING VALISE AND BEAT IT!"

longer, I'd have collapsed like a patented drinking-cup." In a moment she was asleep, dreaming of pearls that winked opaquely from a blue plush box.

Suddenly she was awakened by a jolt. Creakily, lurchily, the train had come to a stop, sending old ladies from Boston into Terre Haute laps, and speeding diversely resident strangers into brief but intimate embraces. After the commotion had subsided, it was learned that a thoughtful farmer had flagged the train on account of a washout just ahead, the damage of which it would take about three hours to repair. Instead of being grateful for a deliverance from an inglorious and somewhat mussy death, the passengers began complaining dolefully of the delay. Many of them filed out, and Maizie followed them. The train had stopped in the country's midst, and everywhere throbbed the magic mystery of spring. A little road led into its heart.

The woman-in-purple gazed about her uncertainly. The road, somehow, lured her. Springily she followed it over the hill, cluttered with the litter of

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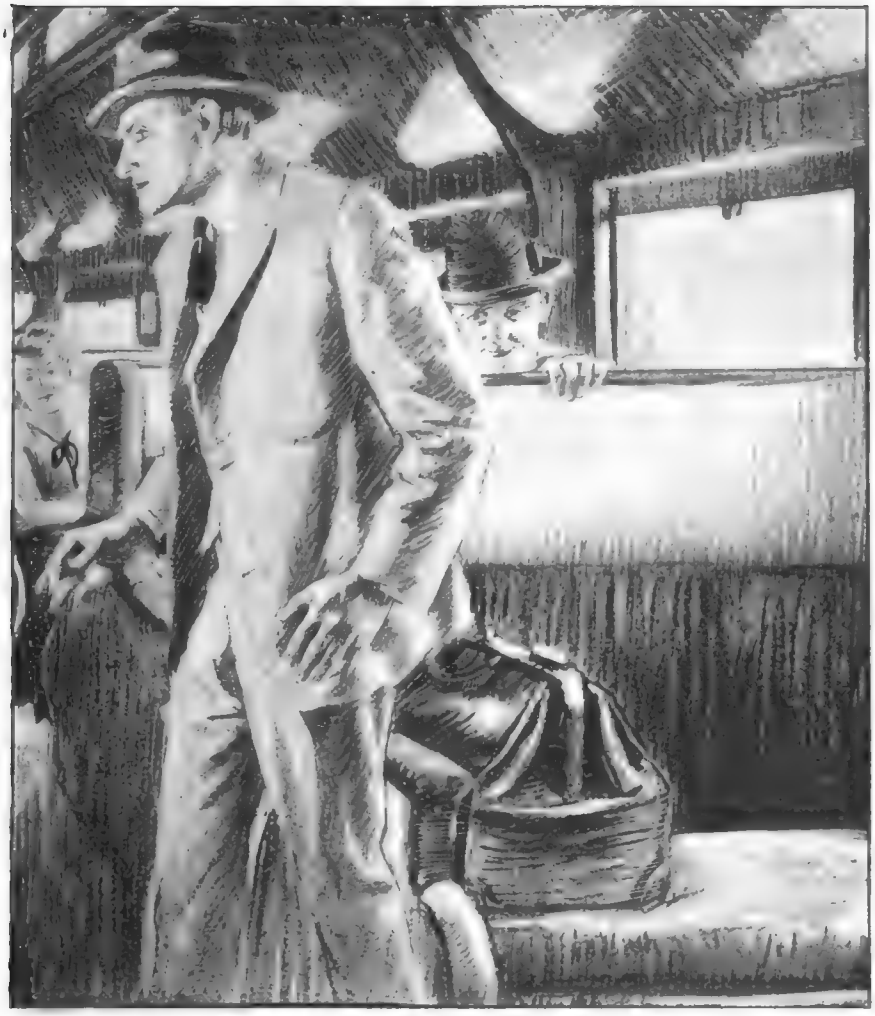

THE MAN JUMPED WILDLY TO HIS FEET. "I CAN EXPLAIN. THAT WAS A JOKE!"

a dozen or so farms and their dependencies, scattered like building-blocks hastily brushed from a table. Beyond these a village spread, and by the general store and the post-office Maizie trudged. The road had trickled into streets, and, choosing one, she followed it past a sprinkling of tiny white cottages.

It was before the tiniest and the whitest of these that she suddenly paused, halted by the sound of some one singing. Certainly it was not a formal fragment of vocalization that floated out on the spring breeze. Instead it was patently the sketchy, half-hummed accompaniment to some engrossing housewifely task. Yet it was so swingingly easy and so compellingly sweet, that it held the woman-in-purple charmed. But presently it stopped, so she reluctantly moved on.

Before she had taken a dozen steps, however, she discovered that she was thirsty—insistently, raspily thirsty—and it was then that she returned to the little house. A push on the bell brought a prompt response from a diminutive

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creature in a blue apron and white dust-cap. The beads of perspiration on her face, the spatter of suds on her apron, and the scrub-brush in her hand all bespoke an interrupted soapy session with the kitchen floor, and Maizie, gazing down at the absurdly wee charwoman, was constrained to smile.

"Aren't there any child-labor laws in this section?" she asked; but a look of perplexity from the other brought the thirsty wayfarer straight to the point: might she have a drink?

The girl in the apron assented cordially, and after Maizie had explained how she happened to be passing, led the way into the house. While she was gone for the water, the woman-in-purple gazed about her casually. It was a large, airy room she found herself in—a room wherein a maximum of resourcefulness had somewhat mitigated the effect of a minimum of resources. For everything was undeniably shabby. With the exception of the piano, which cut across one corner, the furniture was cheap and most meager, while the bric-à-brac was shoddy and garish, and spoke eloquently of coupon-husbandry. But it was beautifully clean and, in a way, homelike.

SOON the girl returned with a tray upon which a pitcher tinkled tidings of its ice-cooled contents. It was not until Maizie had gulped down two tumblerfuls that she sighed a blissful "Thanks." Then she rose to go, but hesitated. "As I passed, I heard some one singing," she said. "Was it you?"

The other nodded an assent. She had studied several years in Cleveland, before she married, she explained, but since then she had neglected— Ah, well, you know how it is. . . . Maizie was regarding her with a new interest, now, stimulated by the little creature's overlooked prettiness. For she was pretty, with that appealing, intriguing childlikeness variously ascribed to Botticelli, Luini, and Greuze. Her hair was dark and curly, and her features were regular, but it was her eyes you noticed first, for they were unusual. Startlingly blue, they flashed with the live, electric blueness of an alcohol flame, and, sharply incised at the outer corners, they were more square than round. . . . They were big, too, so big that you feared they were going to crowd the rest of the features off her small face; and she had an enchanting trick of bringing her brow low over the right eye whenever she interpolated an appealing "Don't you know?" into the conversation, the effect of which was so enchanting that it would have dragged a profession of omniscience from the literary-test discard.

"Well, it's a shame you've neglected such a decided gift—" It was Maizie who spoke—"because your voice is charming. Won't you sing something?"

The girl, after a murmur of deprecation, climbed to the piano-stool, and the tiny hands swooped down upon the keyboard in a succession of chords; then she began to sing. Hers was not a big voice nor a wonderful one, but it was as fresh and clear as an April morning. There was a smile threaded through it, too, and ah! the divine, delicious effortlessness of it!

Maizie sat, utterly bewitched. She recognized in this mellow minstrelsy the art and charm which sways that large public in between the coster-song and the opera aria appeal—that art and charm which can put melodies featuring the spoon-and-moon rhyme into an immense whistling circulation, and the composers thereof into the vested-interests class. After she had finished, the girl swung around on the stool. "Lovely!" Maizie applauded. "Have you never thought of doing anything with your voice?"

"Oh, I used to sing a lot in public when I was in Cleveland, and a manager who heard me at a charity bazaar offered me a minor position in a musical comedy; but—" she smiled slightly—"but I got married instead."

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Maizie jumped. With the mention of the musical comedy, she thought of the contract reposing in her purse between the recipe for almond cream and Kipling's "If." Across her brain a fragment of the manager's conversation printed itself in glowing majuscules . . . "*I want a girl who's a looker, five feet or even smaller, and one with a voice of considerable range.*" Well, she had her! The little singer on the piano-stool qualified in every particular! The woman-in-purple leaned back in her chair. The shabbily appointed room faded, and instead she saw a vast, swarming stage, in the center of which a wee, winsome warbler, with squarely incised blue eyes, was singing to a woman in a parterre box—a blonde, buxom woman with a fairy two-hundred-dollar string of pearls about her neck. The scene vanished then, and Maizie roused.

"Well, blessed be the ties that wash away!" she smiled, and followed this cryptic utterance with an account of her talk with Sam, omitting, however, all mention of her reward. "So here's your chance!" she finished.

The girl listened attentively; but after a moment shook her head. "That would have tempted me a couple of years ago; but I'm married now!"

Maizie frowned. "But women don't turn down careers nowadays just because they happen to be married, Mrs. —er—" her voice trailed off helplessly, and the other rushed to her assistance. "Just call me Pearl," she said. "My size seems to make 'Mrs.' hard for most people." Then, resuming: "But don't you think marriage and home-making is a career in itself?"

The woman-in-purple looked at the diminutive defender of the hearth, and laughed. One would have expected sophisms about mud-pies or skipping-ropes, slightly flavored with pilfered jam, from such lips, instead of this sophisticated retort; but Maizie resolved to humor her. "Yes, I suppose they are for some," she answered; "but when a girl has two eyes, a voice, and a stature that's worth two hundred a week on the stage, it seems to me that using those eyes hunting cobwebs, that voice bickering with the butcher-boy, and that littleness to save on apron patterns, is not only poor business judgment but rotten social service. . . . You see,—er—Pearl," she went on, "anybody can keep a home clean, but it takes highly specialized talent to keep the Tired Business Man entertained."

The other started to speak, but Maizie rushed on. "Ah, I know what you're going to say!" she prophesied. "That home and proper sphere stuff always comes after the marriage-career combination. But, my dear girl, that kind of talk is as out of date as the Watteau plait or pyrography. Time was when women sat before the fireside darning hubby's hose and babbling of woman's proper sphere, but they don't do it any more. They make husband wear hole-proof, and then they go out and tango holes in their own. And then, in between dances, they make good along their particular lines. Why, I tell you—" she was earnest now—"women have stepped from the home, where, after all, they had only a thinking part, to the center of the stage, and yet you, with a chance that a million girls would jump at, are perfectly contented here."

PEARL looked out the window meditatively. The big blue eyes were focusless and filmed over with a sort of brooding pain, and the childish mouth sagged sorrowfully.

"No," she stated thoughtfully, "I'm not perfectly contented. You see, when I first knew Hugh, who's a doctor, he was practising in Cleveland. But it's so hard, don't you know—" down came the right eyebrow—"for a physician to get a start in a city, that he decided, when we married, to come to some little country town. So we came here. . . . Well, it's been hard pulling. We bought this place, and are trying to pay for it, by skimping and

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saving. Hugh's business keeps him away a lot, of course, and I get dreadfully lonesome. Then I nearly die in this awful hole. I miss the amusements, the advantages, and the interests of the city, and oh! how I miss congenial companionship, and how I long for my people and my friends!"

She stopped abruptly as if ashamed of her outburst, but before she could qualify it the woman-in-purple cut in, with a rising inflection of amazement: "Then why don't you accept my proposition?"

The girl abandoned the piano-stool for a low-backed rocker, and smoothed out a fold in the starched antimacassar before she answered. "Miss Whitfield," she said, "haven't you ever known a woman who was so much in love that she'd endure poverty, isolation, and loneliness for the person she cared for? Haven't you ever met a woman who couldn't sleep for thinking of the way a man smiled, of the B-flat inflections in his voice, the shadows his cheekbones make; the dear, awkward way he sharpens a pencil, and the wild fling of his hands when he's angry—a woman, in short, whose whole universe is bounded by that man's arms and that man's interests?"

MAIZIE laughed out a gust of derision. "No, I never did—" with gentle irony—"at least, not outside a circulating library book or a pathological ward. But, of course, I gather that you are one, and that's why you won't accept this offer. However, my dear, being a successful actress and a loving wife at the same time is possible. I know a great many stars who have 'current' husbands in the offing, to whom they're devoted. And lying awake thinking about Hugh's cheekbone shadows and his B-flat voice won't inconvenience you particularly, except, maybe, on rehearsal days."

Pearl straightened stiffly, and the flare of color in her cheeks implied a resentment against Maizie's note of sarcasm; so when she left the room hurriedly, that lady feared she had fled from further ironies. But in a moment she returned, smiling again, with a crock of peas in her hand. For a time nothing broke the silence but the popping of the pods, but finally she spoke:

"Well, that's just why I refuse this chance. I mean," she amplified, "I do not want Hugh 'in the offing.' I want him anchored right by my side, and I couldn't have that if I went to New York. He could never make a living there, and he wouldn't consent to let me earn the living, don't you know." The right eyebrow angled an earnest blue eye. "I don't believe, you see, in married people being separated. They grow apart that way, and that's when the 'other woman' steps in." The silken brows now arched high on her forehead in curved astonishment at this treasonable connection of "the other woman" with the Only Man; so she retrieved: "But that is idiotic. Hugh couldn't be hired to look at another woman."

Maizie looked across at the tiny housewife, so appealingly in love. "Listen, Pearl!" Her voice was very gentle. "I think you're wrong. People grow apart much quicker when they're together in such circumstances as these than when they're separated. You see, you are grubbing so hard to make both ends meet that you're not at your best in looks, disposition, or mentality. You're often cross, probably, and you're too tired to give yourself a massage or a manicure even, and when a woman begins to neglect half-moons and crow's-feet, exit love, and enter 'the other woman'!"

Pearl did not answer for a moment. She popped the shells in the crock wrathfully, her eyes blazing with irritation. When she finally got herself in hand, her words sputtered like guttural firecrackers.

"Miss Whitfield—" crushingly—"your cheap cynicism might go in your world, but it won't go with Hugh. He's made out of different stuff." Then,

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in that patronizing tone which the Sisters of the Golden Band reserve for spinsterhood: "If you think that a man's affection depends upon how much my half-moons show and my crow's-feet don't, you've missed the whole point of marriage. I don't suppose you ever heard of mental bonds, did you?"

The woman-in-purple felt that she had been put gently but firmly in her place, but she could not check the grin which twitched the corners of her mouth; still she answered, with humbleness: "Yes, I've heard of 'em a few times." Then, with an abrupt change of tone: "Ah, I know, honey, you think because you and Hugh both like Kipling and caviar and Calvinism, that the tie which binds you is a beautiful mental bond. Well, it ought to be, but

"HELMER!" PEARL SAID. "HOW DID YOU KNOW HIS NAME WAS HELMER? I ONLY SAID 'HUGH!'"

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is it? But say it is. A common interest in Kipling and caviar won't suffice forever, you know. You've got to reinforce that tie with new interests. But are you? No, my dear! You're so busy scrubbing floors and studying up disguises for bread puddings, that you haven't any time to find out whether Hugh's present enthusiasms run to vaccines or Verlaine. No matter how insular a man's life may be, he's got a hundred points of contact with the world that a woman hasn't. Why, the biggest hick in the smallest hamlet can tell you Ty Cobb's batting average, while I'll bet you think the maxixe is a new crochet stitch."

She halted breathlessly, but before the other could interpose a rebuttal, rushed on. "So why not accept Sam's offer for one season? In that time, you can make enough to pay for this place and install a few labor-saving devices. You can freshen up in the city, improve your mind and this homesite, and be in a position to enjoy Hugh's companionship."

Pearl dangled a pod from a raveled shred meditatively. It was some time before her reflections worded themselves; then she said: "Yes, Miss Whitfield, what you say is true. I mean our circumstances have interfered with real companionship, in a way." She stopped to look out the window wistfully. "There's nothing I would like better than to accept," she went on; "but I can't. Hugh would never consent. He loathes the stage, and everything, in fact, that's Bohemian or uncultured. So I couldn't go against him. Oh, I know you think I'm foolish!"—laughing with embarrassment—"but I don't care. Hugh is so fine and wholesome and wonderful in every way. He is——"

Maizie borrowed her words. "He is," she finished, "evidently *some man!*"

PEARL laughed happily. "Oh, he is!" she corroborated. "And the only thing that would drive me to that stage position, would be the discovery that he wasn't." Then she laughed again at the impossibility of such a contingency. Suddenly the clock on the piano broke into her mirth hoarsely and struck six, whereupon the woman-in-purple arose and slipped on her jacket. But before she started for the door, there came the racketing creak of feet on the porch, and Pearl stopped her. "There's Hugh now," she said. "Please stay a minute. I want you to meet him."

With a fluttering tug at her apron, she went out into the hall, where Maizie heard a smothered kiss of greeting, bisected by a word about train schedules. Presently the door opened. Pearl entered, the man behind her. Maizie, buttoning a glove, did not look up for a second. Then a glance, and everything went black. She clung to a chair for support, and her breath, clogging in her throat, threatened to choke her. But almost instantly she steadied herself, and with the gasp that whistled out through her clenched teeth, was drained out all the tension of that long, surprise-racked, nerve-tortured day; for there before her, with all his impious charm and his challenging insolence, was the man of the train.

When he saw her he swallowed a gulp of fear. The ragged mouth twitched; the drab eyes widened. Silently they faced each other. Maizie took a step toward him, and one corner of her mouth lifted in a leer. So this was the man with his crooked smile and his crooked brain who couldn't be hired to look at another woman! So this was the cad for whom talent was abjuring two hundred dollars a week! So this—but her reflections were cut off by the voice of the girl. "Miss Whitfield," she beamed, "this is Hugh!"

The man bowed glacially. Maizie's lips crisped. "So this is Dr.—er—Helmer!" she heard herself saying. Then she was overwhelmed by a wild desire to laugh, with mad, calliope bursts of glee, as she recalled Pearl's assertion

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that only the discovery of her husband's unworthiness could make her accept Sam's offer. Surely Fate had never played into human hands so cleverly before! For with one fell swoop would she not rescue Pearl from a life of drudgery and delusion, insure the Tired Business Man's entertainment, clasp about her own throat the two-hundred-dollar pearls, besides humbling this crooked-smiling satyr? Impatiently, she waited for Helmer's first move, hoping for defiance. But instead he stood, a bas-relief of cringing suspense, against the red-beaded portières.

IT WAS Pearl who spoke: "What's the matter?" she asked, eyeing one and then the other. Receiving no answer, she turned to the woman-in-purple, eyes wide with questions. "Helmer!" she said. "How did you know his name was Helmer? I remember I only said 'Hugh'!"

Maizie gathered all her forces to deliver the blow. Imperiously she raised her head; dramatically she cleared her throat; denouncingly she straightened her goodly bulk. But all at once she hesitated. Pearl was looking at her piteously, with a white-lipped prescience of calamity and a wide-eyed entreaty for explanation. The woman-in-purple looked out the window, and suddenly she saw a sign swinging creakily from the porch-post. On the sign was printed "Dr. Helmer."

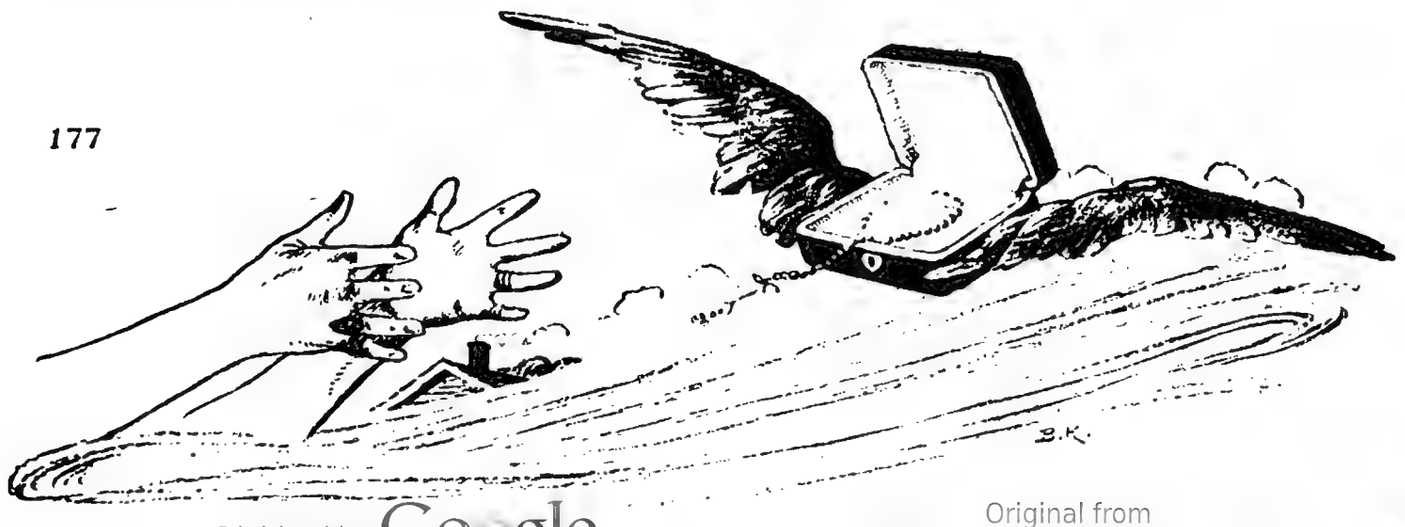
"Why, there, you goose," she rallied, pointing to the placard. "That's where I got my information." Then, without a look at either of them, she picked up her purse and hurried out. At the gate, however, Pearl caught her. With glad relief the blue eyes smiled up into the gray ones.

"Listen!" Pearl's voice dropped to a secret-sharing pitch. "I understand now why you acted so strange when I introduced Hugh. I might have known his magnetism would bowl you over. It always does everybody, don't you know." The right brow made a farewell sweep over a radiant eye. "Now do you blame me for being so much in love?"

Maizie choked. "No, of course not, honey, and now good-by!" With a half-hug she was gone. A dozen yards away she looked back. The lamp had been lighted now, and the two of them were standing near the center table, the man's arm a dark cincture about his wife's slender shoulders.

Maizie laughed gratingly. So that was the cad, the bounder she had shielded! But she sobered suddenly. After all, the issue had concerned itself, not with the man's defection, but with the girl's beautiful faith in his perfections, and certainly that had been too exquisite to destroy. No, she had done the decent thing, and she was glad—glad! Only one thought qualified her pleasure in the consciousness of well-doing. That was a string of pearls which glowed in a blue plush box in a jeweler's window—not large or imposing pearls, but tiny, fairy globules of milky warmth. The woman-in-purple thought of them and sighed dolefully. But almost instantly she grinned.

"Oh well, darn it!" murmured the well-known farceur of the Broadway Broilers. "Pearls always did make us blondes look sallow, anyway."



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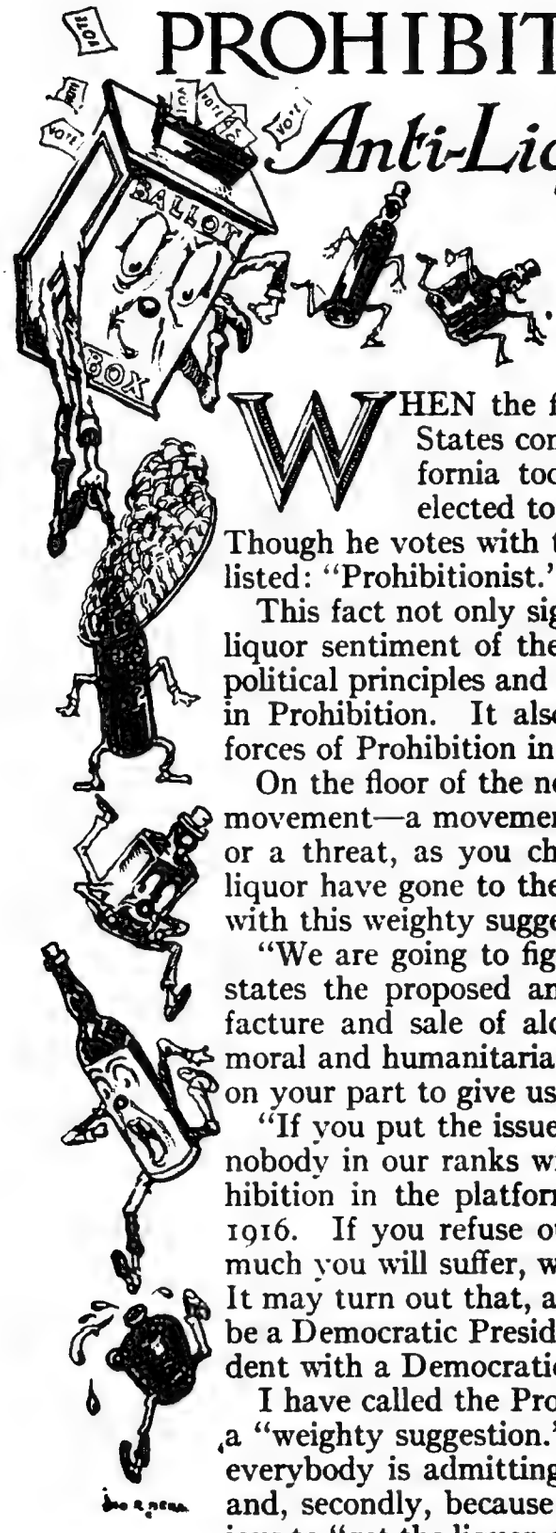
PROHIBITION AND POLITICS

Anti-Liquor's Clever Battle-Plan

BY JAMES HAY JR.

WITH A CARTOON AND DECORATIONS BY J. R. NEILL



WHEN the first session of the Sixty-fourth Congress of the United States convened on December 6th, Charles H. Randall of California took his seat in the lower house as the first man ever elected to Congress as a representative of the Prohibition Party. Though he votes with the Democrats, on the official roster of the House he is listed: "Prohibitionist."

This fact not only signifies that in at least one section of one state the anti-liquor sentiment of the voters has been strong enough to disregard all other political principles and to sweep its man into office merely because he believed in Prohibition. It also is coincident with the massing of the country-wide forces of Prohibition in a commanding "drive" on the new Congress.

On the floor of the new Congress Mr. Randall will be the spokesman of this movement—a movement which couples with its demand for action a warning, or a threat, as you choose. The political commanders of the fight against liquor have gone to the leaders and general membership of House and Senate with this weighty suggestion:

"We are going to fight to a finish to have your first session submit to the states the proposed amendment to the Constitution to prohibit the manufacture and sale of alcoholic beverages in this country. Leaving aside the moral and humanitarian aspects of the proposition, it will be political wisdom on your part to give us what we want.

"If you put the issue up to the states before convention time next summer, nobody in our ranks will ask you to incorporate a plank for nation-wide Prohibition in the platforms on which your Presidential candidates will run in 1916. If you refuse our request, no man living can predict accurately how much you will suffer, whether you be Democrat or Republican or Progressive. It may turn out that, as a result of the elections in November, 1916, there will be a Democratic President and a Republican Congress, or a Republican President with a Democratic Congress."

I have called the Prohibitionist argument for immediate action by Congress a "weighty suggestion." It is weighty; first, because the time has come when everybody is admitting that the men behind it have developed great power; and, secondly, because the big politicians of the country are themselves anxious to "get the liquor question out of national politics." They do not want to "play with it"—it's "political dynamite, any way you look at it"—and so forth.

The Prohibition movement, as a whole, takes this attitude:

"Prohibition should not be made the weapon or the instrument of any one political party. It is bigger than politics. We want neither a party nor an individual to profit from the movement. We demand that our victory be won by the people as a whole. Moreover, we recognize that our cause might suffer a terrible set-back if coupled irretrievably with all the other policies included in any national platform which any party might put forward.

"If this session turns us down, we will still keep out of national politics, in

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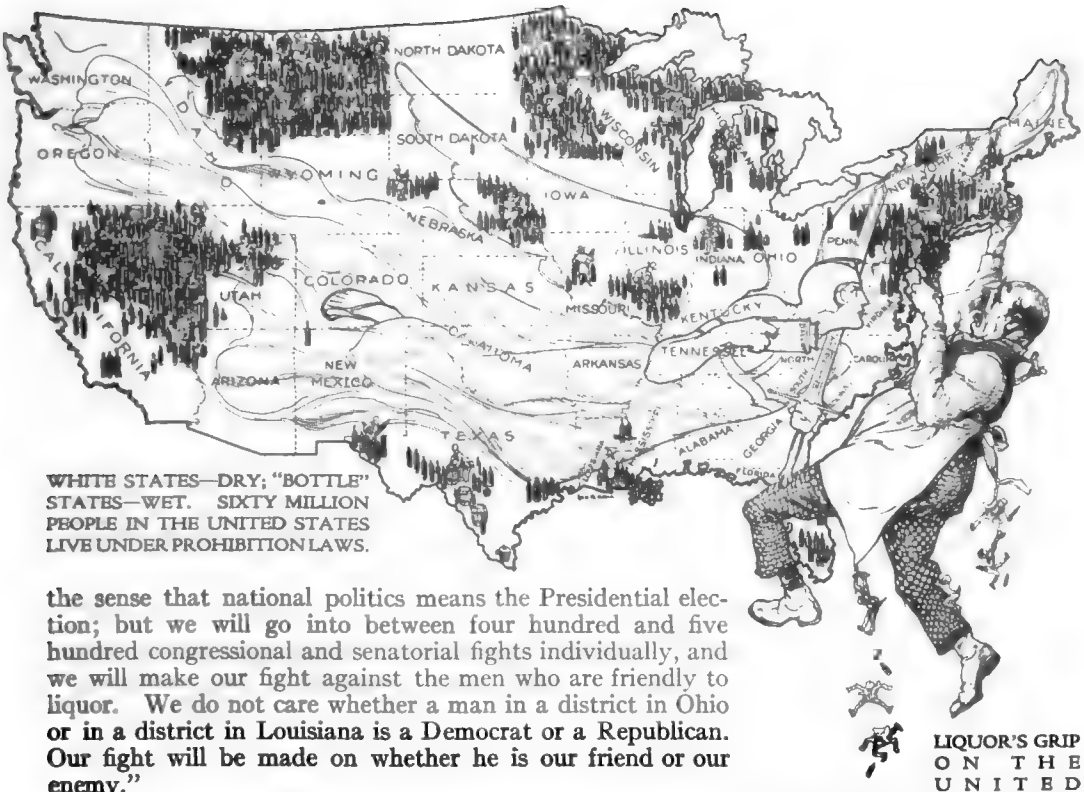

WHITE STATES—DRY; "BOTTLE" STATES—WET. SIXTY MILLION PEOPLE IN THE UNITED STATES LIVE UNDER PROHIBITION LAWS.

the sense that national politics means the Presidential election; but we will go into between four hundred and five hundred congressional and senatorial fights individually, and we will make our fight against the men who are friendly to liquor. We do not care whether a man in a district in Ohio or in a district in Louisiana is a Democrat or a Republican. Our fight will be made on whether he is our friend or our enemy."

LIQUOR'S GRIP ON THE UNITED STATES MAP IS GIVING WAY BEFORE THE ATTACK OF PROHIBITION.

Furthermore, the Prohibitionists do not care whether the President is a Republican or a Democrat; they are not particularly concerned as to his view on whisky if they can control Congress, because the President has no veto power over the vote of House and Senate to submit a proposed Constitutional amendment to the states for their ratification. This being true, they can afford to avoid the Presidential end of the election and devote all their resources to Congress. And in the next elections there will be candidates for thirty-two Senate seats and four hundred and thirty-five House seats.

Now, how strong are they?

Last December, when the Hobson resolution to submit to the states the Prohibition amendment was laid before the House, 197 members voted for it, 169 against it. Fifteen absentees were "paired," of which number ten favored it and five opposed it. Twenty-seven members failed to vote. The resolution had to have a two-thirds majority in order to pass. Although this failed, the country at large and the political experts in Washington were amazed that the Prohibitionists registered over their opponents a majority of nine.

Last January Senator Morris Sheppard of Texas attempted to amend the District of Columbia Appropriation Bill so as to make absolute Prohibition a law in the national capital. The vote on the proposition was advertised in advance as being indicative of how the Senate stood on nation-wide Prohibition. With eighteen senators not voting, thirty-eight voted for the Sheppard proposition, and forty against.

The vote in the House on the Hobson amendment showed these interesting general results:

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There were twenty-seven states a majority of whose representatives voted for the bill. There were eighteen states a majority of whose representatives voted against it.

Eighteen of the forty-eight states have adopted Prohibition laws. The legislatures of four other states have submitted the question to an early vote of the people. With all the prohibitory laws in effect in the eighteen states, more than 60,000,000 people will be living under Prohibition laws, and eighty per cent. of the area of the nation will be "no license" territory.

Congress has appropriated a total of $3,500,000 for recreation depots at army posts as substitutes for the canteen, has thrice appropriated money to send delegates to International Congresses on alcohol, and has prohibited the sale of intoxicating liquors among the Indians and on Government reservations.

NOBODY knows how much money the Anti-Saloon League has at its disposal. Its resources for publicity are enormous. Although it is the most powerful Prohibition organization in the United States, having affiliated with it close to thirty million men and women and many other anti-liquor associations, there are more than thirteen others in the field.

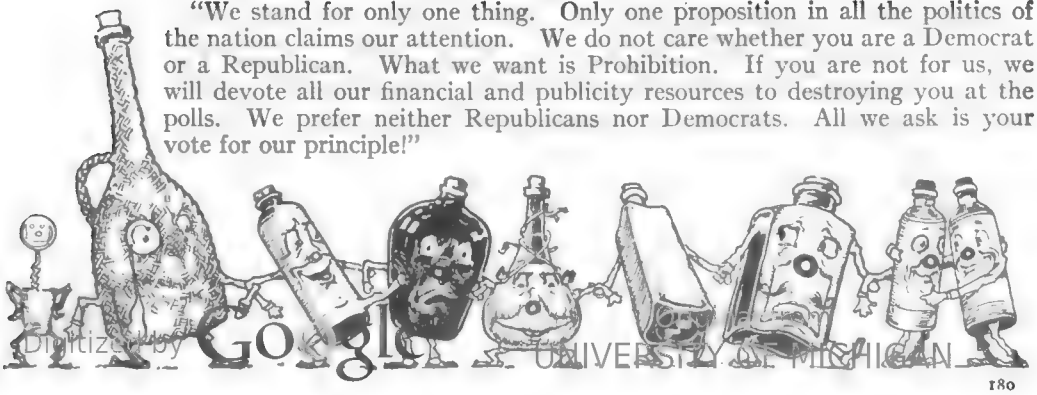
The Prohibitionists have still another possible weapon if the next session takes no action on their demand. They declare that they are stronger in this Congress than they were in the last. In the last Congress they had a majority. By a majority vote, Congress can, to all practical purposes, put the commercialized liquor traffic out of business in this country. It can deny to the wholesale liquor dealers, through its jurisdiction over interstate commerce, the use of the express companies and the railroads. It can forbid the sending through the United States mails of packages containing liquor or of letters ordering liquors delivered. By its taxing power, it can make the price of carrying on the whisky business so extortionate that there no longer will be any profit in it. The answer of the liquor people to this is that Congress does not dare to take such a course, that the forces of alcohol, backed by great wealth, will go into the districts of individual congressmen and beat them at the polls.

But there is this commanding difference between the two forces. Prohibitionists can not be legislated out of existence; the whisky business can. Congress can not forbid a Prohibitionist the use of the railroads if he buys his ticket, or the use of the mails if he puts on his letter a two-cent stamp. Prohibition is a belief and a principle. The whisky business is a commercial undertaking, one which must live through the arteries of commerce and the facilities of communication. It can not stand over-taxation.

When it comes down to campaigning among the people, the whisky interests are under a terrific handicap. They complain that a vast majority of the newspapers of the country will not print their arguments, that they can not get before the public an appreciable exposition of how the Government profits by taxing alcoholic drinks.

On the other hand, for the first time in the history of this country, we are confronted with the spectacle of a wealthy organization trained to unusual efficiency in affecting public opinion, coming into the open and saying:

"We stand for only one thing. Only one proposition in all the politics of the nation claims our attention. We do not care whether you are a Democrat or a Republican. What we want is Prohibition. If you are not for us, we will devote all our financial and publicity resources to destroying you at the polls. We prefer neither Republicans nor Democrats. All we ask is your vote for our principle!"



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"IT'S A FINE PLACE TO VISIT, YES—BUT I'D HATE TO LIVE THERE"

by

Franklin P. Adams "F.P.A."

ILLUSTRATIONS BY REA IRVIN, ORSON LOWELL, AND F. T. CHAPMAN

"NO, SIR," adds the visitor to New York, relaxing for the first time in ten days, as the train for home slides out of the tunnel, "no, sir, I wouldn't live there if they gave me the place."

"Me neither," says the other visitor necessary to expository dialogue. "Have a cigar?"

"No, thanks," says our hero—for any man who furnishes an excuse to begin a story of this length is indeed he— "Been smoking all day and night for a week. And I don't want to see another highball in eight thousand years. They certainly do lap it up in that town."

"Well," observes the other, distilling pure bromidiom from the air, "I don't see how those New Yorkers keep it up."

THEY don't. And that brings me to the burden of my song, which is that the New Yorker's place is in the home; and 4,000 more words to that effect.

Every summer, along about June 25, the New York papers run that hardy annual editorial entitled "New York as a Summer Resort." That the newspapers are entirely surcharged with civic pride and altruism I am not deeply enough in their confidence to affirm. The cynic-minded say that the more people go away for the summer, the fewer copies of newspapers are sold, and the less money is spent in stores that advertise in these newspapers. The smaller-town papers have such editorials, too—such as "Spend the Fourth Here in Little Bend" and "Do the Mail-Order Houses Pave Our Streets and Pay Our Taxes?" I absolve the New York papers from sordid motives, however. I hold that they go only a quarter of the distance. New York is a summer resort; it is also an autumn, a winter, and a spring resort. The annual average temperature is 54 degrees. That may be too warm or too cold; I play my statistics by ear, and I am too indolent to compare the av. ann. temp. of New York with that of other cities. I know this, though: if a Los Angeles demonstrator should tell me that Los Angeles's av. ann. temp. were 54 degrees, it would sound like a meteorological report of Eden itself. Yet 54 degrees, as one with a gift for the intricacies of figures discovers after an hour's computation, may mean six months of 102-degrees days and six months of 6-degrees days.

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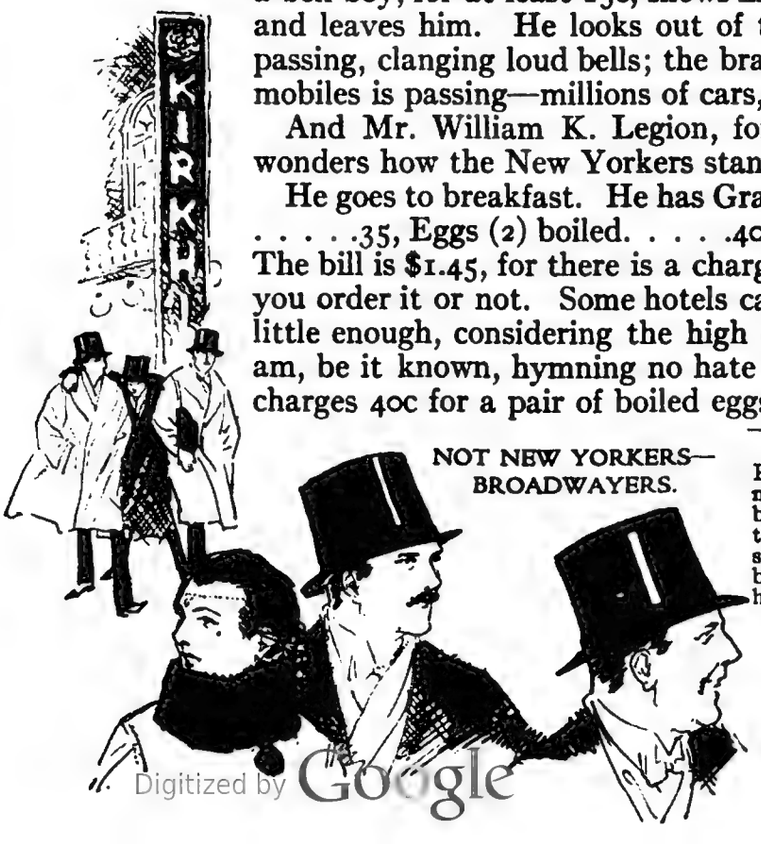
I also know that New Yorkers brag about the wrong things—about the height of the Woolworth Building, the population, the wealth of tax-dodging citizens, the number and sumptuousness of hotels they seldom even see—and they never boast about the weather. And though I must admit that as these words are being ticked off a blizzard is at its damp, horrid work, and the copy-readers of the evening papers are writing the "City in Icy Grip" headlines, I desire to say that there seem to be a great many lovely days in the course of a New York year. We play golf here ten months, and there are few days from the first of April to the first of December when the tennis-courts are out of condition. And perhaps there is a finer sight than Fifth Avenue on the first warm day of spring, but offhand I can not summon it to mind.

As to mortality, we are, I have read, an unusually healthy city. Doubtless the mortality figures would prove something—you can make mortality figures jump through a hoop, stand on their hind legs, and play dead—but I am not trying to induce folks to come to live in our beautiful, enterprising, and too-rapidly-growing-to-get-a-seat-in-the-subway-as-it-is city. Besides, I used to be a life-insurance solicitor, and I learned that some people accept anything in the statistical line; and the others do not even listen.

CONSIDER the visitor to New York, the kind of visitor who Doesn't See How You New Yorkers Keep It Up. His home is in Mendota, Cleveland, Mobile, Binghamton, Sacramento, Missoula, Bangor, Olympia, and points adjacent and contiguous.* He has come to New York for a week. He has detrained. He has allowed a porter to carry his not-very-heavy bag to a taxicab. For this he has paid 25c; and it has seemed to him, from the porter's apathy, that he should have been less parsimonious. He has been driven to a hotel one block, or possibly half a mile, from the station. The driver tells him the charge is 50c, so, remembering the porter's expression, he gives the taxi-driver a dollar and says: " 'Sawright!" A doorman, with no pride about taking money from strangers, assists him with his bag, and an equally unashamed bell-boy holds it while the clerk calls him "Mr. Er—er" as he registers. If it is a large and expensive hotel, he does not ask the price of the room. The prodigality of gilt and marble and rugs and heavy furniture in the lobby dulls his sensibilities, makes him drunk—which is why it is there. "If the proprietor of this hotel can be as devil-may-care about money as this lobby indicates," he thinks, quickly, "I can't be niggardly about a dollar or two." And a bell-boy, for at least 25c, shows him where 482 is, opens the door for him, and leaves him. He looks out of the window. Dozens of street-cars are passing, clanging loud bells; the brakes shriek. An endless parade of automobiles is passing—millions of cars, blowing horns.

And Mr. William K. Legion, for it is indeed he, hears the noise and wonders how the New Yorkers stand it.

He goes to breakfast. He has Grape-fruit. . . . .30-50, Oatmeal w. cream . . . . .35, Eggs (2) boiled. . . . .40, and Coffee per cup w. cream. . . . .30. The bill is $1.45, for there is a charge of 10c for bread and butter, whether you order it or not. Some hotels call it "service," 40c for boiled eggs being little enough, considering the high cost of rugs, tapestries, and rentals. I am, be it known, hymning no hate toward the hotel-proprietor because he charges 40c for a pair of boiled eggs. The context of an egg determines its



NOT NEW YORKERS—
BROADWAYERS.

*Note my restraint in omitting names of towns like Kankakee, Skaneateles, Kalamazoo, and Oshkosh. I must leave the musical-comedy librettists something to build their plots on. And the use of "k" and "z" and the juxtaposition of "s" and "k" are certain causes of such wild, uncontrollable laughter that you might have been too weak to finish the story. And that would never have done.—THE AUTHOR.

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MR. REA IRVIN INTERPRETS THE FEELINGS OF THE VISITOR FROM MENDOTA, MOBILE, MISSOULA, AND OLYMPIA.

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THE NEW YORKER WHOM THE VISITOR SEES —AND IMITATES.

value. Soft-boiled eggs for 10c the 1-6 doz. at a dairy lunchery may be as good eggs as the Vandermere's soft-boiled eggs at 40c. But the rugs of the Persians, hateful as Horace (Bk. I, 38) found them, are costly; and it takes many an egg to support a couple of first-class orchestras. Besides, who am I to consider the hotel-keeper a brigand? Mr. Robert W. Chambers receives, the gossips tell me, 60c a word for his cosmic utterances; my own world-shaking verbiage is paid for at an absurdly greatly lower rate. Yet who shall say that my "the's" and "a's"—the eggs of literature—are not identical with Mr. Chambers's—nay, with the definite and indefinite articles of Harold Bell Wright himself? . . . That thought, by the way, might be expanded into a satirical essay, and I hope that Mr. Simeon Strunsky takes this idea before I, who would spoil it, have time to play with it.

Speaking, then, of the 10c charge for bread, I once refused, in a New York hotel, to pay it. I had ordered no bread, I wanted none, and I wasn't going to pay for it, as the card made no mention of it. The charge was taken off at once, though the waiter showed fine scorn at the idea that anybody could care so much for 10c! "Do many object to the charge?" I asked. "You're the first in over a year," he said. It amounts, for the hotel, to something more than $70,000 a year! And most of that is paid by the gentlemen who not only wouldn't live in New York, but don't.

Not to take Mr. Legion through every minute of his New York week, in more time than it takes to tell it, this is about what he does: He has a late breakfast and a rich luncheon. In the course of the morning, as he is away from home, he may have a highball or two. In the afternoon he may go to a matinée, and, seeing others like him, wonder how New York men find so much time for pleasure. He goes to dinner, generally to a play recommended by the young woman at the hotel theatre-ticket stand, whose dramatic knowledge and advice are based on what plays two-in-the-twelfth-row-for-to-night cost ten dollars for. Not that success and merit are never coupled; they are as frequently as they are not. It is possible that visitors to New York, just because they are away from home, go out between the acts for drinks they do not want, much as boys smoked corn-silk in their—yea, our—youth. In fact, most of the actions of the visitor are those of the young boy; and as natural and foolish and prodigal and healthful as most boyish actions, too.

AFTER the play the visitor must go to a restaurant, preferably one with cabaret attachment. Here he has more provender and more drink; sometimes he goes to two or three restaurants a night. He gets to bed at 4 A. M.; at 6 the street noises wake him; he sleeps fitfully until 10 or 11—and so on through a week of it, each day a little wearier than the day before. . . . There are those who vary this schedule, but it is a fair example. Some visitors have business to transact; and some have wives with them. But the visitor, taking a cross-section of him, has a pretty hectic week of it. The unfair part of my illustration, or rather the false logic of it, is that I am telling about the visitor to New York. Accept it from one who recently has visited Emporia, Kans., and Cheyenne, Wyo., New York is not the only town exhausted visitors go away from. It is just that there are so many, many who journey hither to take the town apart and see what makes it tick.

Consider now the New Yorker, five and a half millions of him. The Hotel Hecuba, one minute from thirty theatres in the so-called heart of the shopping

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district and in close proximity to both railroad terminals, is nothing to him. He does not pay ten dollars for a pair of theatre seats. Most of the big new hotels he has never even entered. In short, he lives as normal, healthful, conventional, and regular a life as the average American anywhere else.

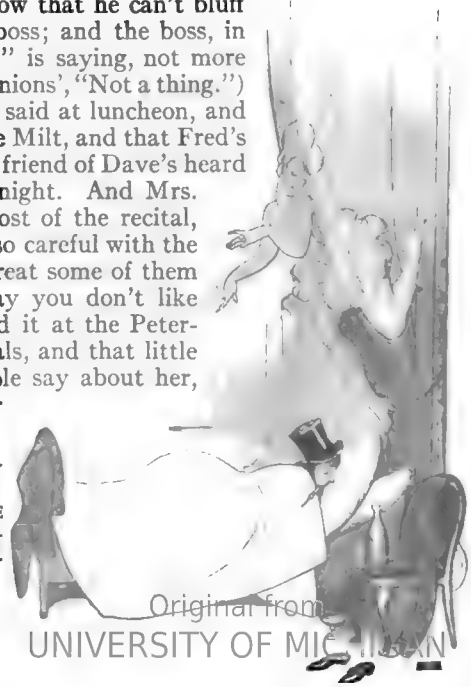
In the morning he emerges from an apartment-house. He walks a short block or two to the subway or the elevated. He takes an express train, which is crowded, in preference to a local which is not, to a station a short block or two from his office. He works, about as inefficiently as he might if he lived anywhere else, until his luncheon hour. He has luncheon with the same persons every day, as he would have it in Abilene or Zanesville. He works until the whistle—of employer or conscience—blows, descends into the subway or mounts the elevated stairs, stands up for half an hour or so, and comes home to dinner. For he does come home to dinner, in spite—as the old song used to say—of *Puck* and *Judge*. Conjugal felicity runs as high in New York, I don't care what the divorce-court records try to prove, as it does in Amityville or Bridesburg. And, conversely, take it from Mr. Edgar Lee Masters, it is as rare in Spoon River as it is in New York.

EDDIE MINION, then, the average New York type, comes home for dinner. I can not truthfully say that I know 20,000 New York men who, with blonde stenographers sitting on their laps, telephone home to their wives that they are "detained on pressing business." Going over a wide and varied list of New York acquaintances, I admit, with a sense of lost pride in the metropolis, that I do not know even one such. I know a few poker, pinochle, and bridge players; and hardly any of them, when they want to go in for these iniquities, telephone home that they are "sitting up with a sick friend." I know a lot of gay roisterers who play Kelly pool occasionally, but the 25c-with-jitney-scratches game they play was too tame for the Indianapolis man who was in our game the other day. . . .

Eddie and Mrs. Minion—she was one of the Agate girls of Five Points, Tenn.—discuss, with wild New York abandon, the events of the day. Eddie tells her that Bill Hartigan is getting too cocky down at the office, and that the boss seemed pretty sore at what Bill said this afternoon, and Bill'd better look out or he'll lose his job. (In another five-room flat less than a mile away Bill is telling Mrs. Hartigan that he spoke right up to the boss, and the boss might as well know right now that he can't bluff Bill, and Bill knows it made a big hit with the boss; and the boss, in answer to *his* wife's "Anything new at the office?" is saying, not more than two miles away from the Hartigans' and the Minions', "Not a thing.")

Eddie adds what George and Milt and Bennie said at luncheon, and how there is no arguing with a pro-German nut like Milt, and that Fred's baby has the measles, and here's a new Ford-joke a friend of Dave's heard Irvin Cobb tell up at the Lambs Club the other night. And Mrs. Eddie, after listening in the uxorial manner to most of the recital, tells Eddie that Annie, the Lithuanian maid, isn't so careful with the cleaning as she used to be, and the better you treat some of them the worse they seem to get, and how can you say you don't like boiled beef when you raved about it when we had it at the Petersons' last week? and it's a terrible job planning meals, and that little Grace Effingham doesn't seem to care what people say about her, and no wonder you have a cold going without your overcoat yesterday.

And in the evening the Minions may go to a



THIS IS *NOT* EDDIE MINION, THE AVERAGE NEW YORK TYPE.

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MR. WILLIAM K. LEGION BREAKFASTS—FOR $1.45

movie show, a block from the house no matter where they live, and once a month or so to a down-town theatre. The evening "call," in New York, is expiring. The dancing and bridge crazes—and this winter the skating craze—helped to kill it. Most of the "visiting" begins at dinner. The Minions have the Nonpareils in to dinner, and they play cards, or merely converse, for the rest of the evening. But most nights the Minions are in bed before eleven o'clock. For Eddie can not often stay up late. A job to keep he has; and it no longer is considered a mark of dash and enterprise in a business man for him to say, next morning: "Gosh! I didn't have over two hours' sleep last night. Some night!"

There are about fifty theatres, exclusive of movie houses, in New York; but there are about two thousand churches. And ever so many New Yorkers, including the Minions, go to church. There are free lectures every evening, and you would be astonished, as I was, to learn how well attended they are. If you don't come early you generally don't get a seat. There are art, music, and literature in profusion for those who want it free; and there are hundreds of thousands who do want it. There is more of it, and its average quality is higher—and it is more accessible—than in any other city in the country. I defy successful contradiction.

Now, New York is not precisely like every other American city. A foreigner comes to America and bases his observations on us as a nation upon what he sees in New York. And not upon New York the great and varied, but upon one square mile in New York. You in the West and the South say, with justice, that the foreign observer has no right to generalize about the entire country when all he sees is New York. He has no right to generalize about New York from a hasty glance at a few New York blocks. For most of the time he is in New York he is attending dinners in his honor and meeting atypical men. . . . Nothing so infuriates me as to have a New Yorker tell me how he hates Chicago—he was there once, he says, and rode from the Union Station to the Hotel LaSalle. . . . The other day a Nebraska woman, who had been coming to New York every winter for twenty years, walked up Riverside Drive for the first time. "Why haven't you ever taken me here before?" the Nebraskenne inquired. "Why, this is great!"

"I thought you just wanted to go to the theatres and the shops," said her New York companion.

You non-New Yorkers resent, I repeat, that Mr. Charles Dickens and Mr. H. G. Wells and Mr. Kipling and Mr. Arnold Bennett base their American comments so largely upon what they see and do in New York. Yet you who tarry a week or two in our delightful city do exactly the same thing. Oh, yes you do! You give a few Broadway blocks a coat of mild vermilion, and tell the folks at home how late you were up every night, and how New Yorkers fling away their money.

To the May, 1913, number of this magazine, Mr. W. L. George, an English novelist and essayist of ability, contributed an article on "What America Must Be Like." Mr. George, of course, never had seen New York, but his impressions grew from what he had heard from Englishmen who had. "I find," wrote Mr. George, "that it is not America I see, but New York. . . . I picture the city as almost entirely composed of skyscrapers. I see them at every corner of every street, thrusting into the sky as countless spears of brick and mortar. . . . Your typical New Yorker is more evident to me than his city. . . . I picture you as nervous, excitable, feverish, hysterical; your haste is a haste to live in an atmosphere that is too harsh. . . . For me the New Yorker is a fierce business man, and the rest is silence; the American is

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SEEING NEW YORK FROM THE HEAD OF THE STATUE OF LIBERTY.

"So, Mrs. Beebe, you believe in seeing America first?"

"Yes, I DO, and the same with John Henry. None of Yurrup for him, he says, till he's scratched the Beebe initials in every nook and cranny of our noble country."

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more definite. I can even think of him as poor, which the New Yorker never is; I see the New Yorker mainly in Wall Street (a thoroughfare entirely filled with straw hats) indulging in 'Frenzied Finance;' but the American may somewhere be humble; he is probably oppressed by the trusts."

"Noise and human hurry and a vastness of means and collective result, rather than any vastness of achievement, is the pervading quality of New York," wrote Mr. H. G. Wells. "The great thing is the mechanical thing which is speeding up all these people, driving them in headlong hurry this way and that, exhorting them by the voice of every car-conductor to 'step lively,' aggregating them into shoving, elbowing masses. . . ."

Mr. Wells saw the down-town, busy section. If he had known no London but the corresponding part of New York he characterizes, should we ever have known *Mr. Hoopdriver* and *Mr. Lewisham* and *Kipps* and *Mr. Polly?* Why didn't Mr. Wells take a room in an apartment-house up West 179th Street way, and meet the New Yorkers who talk in words to *Mr. Hoopdriver's* effect? Why didn't Mr. Arnold Bennett, fair and sympathetic as his estimates in "Your United States" were, devote a week to the commonplace romance of a couple in West Eighty-first Street, like O. Henry's *John Perkinses*, in the lexicons of whose daily lives there is no such word as "perhaps"? Messrs. Wells and Bennett, markedly gifted with ability to see and to sympathize with distinction and romance in the apparently commonplace, wrote comparatively commonplace stuff about the obviously distinctive, obviously big things.

But the unfairest of all, to my notion, is Mrs. Helen Van Campen. A few years ago Mrs. Van Campen was a New York newspaper woman. She had tremendous skill and unusual aptitude as a writer. As a member of the staff of the *Morning Telegraph*—a sporting and theatrical newspaper—her experiences were many and her acquaintanceship varied. About five years ago Mrs. Van Campen went up to Alaska to live. Last winter she took a trip to New York, and in "Broadway to Alaska—and Back" described it for the *Saturday Evening Post*. Mrs. Van Campen said in part:

"IN THE woman's coat-room of a Times Square restaurant I saw a radiant being smoking, and another was relating a story in which profanity earned the laugh. They were apparently ladies—they had a couple of husbands standing in the corridor, and a mauve-lined limousine; and after the story the smoker gave the teller a cigarette, and she mentioned the children and Easter, and going to mama's to dine.

"Only a little smoke and a little swear! But in Alaskan circles decent women don't. There are only decent ones in our camp. I had to keep warning myself, just to forget the camp—a city wasn't like that little place. Cities were fine. Look at all you may do in them—eat, drink; ride in cabs, drink; smoke, theatres, drink; and I heard of one New Yorker who went, though young at the time, to the Museum of Natural History. Of course he does not let every one into his secret. He says if the Metropolitan Museum of Art will put on a cabaret he will view that."

Mrs. Van Campen met Bill and Lola, friends of her pre-Alaskan days, and their vapid talk bored her. Mrs. Van Campen continues:

"With New York at a performance there is rudeness. It isn't the visitor from Butte who arrives late enough to trample on a dozen punctual feet, or the woman from Bangor whose wrap hangs so far over the back of her chair that it fills a reluctant lap. She does not leer through a lorgnette at a coiffure ten inches distant.

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"The New Orleans party are not crackling programs and standing up, forcing themselves into coats, when the naval officer and the heroine are completing the plot with a long kiss, and the chorus, with fresh costumes that maybe somebody wishes to observe, are massing for the finale. But New York is; and, on the walk outside, New York is denouncing the carriage-caller because 817 can't get around from Seventh Avenue in a second, and sneering that they do these things decently in London!

"Lola said: 'Mind your diamonds, there are pickpockets anywhere at this hour.'

"She took from a friend a card reading, 'For Your Chauffeur,' which instructed him as to the Westchester route, and how to reach a house where a party began at one, with supper, and breakfast at seven, and your machine ordered for eight. Bill was on the wagon, and he said he couldn't stay on if he went—the Brants wouldn't stand for that. So we went to a restaurant nearby and were raided by more coat-girls, and almost before we sat—because Bill was known—at a table by the stage, a turbaned Syrian from West Fifty-third Street offered pistachio-nuts; and Lola said:

" 'That's the gag now; they're awfully salty, and it makes people buy drinks. They have pistachios in all the dansants—Lord, look at her—the mauve girl! Flesh powder on her face and brunette on the shoulders!' "

And Mrs. Van Campen, on what she expected to be a three-months' trip, calling herself another homesick hick, went back to Alaska after a few days of New York. Of New York? No! Of Broadway and Fortieth-to-Fiftieth Streets, of shopping, of useless restauranting, of talking to persons—misrepresentative of New York—she no longer had any curiosity about or sympathy with; of persons and things that mean New York no more than lines beginning with capital letters mean poetry.

* *

NOW, I do not know New York. I can not interpret it. I do not know what its "message" is. New York is too large to know. Too many things are simultaneously true of it. It is cold and heartless; it is warm and generous. It welcomes the outsider and his effort; it repels the barbarian and his work. It is dull and it is fascinating. It is the costliest and the cheapest town in the country to live in. Good-natured? You should see the rowdyism of a New York New Year's Eve. Heartless? In December, 1914, a New York newspaper printed some atrociously bad "poetry," for humorous purposes. The readers laughed loud and harshly. The newspaper discovered, later, that the woman who had written the "poems," twenty-five years ago, was old and destitute. "Why not," asked the paper, "give her a little Christmas present?" And in three or four days nearly $200, mostly in dimes and pennies, poured in from "self-centered, hard-hearted" New Yorkers. I know stories that prove maliciousness, honesty, sentimentality, greed . . . anything you like. And all the stories really prove that it is a big city.

That is why I object to the visitor's attitude. And if I were on the train and I heard him say that it was a great place to visit, but he'd hate to live there, I'd say—and consider it fairly adroit, too—"Well, that's the difference between New York and the other towns."

"What's that?" he would—I hope—say.

"Well," I'd reply, cheerily, yet not without a trace of the Manhattan complacence, which is even more unfair than the non-New Yorker's, "maybe the other towns aren't even great places to visit."

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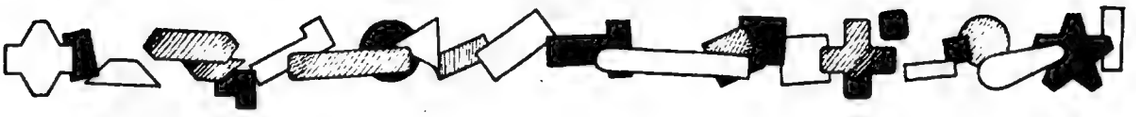
THE LITTLE CARDS.

BY LEAVITT ASHLEY KNIGHT.

Illustrations by W. T. Benda.



I HAVE learned much on this, my first trip to America. Very much! I am pretty well learning the United States language. Only four months I am in New York now and am able to do a conversation with the people the most ordinary which I encounter at the importing house of Scallo & Co., where I work as bookkeeper and translator.

But never shall I understand how Americans *think*. This was, as you say, conveyed to my house the very day first I implanted my feet in American soil. It was brought home to me that there are Yankee thoughts which no Latin can comprehend.

A friend says it is because we Latins are an emotional populace, while you Americans are cold-blooded and common-sensed. But this I do not believe, not at all. I, Amateo Virgili, am the most rational of the rational. I am thirty years aged, and high educated. I was, until four months past, teacher of mathematics in the city of Foggia. There is in me not so much emotion as in a dead beanstalk. My brain works cool and sure. Yet I can not grasp the Yankee mind.

Why not? Listen to the history of Vittoria Salerno and the little cards!

She trembled up the second-class gangplank ahead of me, as we were embarking at Naples, one drizzling February morning. She was crying—not like a woman in grief but like a woman in fear. She darted hysterical glances around the vessel. I do not love to see such weeping, especially in a beautiful woman. So, while the crowd of emigrants jostled along the rail waving to the multitude along the docks of the Porto Mercantile, I, who was alone, said to her, who was alone:

"Do not be afraid, Signorina! Our ship is very strong—all steel in the bottom and, up above, a crew of Englishers who know the Atlantic like their own grandmother and fear her no more than her."

"It is not the voyage, sir." She drew herself away and shivered.

We stood there, in further silence, for numerous minutes, while we swung out of the immortal bay, out into the Mediterranean's open blue. People scattered to their staterooms, to unpack. I, a poor teacher, had no trunks to open. So I lingered at the posterior rail and watched the slow-curving world thrust its bulk between me and my beloved Italy. After some little minutes of mooning, I looked around me. The deck was all but forsaken. Only two persons in near sight! The girl and a tall, dashing fellow with curled mustachios; great, black, writhing mustachios like ebony shavings.

The young woman was wringing her soft hands before him. He was leaning jauntily against the rail, and his fine white teeth glistened down upon the woman while he smiled a sinister smile. There was cruelty in it. Also there was something familiar about it. I moved carelessly toward the pair.

Twenty strides, and then Memory whisked aside the thick curtains of forgetfulness! The man was a fellow-citizen of mine, one Cesare Vico, he who

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"NO! NO! HE WILL SLIT MY THROAT IF A WORD IS SAID AGAINST HIM. HE HAS SWORN IT—ON THE GOLD CROSS HE WEARS!"

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was the barber with the filthy little shop in the wall hard by the Church of Our Blessed Virgin in the Via Foria. Never had I liked him, this Vico. And much less I liked him on the day when a friend of mine who is official of the Foggia police whispered, as we sauntered past the reeking barber-shop:

"If ever you find out anything about that scoundrel, let me know! We know his barbering is a blind. He is a blackmailer. But we can't prove it."

As all this flashed upon me, I knew why the young woman had wept. Somehow, somewhere, Cesare Vico had found that she had a little money. He had swooped upon her. Such things are common in Italy.

I passed the rascal without a flicker of recognition, though hard did he stare at me. I rubbed my hands, once I was out of sight; and to myself I said with exuberant virtuous joy: "Aha, Cesare Vico! It is I, Amateo Virgili, who shall block your amiable little scheme!"

A two-*lire* tip to the steward gave me a seat next to the young woman in the dining-room. We talked of the beautiful Naples and our great English ship, and many other things such as bob into people's minds when they are trying to find a common meeting ground with strangers. At first, the young woman looked dumbly at me with those great, heart-breaking, frightened eyes. I jested a little—though I am no jester. She livened up and smiled. At last, on the second day, her tongue loosened. And, *per Bacchol* she talked glibly of Dante, Petrarch, D'Annunzio, the politicians' blunders in the Tripoli war, and a hundred other things of which our rustic women know nothing.

Ah! Many a time after those conversations, I would go to my stateroom, brush my hair, study myself in the mirror, and sigh: "If only I had the money and the boldness! Vittoria Salerno should be my wife! There is beauty! There are brains! There is life abounding! But alas! I am a miserable beggar. A poor arithmetic peddler! And I am on my way into a strange land, on an uncertain adventure. Besides—probably she is going over to marry her sweetheart."

HOW did this pretty little sprite, with voice of summer bees and the innocent ease of a hill-town child, know the finer things of life about which many a haughty Roman matron of the Quirinal chatters but lamely? How did she come to be traveling alone in this poor under-world of the second class? What made all the life ebb from her face, without the slightest warning, in the midst of jolly conversation?

The mystery teased me, and her terror touched me. I redoubled my efforts to gain her confidence. To draw her out, I gave her of myself. I told her all about my having been a gentleman teacher of mathematics in Foggia, and about my family, which is a high respected one in Abruzzi; and about my going to New York, to work for Scallo & Co., importers, who would pay me better than the mathematic teachers in Italy. Having given this much of myself away, I sought something from her. And, on the fourth day out, she caught my arm, as we rose from dinner, and stammered:

"Signor! May I speak with you—alone? I—I must tell somebody!"

I led her to a quiet spot at the stern, seated her in my steamer-chair, and listened. In jerky, panic-stricken shreds of sentences, she laid bare all that which was conducting itself between her and Cesare Vico.

She was from Lucera, which you may know to be a forsaken hill town of negligible magnitude west of Foggia. Her parents were long dead. She had two big brothers who had lived with her until four years ago. Then they went to America. Her they left behind, for they had no money to take her along, and besides they would have to wander about in America after work.

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So alone she sat, on a lonely hillside of Lucera, teaching little children of our few well-to-do at ten *soldi* a lesson. Through the wet winter nights, she pored over English books. She struggled with the impossible grammar and pronunciations of English. She toiled through Dante, Petrarch, D'Annunzio, in the hope that some day, in far-off America, she might help out her brothers by teaching Italian.

WELL, for two terrible years her brothers slaved over hell fires in a great mill—it was, said Vittoria, in a province called Pittisburgo. They earned prodigious money—some fifteen *lire* a day, would you believe me! They slept in a cellar, ate stale bread and wormy cheese, wore their overalls Sundays, smoked bitter weeds, drank pink vinegar for wine—and saved. In the third year, they had money enough to buy a little vineyard in a region called California. And now at last, after two more years of stubborn toil, fortune had burst upon the good fellows like a spring shower. Their grapes hung heavy and thick on their warm hillside, the buyers were greedy—and so they had sent for their sister. In the letter that brought this glad news came also a post-order for one thousand *lire*.

"You shall come," said the letter, "first class, like a fine lady. It is wise that you so travel. For we can not meet you at New York. California is as far as Italy."

The happy Signorina flew to the post in Lucera. The clerk at the payment window opened his eyes very, very wide at the money-order. And, knowing her well, he chatted about her great good fortune. Whereupon the innocent and proud little woman told him all about her brothers' wonderful vineyard in far-away California and their swelling purses.

And, the next morning, while she was packing her trunk, to her door came the barber Cesare Vico, with a wicked smirk beneath his needle-pointed mustachios, and said: "I'm making a trip to New York for my health—the air of Foggia doesn't agree with me. And, so, my pretty little pullet! kindly hand over three hundred *lire!* You'll need only seven hundred to get to California second class!"

Vittoria set up a shrill outcry for help. But Cesare locked his wire-like fingers in her velvety throat and held them there until her sweet face went black as one vast bruise, and she fell over backward. When she returned to sense, Vico hissed: "For that yelling, little devil, you shall pay another hundred *lire*. I give you two minutes—or else—" He flashed a razor from his sleeve and swished its open blade before her eyes frozen from horror.

Well, what could a little woman do, alone in a remote house? She paid over the four hundred *lire*, and Vico sauntered off leering. And then, the day when she went to Naples to sail—she saw Cesare going up the gang-plank ahead of her!

"He is following me to my brothers!" the woman wailed, after she had told me all this. "He will bleed them as he has bled me. He will stay near us—that is the way with these blackmailers! We Salernos are doomed!"

"Listen!" I hushed her. "No longer are we in Foggia or Lucera, Signorina! This is an English ship, bound to America. The Americans will not allow such a scoundrel to enter their country. Let us go tell the captain——"

"No! No!" Vittoria gripped my arm in an agony. "He will slit my throat if a word is said against him. He has sworn it—on the gold cross he wears! You remember the first day on this ship? When you passed us? It was then that he swore. He means it. He is a desperate monster! I forbid you, Signor! I will not die! I will live, be happy with my brothers. Let him

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snatch our savings away! What is poverty? We are used to it, Signor!"

There was no dissuading her. Her will was set with the rigor of a lockjaw. It was the lockjaw of mortal fear—the fear that lies deep in us Italians. We love life, we do. It is better than comfort and honor. We can not throw it lightly away for the sake of lesser things. We are not as you Americans and English, who can walk into the muzzle of a revolver without a quiver, or sit in the smoking-room of the sinking *Titanic* and puff cigarets while the black seas gurgle up over the doomed decks. You do that as a matter of pride. But pride is a sentiment. And you are sentimentalists. But we Latins are logical. We care nothing for pride. We know that life is the best of all things. And we logically cherish it above all else.

I could not blame the unhappy Vittoria for her attitude. In truth, I rejoiced in it as I contemplated the abundant life that leaped through her beautiful body. Yes, life was the best of all things! And the best of life was Vittoria! I knew it, the very instant I touched her trembling hand, at the end of her story, and she lifted her eyes to mine with a sad little smile and murmured:

"You are very kind, Signor! But there is nothing to do."

I bowed and kissed the dear little hand. But to myself I thought: "There *must* be something to do! Something that will not make this brute Vico suspect that she has defied him!"

ALL that day the thought haunted me, while Vittoria and I walked up and down the steamer's deck. And it cried out every time we passed the open door of the smoking-room and saw, at a table playing cards, the accursed, leering face of Vico, barber of Foggia.

All night I tossed on my bed like a chip in the surf. At dawn I was out, pacing the deserted decks. Then up slunk the sullen winter sun, and there flashed upon my harried brain a wonderful, a diabolically clever plan. I studied every minute detail of it until breakfast. And then—I ate no breakfast! Instead, I rushed up to the wireless office and sent this message:

U. S. Immigration Bureau, Ellis Island, N. Y.: On SS. *Olympus* will arrive, second class, Cesare Vico of Foggia, Italy, blackmailer. Arrest him and return to Foggia police, under charge of extortion. ALBERTO CONTI, Chief of Police.

"I command you to preserve silence about this," I instructed the dispatcher, and gave him a dollar tip. "If the fellow should get wind of it he might hide on board and escape us!"

Then I went back to Vittoria, who was huddled in my steamer-chair. She did not mark my approach. She was intent upon a paper which she was covering with figures. Her cheeks were ghastly pale.

"More trouble? Tell me!" I commanded her gently. "Perhaps I can help you!"

"I—haven't money enough to get to California!" she whispered so faintly that I could hardly hear her.

"Surely," I reassured her, "with six hundred *lire*. The ocean trip was half that. And——"

"He lost a hundred *lire* at cards last night." She nodded in a fright toward the smoking-room. "He—made me give him more—he cornered me out here—a minute ago—" She sobbed. "I have only two hundred *lire* left—forty dollars. I must wait in New York for my brothers to send me money——"

"I shall pay your fare, Signorina!" I touched her hand again. "Your brothers may remit to me at Scallo & Co. at their leisure."

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HE CORNERED HER OUT THERE ON THE DECK—WHEN HE LEFT HER, ONLY FORTY DOLLARS REMAINED OF THE MONEY HER BROTHERS HAD SENT HER.

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Into the stupendous Corral of the Nations they drove us, four days later, at Ellis Island. Vittoria and I were chatting over the rail that separates the men from the women, when two officers came up and arrested Cesare Vico, who was standing a little distance from me. The fellow laughed impudently into their faces. Thereupon one of them showed him a paper. Vico's face went as black as his mustachios and, screaming, he flung himself toward Vittoria, while the officers clutched at him.

"You!" He fought to thrust a fist through at the woman, all the while foaming at the mouth like an insane thing. "You! You betrayed me—you! you—oh, but I shall slit your foul throat for this some fine day, you——"

An officer slapped a heavy hand over Vico's mouth, and then they dragged him off. Vittoria fainted. A matron carried her away.

A few minutes later, we men of the second cabin were lined up for to begin that strange, interminable examination which the Americans require of every newcomer to pass before he may enter the New World. They looked at my eyes and tongue, they listened to my heart and lungs, they weighed me. They looked into my purse. They asked me, had I ever stolen or killed or been in prison? Then came an old friend from Scallo & Co., who vouched for me. I exhibited my diploma from the University of Bologna, my teaching certificates, my six hundred dollars savings—and they passed me.

"And now," said I to my friend, "I must go see Signorina Salerno. I must lend her money for her journey." And I told him the story of the blackmail.

"Look out!" my friend shook his head. "Don't do it here! Wait until she is passed through. They might exclude her, if they saw you giving her money. She's no relative of yours. The law doesn't admit 'assisted immigrants.' You'd better keep away from her!" This dark term, "assisted immigrant," he explained to me gravely. And, when I understood it, I yielded to his advice. I did not go to see Vittoria. Instead, I sent a note to her, promising that I would await her on the day of her release, at the pier where the little boats take the immigrants to the city. Then I went to the city, I and my friend.

ONE day, two days, three days. Each time I called for Vittoria, the officers told me that she was not yet come through the mill. The fourth day, they said the same. Then I lost my patience and went into the mill, for to see. Through hordes of miserable Russians, greasy Turks, wicked-eyed Greeks, stupid Austrians, I hunted. At last I came to a little room with guards at the door. And in the room I heard the voice of Vittoria, Vittoria crying. In I rushed.

She was seated before a table. Several officers, men and women, around her. They had some queer little boxes—I could not make out what they were. Vittoria saw me and held out her hands to me.

"Help me, Signor!" she whispered. "They—they will not let me to my brothers——"

"Now be still, you! Quiet down, and we'll give you the test a third time," spoke up a stout matron, and waved toward some things on the table.

"What does all this mean?" I demanded.

"Is this any business of yours?" spoke up sharply an officer. "Who let you in here?"

"It is my affair," I retorted hotly. "I—" Then I stopped. I remembered that my friend had warned me not to show personal interest in Vittoria. "I knew her on the steamer," I said. "I know she is all right."

"She says she has brothers in Eltonville, California," spoke up the chief

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"OHO, MY DEARS!" CESARE RATTLED HIS HANDCUFFS AS HE WAVED A MOCK WELCOME TO US.

officer bruskly. "We have telegraphed to the town; but no one out there knows about any Salernos."

"They live far, far out in the country," wailed Vittoria, wringing her hands. "Twelve miles out from the village."

"They know you're coming, you say? Then it's their business to come here and get you through." The officer shook his head. "The law is clear: unaccompanied young women can't pass through here—and anyhow—" The officer dropped his voice and addressed me privately: "The poor creature is simple-minded. She'll have to be deported."

"Simple-minded?" I gasped. "You are crazy. She has read Dante and Petrarch and—"

"So have many other simple-minded people, my dear sir," the officer smirked. "This poor creature has twice failed at the Binet test——"

"The what?" I exclaimed feebly.

"The Binet test. It is like puzzle pictures—what they call jigsaw. It is very scientific. It measures one's mind wonderfully. Only one with intelligence can fit the little cards together." The officer beckoned to me to follow. "Come and see for yourself. We are going to give the Signorina a third trial now. If she can fit them, we shall let her pass. Provided her brothers come for her——"

"And if not—"

For answer the officer gestured ominously toward the wide Atlantic.

In stupefaction I stepped up to the table. The officer picked up a shallow cardboard box, set it in front of Vittoria, and said kindly: "Now, Signorina, we shall give you one more chance to fit these cards together. Twice have you failed. This is your last chance. If you can not do it this time, you can not come into this country——"

In the box lay, all mixed up, a hodge-podge of little cards of many shapes and sizes. Vittoria, her hands trembling, fell to fumbling through them. She picked them up and set them edge to edge on the table.

"What nonsense is all this?" I cried.

"Sh! Don't disturb the poor creature!" A matron nudged me sharply and scowled. "She needs all the quiet she can have."

"Quiet?" I laughed wildly. "Do you think anything I can say will disturb her? After what you have told her? You set some cards before her and say: 'If you do not match these, we shall ship you back to Lucera. You

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shall never see your brothers again. You will live forsaken all your life.' You call this a test of her mind? Don't you see the poor creature is mad with fear?"

"Shut up, you, or get out!" An officer shoved me angrily toward the door.

I stood hushed, my eyes on the girl with the cards. She bent over them. Her hands moved uncertainly from one to another. She would push a card into a position, then snatch it away with a choking sob. I was sure her eyes were brimming and half-blind with tears. The wretched woman was paralyzed with the terror of the thought that, if she failed, she would be shipped back to the desolate hill outside Lucera, back to poverty. Her brothers would lose track of her for a long time. She had not a dollar left; nor a table nor a chair. The brothers would not send letters or money to Lucera, for they knew she had sailed for America. It might be many months before she would hear from them—and in the meantime! Also—good God! *If they sent her back to Italy, Cesare Vico would kill her.* I think I screamed these last words. Anyway, the officers all turned on me and hustled me out of the room.

HALF an hour later, an awful shriek came from the room. And out staggered Vittoria braced between two matrons. She tried to fling herself out of their grasp. She cried piercingly to me: "The three little round cards, Signor! I could not fit them in! Three little round cards! They are sending me back to Lucera! Alone! Alone! Ah! Will you please kill me, Signor? Please! I can not endure it——"

"It's too bad." A matron shook her head. "But the law is right. We can't flood our country with weak-minded paupers. We have to be sensible——"

They dragged her through a door. The door closed. Then they sent me away.

There was a ship sailing to Naples two days later. They were sending her on it. I went to Ellis Island to bid her farewell and cheer her. Also to tell her that I should try to find her brothers and order one of them to rush to Naples and get her. If only, if only I could arrange all this before that monster Cesare Vico had a chance to go from Foggia up the hill to Lucera! It would be a tight squeeze! They had turned back Vico four days ago. He would reach Lucera before Vittoria. He would not know that she was returning; so he would not be looking for her. But gossip flies, my dear sirs! Once Vittoria was seen drooping into Lucera, tongues would wag. Perhaps in a week the news would reach the barber-shop, hard by the Church of Our Blessed Virgin in the Via Foria. And then——

On my way to Ellis Island, I telegraphed to a lawyer in Eltonville, California. I told him to scour the region in the swiftest automobile around the Pacific Ocean; to find the Salernos, to pack one of the brothers on a train—cost what it might cost!

On the pier at Ellis Island, I came upon a little huddle of very poor old men and women, cripples, creatures with ulcerous visages, blank-eyed wretches, and half-grown children. They were the discards. They were being shipped back to Europe and misery. Up and down past them, around them, wandered a score of great, brawny men, their hands clenched behind them and their feet dragging painfully. Wild, bloodshot eyes stared in a frenzy of despair across the bitter, gray sea—and then toward the glittering towers of New York. To New York, the Forbidden City of the Forbidden Land, into which they would never enter.

"Why are they being deported?" I asked an officer. "Are they murderers?"

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"Oh no!" said he. "The criminals are all handcuffed over there." He waved toward a building. "These chaps didn't bring enough money with them, or they couldn't put the little cards together right, or somebody paid their passage, or—or something like that."

"It is all very incomprehensible to a poor Latin, sir." I shrugged my shoulders. "I can not reason as you Americans do——"

"You sentimental Dagoes!" The officer laughed at me.

I heard a little sob behind me. It was Vittoria. From the midst of the old men, the ulcerous, the blank-eyed, she stretched out her hands to me. She fought to speak, but failed.

"Be brave, dear child!" I caught her cold little hands in mine and drew her from the loathsome company. I told her how I was searching for her brothers. "I shall not stop until I have found them, Vittoria——"

HER EYES WERE BRIMMING AND HALF-BLIND WITH TEARS.

"Why do you do all this—for me, a stranger?" she cried wildly. "I am a worthless creature! I can not even put little cards together. I am not fit to live in America, where the strong live!"

"You are too good to live in this insane country, dear girl!" I looked deep into her eyes. "If I could make a living back in Foggia, I would return and——"

There came a tramping of feet behind us. Then a shrill, horrible laugh which froze me. I dropped the girl's hands, wheeled, and looked into the leering, wicked eyes of Cesare Vico! He was handcuffed to three other scoundrels. An officer was leading them to the tender that would put them on board the steamer—the very steamer on which Vittoria was sailing!

"Oho, my dears!" Cesare rattled his handcuffs as he waved a mock welcome at us. "So I am to have pleasant company—all the way to our beautiful Foggia! How jolly, Signorina! A most unexpected joy! I shall call on you, beautiful pullet Vittoria! We have several things to gossip over, eh? Hoooooooo!" Then his fury grew too strong even for irony. He shrieked at her, spat. . . .

But Vittoria had fainted.

A MINUTE I stood dumb over her prostrate form, while the sad outcasts around us forgot their wretchedness and murmured questions and vague sympathy. Then I sprang toward the officers, my fists upraised and quivering.

"You and your little cards!" I raged at them. "You kill people with them! Blundering ditch-diggers! Your government has given you tools finer than microscopes to judge us with. And you—you wield them like pickaxes!"

With that hot outburst my wits thawed free from the icy horror that had

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bound them. Slowly, minutely, I told those officials—there were five of them on the pier, I recall—I told them everything about Vittoria, the years she had scrimped and studied, the Dante, Petrarch, D'Annunzio she had committed to memory; the thousand-*lire* money-order, the visit of Vico, his hand on her throat. . . .

"And then," I thundered at them, "the frightened woman can not control herself, to fit some puzzle-cards together. So you—you common-sensed Americans who laugh at us Italians for being emotional—you pack off this dear, this sweetest girl in the world—on the same boat with this Vico—this beast who, some night, will cut her soft, her dear, dear throat on some street of Lucera! Oh, you wise, wise Yankees!—"

I could articulate no more. I could only glare at the officers, while Vico cursed me.

VITTORIA opened her eyes. I lifted her tenderly to her feet and, forgetting all my old fears and my poverty, I clasped her to me and kissed her pallid lips again and again.

"Well, if *that's* the way you feel about it," spoke up the chief officer with a smile at us both, "why don't you marry her?"

"And go back to Lucera?" I cried. "We will starve there—if this Vico didn't first kill us——"

"Oh," broke in the officer, "if you marry her, we'll let her come into the United States."

"But the little cards?" I spoke in a daze.

"Oh, damn the cards!" growled the officer. "If you're both willing to tie up, go into my office. I'll be back after I've packed this herd off." He waved at the outcasts and Vico. Then down to the tender he marched, while the great liner out in the channel whistled to him hoarsely, hungrily, for its prey.

I looked into Vittoria's eyes. They were flooded with tears. She held out her arms and whispered, "My Amateo!"

From the officer's window, we watched the liner pick up the outcasts. We saw Vico fighting insanely as they shoved him aboard. We saw the vessel swing eastward. . . .

"Dear one!" I murmured to Vittoria. "I do not understand these strange Americans. They say they are common-sensed and rational. But they change their laws off-hand for love's sake——"

"It is very beautiful," Vittoria whispered.

"But why," I persisted, "do they have the silly little cards?"

"To make you speak your love to me, dear heart," Vittoria breathed against my cheek that she was kissing. "Isn't that reasonable?"

I KISSED HER PALLID LIPS AGAIN AND AGAIN.

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A PROCESSION OF LOST AND ABANDONED CHILDREN ON THEIR WAY FROM AERSCHOT.

THE DIARY OF A FRENCH SOLDIER

With Battlefield Sketches by J. Paul Verees and a Wood-Engraving by Howard McCormick

THE soldier from whose diary this remarkable picture of life at the front is taken, is a highly educated French gentleman. For personal reasons his name is withheld; but he belongs to the 13th Esconade, 355th Regiment—a regiment composed of young men, twenty-five or -six years old, with the special exception of the writer, who is older. He speaks English, as well as five European languages, and was before the war connected with a large Continental banking firm. His business has brought him to the United States several times, and he is considered an authority on American securities. Wounded after less than three months of service, he spent part of his hospital time in compiling this diary from his letters home and from memory. It was written, by the way, in English, not in French. It presents the most amazingly vivid "close-up" view that we have seen of the soldier's daily life between fights—his snatched sleep and food, his new perspective on everyday comforts, the blindness of his movements under orders, his matter-of-fact acceptance of hardship and danger. We wish we had space to print the diary in full. To get directly into the action, we omit preliminaries, and begin with the eve of this French soldier's first battle.

THE EDITOR.

ON THURSDAY, 18th August, we left for Doncourt les Templiers. Here we stopped six days without seeing the enemy. We slept twice in a farm and the other days we were posted in the fields as guards. East we saw the lights of Metz and west we saw those of Verdun. Searchlights were watching the sky. We could distinctly hear the guns, and little by little we got used to it.

At 2:45 A. M. on the 25th we left our post in order to join our commandant at Arville. My captain did not know the way. He called for me, as I had been there, and I had nearly to run next to his horse to keep pace with him. Walking in wet grass is very bad for the feet, and mine were already tender. I suffered a lot that morning on our march. At 9 A. M. we stopped in a small wood. I had not slept all the night before, being on duty, so scarcely was I

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seated along the road than I snored, though my feet were bleeding in my boots. I felt my feet stuck to the leather, having no socks any more to put on. The feeling of suffering I had at that time can not be described.

Our regiment was exhausted. Scarcely had we rested a quarter of an hour than we had to make a move. The guns were quite near us and we felt that a battle was being fought near. We left the wood, and after a walk of half an hour we arrived in the battlefield. We slowly formed one straight line, laying down on the ground, and every now and then we advanced quickly about twenty steps and laid down again.

Our company advanced slowly until we reached the top of the hill. Behind us followed the 65th Chasseurs in the same formation as ourselves. We formed ten long lines facing the enemy in half circles. In front of us at three hundred yards we saw the German troops all around a farmhouse. But it became dangerous to look around—we had to lay down.

Slowly I advanced to the very crest of the hill, and from my spot I could easily fire at the enemy. This was the first time that I was going to make use of my rifle to shoot at a living soul, whom I did not know, who never, personally, did me any harm. I hesitated, and I wished war could finish without obliging me to make use of my rifle.

The German machine guns were sending hundreds of bullets. I heard their whistling noise quite near me. Besides, the German rifles aimed at us. My hesitation ceased, and I aimed at the enemy. During thirty minutes I fired all the time and did good work. One German just left a brick wall behind which he was standing, probably with the intention to get fresh ammunition. I aimed and fired and saw him fall flat down. I never saw him move again.

A considerable movement took place on our right side among the enemy. One of our guns had destroyed the German machine gun, and we saw the German soldiers run away. We received instructions to follow their retreat, which we did. But when we arrived at the spot where the German machine guns stood, the enemy had fled.

THE first wounded German I saw was the operator of the machine gun. He was laying in a ditch, his head full of blood. He moved a little but was unconscious. The wood which was on the right was full of bodies. A lieutenant still held in his hand glasses which had been struck by a French bullet. The left glass was broken and the bullet had entered the lieutenant's head through his left eye. Our drummer, Soule, took the glasses as a souvenir. I heard later on that somebody else had taken his gold watch. I do not approve of taking anything from wounded or dead soldiers.

Order was given to rest where we were. We took our sacks off our backs and laid down on the ground. I at once fell asleep.

Early the following morning—3 A. M.—we were ordered to fasten our sacks on our backs and off we went eastward. Our march was rather a gruesome one. At first we crossed the village of Buzy, and we had the sorrow to see our own soldiers laying down in the fields. They were the first French soldiers we saw victims of this war. In all there were about fifty. Our hearts were full of hatred feelings toward all that was German. I regretted my short moment of hesitation when the battle started. Of course, we had to kill every German we could lay hands on. Left and right hundreds of German bodies consoled us a little, and we marched without saying a word and without the usual buzzing sound of chatting in the ranks.

We arrived at seven o'clock at Sommedieu. After a shave and after having had soup, we took a rest in a comfortable loft full of straw. We had a

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good night's rest. The following morning we left about eight o'clock. My feet were the most suffering part of my body still. We marched until 2 P. M. and arrived at Dugny, where we embarked in the train and were told that we were going to Belgium. This made us believe that the war was progressing satisfactorily. Our journey was a long one. We were forty-four in a luggage van, and we went in all kinds of directions—twenty-two hours. . . .

AT ABOUT 4 P. M. on the second of September we came in the neighborhood of Dammartin. I was perfectly exhausted. Many fellows of our company had been obliged to remain behind. Of my section only twelve were present. My poor feet! I was so hungry that I devoured a few apples which I found on the road. Our artillery took position in the valley and, encouraged by our lieutenant, we climbed up the hill on which Dammartin lays.

My lieutenant informed us that we had to stay there to defend the place in case of attack. We stayed two days, and as the town had been abandoned by its inhabitants we were allowed to take all the fowls and rabbits we could eat. So we did, and we had a jolly good time. The few shops which had remained open provided us, for money, of course, with appetizers, wine, and other luxuries which were highly appreciated. Some of my friends may ask why I did not write. The answer is that we had no paper. I had to write home on very dirty pieces of paper which I sometimes found on the road.

Saturday, 5th September, we marched again and the whole day, and at night we slept in farmhouses near Cuilly. We heard distinctly the big guns at a short distance. *Note well that we never knew where we were going.* We surmised a whole lot of things, but we did not even know whether war affairs were favorable or not. The following morning we marched a few miles' distance to a village called Puisieux. On our way we saw the consequences of the heavy fighting of the previous days. The sight is simply horrible. We passed down a valley, entered a small wood, and followed the crest of the hill.

Our new position was a very dangerous one. We could not lift our heads without hearing at once the whistling noise of bullets. The machine guns especially were aiming at us. All along the ranks I heard my name mentioned. The order came to me to go to our colonel. I crept along the natural shelter formed by the road and reached my colonel without any harm sustained. He gave me a note for the commander of our artillery battery, which was firing from behind us. He explained on the map where our position was and where the German machine guns stood. The idea was to destroy them.

Off I went by myself through the woods and along the valley. Again I had to see the horrible mutilated horses and men. Near me in the woods was a fellow whose head was right off. He was in a kneeling position against a tree. Another was quite shelled to pieces. Brains and insides were projected against the trees. All these bodies started smelling horribly. At last I found the battery and told the commanding officer of what my colonel had explained to me, and returned to my company after at least two hours. My colonel had a splendid smile on his face. Our artillery, with his indication,

THE CHURCH AT PERVYSE AS MR. VEREES SAW IT.

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THESE sketches, which came to us at about the same time as "The Diary," were made by a Belgian artist, member of the University Company of 5th Infantry Regiment of the 2d Belgian Army Division, which helped in the defense of Antwerp.

— EDITOR.

BATTLEFIELD

BY J. PAUL VEREES

5TH INFANTRY REGIMENT, 2D BELGIAN ARMY DIVISION

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SKETCHES

"In August our division left Antwerp, and repeatedly helped to repulse attacks aimed at the city. But we were forced to retreat. On the night of the bombardment we embarked on the river, and made a forced march to Holland. We were recalled to the Yser, and it was while that great battle was in progress that I was wounded, a bullet traversing my left forearm. My hand is still partly paralyzed, and I have been suspended from active service. These sketches were made either on the battlefield or from vivid memories of the battle scenes and other tragic sights I have witnessed."

J. PAUL VEREES

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had destroyed three machine guns, and our machine guns had succeeded in taking position and obliged the Germans to leave their forward trenches. From that moment we started heavy fighting. . . .

ON THE 10th of September we gathered the whole of our division and marched forward. We passed all the trenches of the enemy. Some of them contained thirty to thirty-five dead soldiers. I do not want to insist upon this awfully gruesome part of our march. No words can tell how awful it was. All along our way to Acy on Multien it was alike. We arrived at dusk, and took positions on two large fields.

My lieutenant chose me for exploring purposes with Corporal Leconte. Each one of us took four men, and we started each one at one corner of the woods behind us. At the extreme end of the wood were German trenches filled up to the border with bodies. The road was covered with dead bodies. We heard cars coming along the road. They were the cars bringing our food. The conductor told us that he had to get off his seat to take the bodies out of his way in order to pass. Many times.

We marched until early morning of the 12th of September. We endeavored that day to cross the River Aisne, but the German guns, maxims, and rifles obliged us to postpone our movement. It had been pouring with rain the whole day. I had found a sack which had contained artificial manure. Though the sack was smelling horribly, I was glad to put it over my shoulders and I was not half so soaked as the others. In the evening, we made some fire in a small wood and dried our clothes. Our cook had a good reputation and our commandant paid us a visit, with a view to getting a cup of coffee, some stewed potatoes, and some fried tinned meat.

When we had finished our meal, we were ordered to march to the next village, called Saconin. All along the narrow streets of the village were stationed the utensils of the Genie Regiment, who had to make a bridge over the Aisne for us to pass over. Under a pouring rain we had to wait three hours before lodgings had been arranged for the whole regiment. I, however, took advantage of the darkness and slipped away. I entered one of the houses, took my coat off, put it in front of the fire, and got for very little money a splendid plate of stewed rabbit. When I had finished I laid down in a corner and slept until early morning.

A curious thing I have noticed is that every house had an inscription in German made with chalk. Private houses had an inscription "Untersucht," which means "examined." This meant that no French soldiers were in the house. Other inscriptions indicated that the particular house contained lodgings for such or such officer or such or such company. Trade houses had inscriptions "gute Leute" (good people), or "ausverkauft" (everything sold). I do not know whether we took the same precaution, but I have never seen that any one of my comrades bothered about searching houses in villages we passed through.

Anyhow, one of the companies of our regiment once passed a deserted village. All at once bullets were whistling through the air. No one could see where they were coming from. All at once one fellow said: "The bullets come from the top of the church." He quickly went in the church, looked for the stairs to go up, and found three fellows with a German machine gun. From ten yards below the three German soldiers, he fired at them, and succeeded in killing the three, who tumbled down from the rafts on which they were seated. The author of this heroic feat was highly congratulated.

The following day I found my squad, and as we had to stay at Saconin until the bridge was made over the River Aisne we had time to cook food. In the

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fields we found beans and we received fresh meat. I had a very few nicely grilled steaks and ate so much of the beans that I felt queer during the following day. Many of us were the same. Happily we had still to stay at Saconin.

Before going any further I would like to relate an incident which has very painfully affected me. In one farmhouse were five prisoners. I talked with them. They thought they were quite near Paris. They did not know that England and Russia were in war with Germany. They did not know that the Austrian army had been defeated. They were very glad to be prisoners of war. Unfortunately, the gendarmes searched them and found in their pockets golden rings, bracelets, and other articles which they had stolen. They were taken behind the farmhouse and all five were shot.

At 4 P. M. we left Saconin. Our Genie had at last succeeded, protected by our artillery, to build the bridge over the River Aisne. The poor fellows had suffered very much. They were eighty-three and only thirty remained. The rest were killed. We crossed the river under heavy fire.

As soon as we had crossed the artificial bridge we went to the right and laid down along the river. Shells continued to fall near us. Some "black Marias" fell in the water, splashed us, and made us enjoy our afternoon. Our company had a fine rest, smoking dried leaves.

That same night at 3 A. M. we marched off and passed along the River Aisne to the west. It was on the 16th of September. We stopped a little before Berny Rivière and we took some food. I found a piece of paper and wrote home. It was Sonny's birthday.

When we left Berny Rivière we took the road to Vic-sur-Aisne, St. Christophe, and Berry. Here our road went uphill. Once on top, we crossed a small wood and rested there for twenty minutes. Our captain ordered us to come out of the wood, one behind the other at four yards' distance. We had to run for sixty yards and lay down in one long line facing northeast. My squad was third to come out of the wood. I was just preparing to run out of the wood when I saw the corporal of the previous squad falling down. "Mother, mother," cried he, and during at least a quarter of an hour we heard his awful cries. He died of a bullet through his inside.

WE ADVANCED till I got behind a haystack. Shells were falling left and right and we could not advance any further. We were seven behind the haystack. One shell fell on the haystack and wounded a fellow on my right. I bound his wounds and gave him the advice to go back slowly to the Red Cross. Then I heard my name shouted on the left. I at once advanced till I got to my section. We fired left and right, not knowing where really the enemy was entrenched. As a matter of fact, we received bullets from everywhere. We had been in dangerous positions, but this was tip-top of all.

One of the other chaps who was behind the haystack with me, called Delasarrazo, came creeping along. My lieutenant had lit a cigarette, and as Delasarrazo was asking light for his cigarette, a bullet went through his mouth. He was bleeding awfully. Corporal Leconte was a little further. All at once a "black Maria" fell next to him and tore to pieces one of our soldiers. Only his head and legs remained on the spot. This was a horrible sight. Leconte did not sustain any injury, but the commotion was so strong that he was as stiff as a stick and he shouted so loudly that we thought he had his two legs blown off. He was taken to the hospital later in the afternoon, and there they found that his coat had been cut to pieces but no other injury was done.

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MR. VEREES INSCRIBES THIS "SILHOUETTES DU SOIR."—ONE OF THE TRAGIC DETAILS CUT DEEPLY IN THE SOLDIER-ARTIST'S MEMORY.

Poor Leconte, he was during a long time the laughing-stock of the squad.

Soon we heard that the captain had been wounded and also the commandant. Also that the enemy's fire was too heavy and that a movement of retreat had been ordered. My lieutenant decided that we also should go slightly backward. We ran for ten yards and laid down. Then we ran again for ten yards and laid down. Shrapnels were bursting just above our heads. I made another jump of ten yards, and just when I was laying down a shrapnel bullet struck my knee. I was bleeding heavily. Black Marias, shrapnels, machine guns, rifles, maxims, all these were playing havoc. I now had in my head the idea to get out of it as soon as I could.

Geffroy, a nice fellow of another squad than mine, saw me wounded. He ran to me and showed his sorrow to see me wounded. It is strictly forbidden to help wounded soldiers otherwise than binding their wounds; we were not allowed to take a wounded man to the ambulance. I thanked Geffroy for his kindness and told him not to stay with me.

Taking advantage of a short moment of quietness, I made a move, but hardly did I walk two or three steps than four or five shrapnels burst near me. A piece of shell struck my right leg. It went through my coat and trousers and took a nice bit of flesh. Blood came streaming over my boot. I thought that instant that I would never get out of it. Another piece of shell struck my thigh without wounding me, but it burned and smarted the spot for a long time. Again I got up and I heard my "gamelle"—my mess dish—struck by a shrapnel bullet. My dear "gamelle" had saved me from death.

At last I was on the road, which did not mean that I was safe. Going downhill, I felt the stiffness of my right leg. The blood running in my boots, without socks on, made me feel slippery. When I got half down-hill a few ambulance attendants were binding wounds. A Red Cross fellow of our company, called Llein, recognized me. He took me under his care and washed my wounds. The one on the side of my leg was an ugly-looking wound, but only superficial. A bullet was stuck in my knee. It was still visible. I took it out and all at once a fresh stream of blood poured out.

I had to wait for the ambulance. Meanwhile I saw the fellows of my company who had been wounded. My company lost one hundred and eighty-one men that very day, twenty-eight killed and the rest wounded.

At midday, we were at last conveyed to Vic-sur-Aisne. In the evening the doctor came to me and gave me the advice to find some lodgings in town or in one of the farms. But I could scarcely move. I told some of my friends of the doctor's kind authorization, and one of them who could walk went for lodgings while five of us stayed outside in the street. I was dead tired and laid down in front of a house. One of us had coffee and sugar in his haversack. He rang at the door. A kind lady opened it. He asked her to make coffee for us, which she did. I had fallen asleep on the pavement, and when my friends awoke me it was to give me a nice "quart" of coffee. Our sixth friend came back telling us he had found a comfortable place in a farm belonging to an old lady. She was by herself with one servant. She was nearly potty and all the time talked to herself, complaining about the horrors of war. Our bedroom was the stable, where four cows were peacefully eating.

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In the morning of September 19th the shelling of Vic-sur-Aisne became so fierce that the Red Cross ambulance had to leave. We were told to do as we could for the best of our safeguard. My knee was still swollen, but I could walk. My wound in the thigh was still very painful and the rubbing of my trousers made every step a painful movement. I thought it best to look for my squad and join the friends again. I thought that my place was with them.

The following morning, I was called by my lieutenant, who told me that he had the pleasure to appoint me sergeant. I thanked him very much, but told him that I was on too good terms with all the chums to be able to command them. I preferred to remain private and nothing more. My lieutenant, however, said that only the colonel could relieve me of my new grade.

It was about ten o'clock when we left our position, and we all went to Berny Rivière, where we found lodgings in the loft of a large farmhouse. The loft had two entrances, but there was only one ladder. It was a continuous fight for the ladder. . . .

ON THE 22nd of September, I definitely got rid of my stripes. My friends appreciated my attitude, and a jolly fine day we passed together. We had nearly everything we wanted, except, of course, chocolate, for which we would have had to pay very dearly.

In the same village as we, were stationed also the 66th Battalion of Chasseurs. An English soldier called Burt, of the Hampshire Regiment, who had lost his regiment, had been "adopted" by the Battalion. He was very proud of the French sergeant stripes they had given him. We had a nice chat. In the evening I invited him to dinner with my squad. When dusk came we sang English songs. They made me think of home.

One who has not been on the firing-line and who does not know how it feels to know that every minute may be the very last one, does not understand what it means to remember olden times which never may come back. The feeling is simply maddening, and one must be a brute or else the brains would not work any more and one would become crazy. Looking at a beautiful landscape while in the trenches, makes one feel full of melancholy. The idea of not being able to see such landscapes in peace is enough to get one mad. Thinking of home, wife, and children, is so maddening that sweat comes on the forehead, and it is a natural movement to wipe one's head with the back of the hand and to endeavor to throw far away the thoughts of all that is dear to one. Trying to think of nothing is more maddening than all the rest. My musical evening with Sergeant Burt was a nice, but sad, evening. I was a long time before being able to sleep.

We left Berny Rivière in the afternoon of September 24th, and for some days we were in trenches near the flour-mill of Cagny. When dusk arrived the shelling started. Without discontinuing, shells and bullets were passing over our trenches. At night the effect was more beautiful than the most brilliant display of fireworks I had ever seen.

HE IS IN FIRE RANGE — THE BULLOCK HAS JUST BEEN HIT.

At 2 or 3 A. M. on the 27th, quietness once more came in the trenches. During a few hours we could sleep. Nothing is more tiring than to hear a continuous noise of guns—one can not withhold an awful sleepy feeling.

The next morning we went to Montigny, where we had a good meal, a good

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wash, and an excellent sleep. The following morning we left at 8 A. M. and arrived at Chaudin in the afternoon. We found good lodgings here in an abandoned house. All the furniture had been taken away, but we found some hay and straw. The 1st of October we awoke nearly frozen. The first cold night. It had been freezing and the fields were white. We went again on top of the hill-crest to continue making trenches. The post came to us while we were busy, and for the first time since the war broke out I received letters from home. What a joy! Parcels were announced in letters from the wife, but parcels were not there.

WE RETURNED to our lodgings, and dinner was nearly prepared when my friend Paul Jean came to fetch me. He informed me that while we were digging on top of the hill he had been staying with the colonel. He had found, quite near my lodgings, a lady who had promised him to share her meal with him and a friend of his. That friend was I. We went there and had a delicious rabbit as only French people can cook so nicely. Paul Jean had to return to the colonel after dinner, which he regretted very much, as the lady, whose husband had come home from the fields, informed him that she had a bed vacant. Her two sons had left for the war. I, of course, accepted the bed instead of Jean, and I went quickly to our lodgings and invited Schmitt to share my bed. Before going to bed we stopped at the fireside and sat on chairs. The one who has not been to war does not know how delicious it is to have a chair to sit on. Since I had been wounded at Vic-sur-Aisne I had not seen a chair.

We felt quite homely. Looking into the fire, drinking a glass of cider and cracking nuts. My thoughts went to my fireside, to my children, to my wife, to all I loved so dearly. At eight o'clock, Schmitt and I went to bed. What a delicious bed! All feathers. For the first time since September 16th did I take my clothes off to go to sleep. And even on September 16th did I only take my trousers off to be operated by the doctor.

We were not a long time before falling fast asleep. Jean had promised to come and tell us in case of alarm. At ten o'clock we heard a bang, and simultaneously we heard shouting everywhere in the small streets of the village: "*Alerte!*" "*Alerte!*" Jean told us to be quick, as the whole division had to make a very quick shift. . . .

After many miles' march and a trip on the train, we arrived at a very large, stretched-out village called Beuraignes. Here, we heard, the Germans had one part of the village, and we were master of the other part. The feeling was a very peculiar one, to be in the same village with the Germans. Shells were bursting very near the road, and rifle-bullets were whistling all the time. Left and right, tiles were falling in the village street where we had stopped.

We waited until our officers had chosen a good spot for us for our trenches. Dusk had come and the fire of the enemy was not so serious. We went one by one to the field situated on the left-hand side. Laying flat on our stomachs, we took our spades and started digging trenches according to indications given by our officers. For English people it is hard to believe that every soldier carries with him a spade. It is a fact. One could not believe how much we carry with us, on our back, in our sack, on the side, and in the water-bottle, besides a rifle and 120 cartridges. In the beginning I never thought I would carry this load for more than a few minutes.

Later we were comfortably seated, my lieutenant next to me, and we had something to eat. My lieutenant offered me some *pâté de foies gras!* Luxury! While we were eating, we were thinking of where the bullets came from. We

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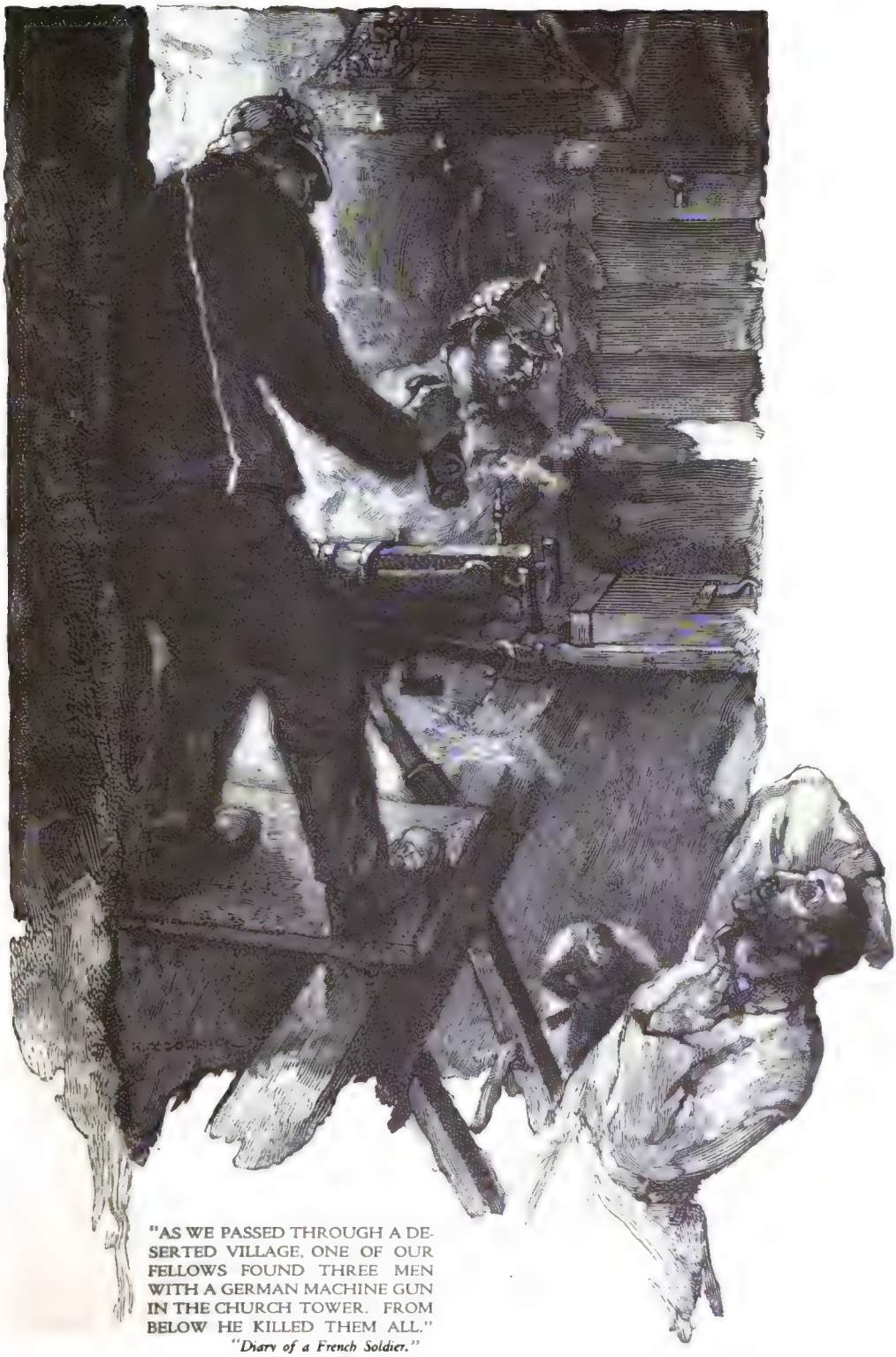

"AS WE PASSED THROUGH A DESERTED VILLAGE, ONE OF OUR FELLOWS FOUND THREE MEN WITH A GERMAN MACHINE GUN IN THE CHURCH TOWER. FROM BELOW HE KILLED THEM ALL."
"Diary of a French Soldier."

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heard them whistle over our trenches, and we even picked up some which entered the sand which we had thrown out of the trenches. Four of us climbed in some apple-trees and we could exactly see what was going on! Also we could fire with great precision, and I think that for my part I wounded one and killed another one. My apple-tree stood just against a farm. This farm was composed of four buildings forming a square with a yard in the middle. The main building had the tiles turned in the direction of the enemy. I was thinking that in the loft of that building I would do better work. I slipped down from my observation tree, and just where I got down half a dozen bullets flew left and right. I crawled toward our trenches and told my lieutenant that the farmhouse would be much better for observation purposes. We went there together, and in fact we could see a hundred times better. We took some tiles out of the roof and we saw the heads of all the Germans in their first trenches. Just in front of us, at about 150 yards from the road, were eight apple-trees in one row. Left and right of the apple-trees were the German trenches, with cows peacefully grazing near.

My lieutenant left me and told me to choose four men I could rely upon. Each one of us made a hole in the roof by taking one or two tiles away. We took some overlays, pillows, and arranged a comfortable shelter. We were, each one of us, laying down flat on our stomachs, each one in front of one of the holes. I observed with eye-glasses of great power which Lieutenant Broccart had left in our section when he got wounded. The afternoon was a most pleasant one. It was just like in rifle-range in the White City. As soon as we saw something move in the German trenches we fired, and our first shots were a little too low or a little too high. After awhile our shots were correct and we did not miss our aim.

A very curious thing, however, we had noticed was that the two cows in the meadow were regularly going to and fro from the German trenches to a small building just behind the eight apple-trees near the German trenches. We soon found out that the cows were attached to two long ropes. One rope was held by some one in the trenches, and the other rope by some one in the small building or somewhere near it—we could not very well see because of the apple-trees. We also found out that fresh troops were taking their places in the German trenches. Every time that one of the cows was pulled to the trenches three Germans were sheltering behind in order to leave the trenches unnoticed. Of course we at once sentenced the poor cows to death. A few shots and one was down. Not dead, however, as we noticed the ropes pulling the animal to make it stand on its feet again. In fact, it stood up, but a few more shots and the first cow was dead. The other one fell down forever on our first shot.

NOW began business. How many have been wounded, I didn't know; but I can say that very few have passed our rifle-range without being hurt. A great many have been killed. This was a gruesome amusement, but how could I have feelings of pity for the enemy? We have been playing at this game until dusk, until we could not see anything more. From time to time two of us left the loft and warmed our feet by walking in the yard of the farm.

We entered the abandoned house of the farmer and saw his clothes on a chair. We at once imagined to make a dummy dressed up to hang it in the apple-tree so as to make the Germans believe it was an observer in the tree. We found a long rope and we awoke Leconte in the trenches. He came up with us, and from a hole in the wall just near the apple-tree he was holding

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one end of the rope. At the other end we attached the dummy and threw the rope over a branch of the tree in such a way that when Leconte pulled the rope it gave the exact impression as if the dummy climbed up the tree.

AFTER this we found a stove, made some coffee (which we always carry with us), and we had a few warm cups, each of us. We had tobacco, military tobacco, which is very coarse and nearly impossible to smoke, but we managed it all right and felt quite refreshed. The well was in the yard, and I even had a douche. Rather cold at that time of the night.

The moon had disappeared and a mist was hanging over the landscape. We could hardly see anything, as only the very dim light of daybreak was then just coming up. I took my place again in front of my observation hole. At first I did not see anything, but little by little it seemed to me that something was moving all along the German trenches. I spoke to my chums about it, and they also observed something without being able to say what it was. All at once we saw a dark object moving along the trenches as if running, and a very few minutes later we were positive about our observation. The Germans had come out of their trenches to warm their feet.

One of my men ran to our trenches and gave to all the sections the result of my observation. All of our men in the trenches kept their rifles ready to shoot all at the same time on my command from the top of the house. This I did so that the Germans may not be able to guess how many we were. My signal was my own shot. The men in the trenches counted one, and all together fired at the enemy's trenches. The noise of one hundred and fifty rifles fired all at the same moment is tremendous. We fired three times in succession. The panic in the German trenches I can not describe.

At that moment we had our game with the dummy. Leconte pulled the rope and up went our dummy. We pulled a little more to make the branches move. Then we heard a few hundreds of bullets through the apple-tree. But I noticed that the Germans passed their heads sufficiently high out of the trenches to be fired at. In consequence, instead of looking at our poor dummy being shot, we returned to our observation holes.

Our dummy was still in the tree, but firing had nearly stopped. I then had the idea that Leconte should make the dummy to drop down. We waited for a short time before pulling him up again. The Germans thought that they had killed the man in the tree, and when they saw the dummy go up again they took it to be a fresh man climbing up the tree. They at once got up in their trenches and fired as before. We were ready with our rifles, and we succeeded several times in hitting hard at our aim. We could not see, of course, if our shots killed or wounded, but by that time I am sure that not many of my cartridges were wasted.

At last we were found out. The Germans, however, thought that we were in the side of the buildings, and all the time they aimed at us we could also fire at them. . . .

At about ten o'clock another regiment came to relieve us. We all regretted to leave this spot. We would have liked to do some more good business in the morning.

We were allowed a few hours' rest in the woods in a village called Bus. We found a small room, where our squad, as usual, managed to squeeze in.

On the 8th, in the morning, we marched off again to Beuvraignes. The guns had already started their fire and we had to march as far distant as possible one from another so that if a shell fell the smallest number of victims should be made. When we arrived at the village we were told that the regiment which

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took our place in our strong observatory had been taken by surprise and retired with heavy losses. We had to take the positions back and for that purpose our regiment had been called. Never had we given up our positions.

It was a difficult task to gain ground, and with great care our first section advanced. When our first section had reached their position, I had to return to the other three sections of my company.

At this moment a shell burst just near us at about ten feet above our heads. I shouted not to move.

At first I did not know what had happened, but I felt a burning feeling at my left leg. Our commandant shouted not to move, and said that he himself had been wounded by the bursting shell. My left boot was covered with blood. I asked my commandant if he had any orders to give me, and I asked his permission to go to the Red Cross. I went off, but I lost blood by pints. All at once everything was dark around me and I fell unconscious on the field.

WHEN I recovered my senses I found myself in a farmhouse where the ambulance had an emergency installation. My trousers had to be cut and my wounds looked horrible, but I felt no other pain than a burning sensation. We stayed there until dusk. In the evening a car fetched us.

Just when this carload of wounded was going to be driven away, a furious attack on the village started. The driver left his seat and left us absolutely helpless, car, horse, and wounded in the middle of the road, and entirely exposed to the bullets which were passing a few inches above our heads. I, who thought that this time my wound was going to give me some rest, was already giving up hope. This lasted more than an hour, which seemed ages.

At last we could drive away, and after having been nearly shaken to pieces we arrived in a small village near a mill. We slept in a hay-grange. The following morning very nice motor-cars fetched us on our stretchers and took us to Montdidier. The station was filled with wounded of all kinds—German, French, and English.

The doctor in charge of the wounded put fresh bindings on my wounds, and I was put in a train with seven other chaps. Our attendant was a very nice fellow. He turned out to be a Catholic priest called l'Abbé Hogot. At every station lots of people came aboard the train with hot milk, wine, sandwiches, chocolate and cigarettes.

Our train continued through Paris to Rouen and from there to Évreux. I was taken off at Évreux, and here I have been attended to in a very good hospital, among nice fellows and, on top of all this, by the cleverest surgical celebrity, who is Dr. Leo. I have very often had the benefit of his great kindness. He has taken into consideration that I have been wounded twice and he has shown great patience and kindness. Since eight days my wounds are healed, but I can not walk properly yet. My sciatic nerve requires a few months before being restored to its natural state.

All that I have experienced here I have written in my letters, and my experience of warfare ceases here. I hope to be able to write, somewhat later, my further experiences, should I have the luck of returning home.

BEHIND THE LINE OF FIRE—BURYING THE DAY'S VICTIMS

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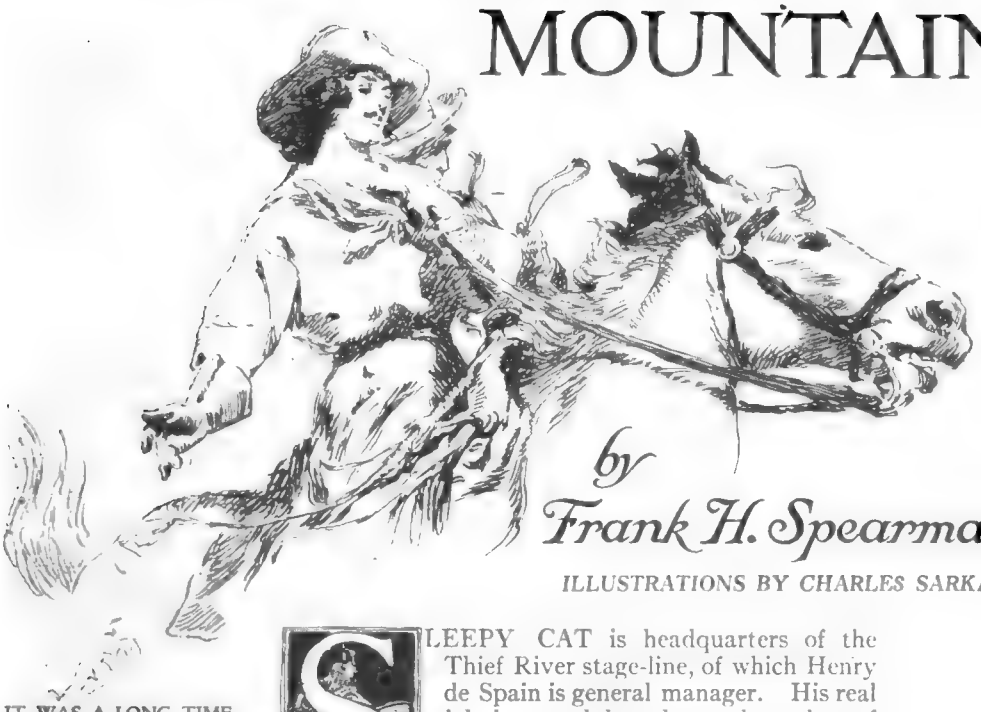
NAN of MUSIC MOUNTAIN



by
Frank H. Spearman

ILLUSTRATIONS BY CHARLES SARKA

IT WAS A LONG TIME BEFORE THEY WERE SEEN RIDING DOWN MAIN STREET TOGETHER AGAIN.

SLEEPY CAT is headquarters of the Thief River stage-line, of which Henry de Spain is general manager. His real job is to subdue the outlaw clan of Morgan's Gap, some twenty miles away in the mountains, who have had their own way with the valley for years. He clashes sharply with the Morgans, who make repeated attempts to "get" him. But meantime he is growing deeply interested in Nan Morgan, niece of the Morgan chief. One day he finds her horse in the stage-barns at Calabasas and discovers that she has gone to Sleepy Cat and will be back by the next stage. He goes down to the Calabasas Inn to get some coffee ready against her return—and walks into a trap. Four of the Morgan gang follow him into the empty inn and lock themselves in with him. There is a terrible fight, in which de Spain, despite the terrific odds, kills two of his assailants and wounds the others. He himself is seriously hurt, but jumps through a window, throws himself on a horse and escapes.

When he stops for water the horse runs off, and de Spain, barely able to walk, wanders about until he finds refuge in a cavern on a mountain ledge. Here Nan Morgan comes upon him. She is bitterly distrustful of him, but eventually, convinced of his helplessness, brings him food; and, after he defends her against her drunken cousin, Gale Morgan, she shows him a narrow trail across the next mountain, and meets him outside the Gap with a horse.

After a week in the Sleepy Cat hospital, de Spain sets out to see Nan. In the middle of the night he rides into the Gap and signals to her at her window;

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BOB SCOTT, THE "INDIAN."

she comes out and tells him she can no longer speak to him or see him—he is the enemy of her people. The next day her uncle is hurt and is taken to the hospital, where Nan comes to nurse him. De Spain finds her there and one night persuades her out into the park, where he tells her of his love and wins her promise to marry him if ever her uncle's consent can be gained. After that the lovers meet repeatedly, in secret, on the desert, until they are discovered. Nan's cousin Gale, who wants her himself, accuses her before her uncle; she admits her engagement, denounces Gale, and pleads with her uncle to be friends with de Spain. He refuses furiously, and leaves to find de Spain. Nan, terrified, follows him, and, meeting de Spain, tells him of his danger and says he must give her up.

THEY were sitting in the hospital garden, he at her side, on the bench that he called their bench. It was here he had made his unrebuked avowal. "Give you up!" he echoed, with gentleness. "How could I do that? You might as well ask me to give up the sun and the wind and the stars. No matter where I am, or how I feel, if I think of you, strength comes up in my heart like a spring. I never could give you up."

He took her in his arms. He told her all would be well because it must be well; that she *must* trust him; that he would bring her safe through every danger and every storm if she would only stick to him. And Nan, sobbing her fears one by one out on his breast, put her arms, at the last, around his neck, and whispered that, for life or for death, she *would* stick.

It was not hard for de Spain next morning to find Duke Morgan, and he was anxious on Nan's account to meet him early. The difficulty was to meet him without the mob of hangers-on whose appetite had for days been whetted with the prospect of a fight. It required all the diplomacy of Lefever to "pull off" a conference between the two which should not from the start be hopeless. But toward eleven o'clock in the morning Duke Morgan was found alone in a barber's hands at the Mountain House.

At the moment Duke left the revolving-chair and walked to the cigar-stand to pay his check, de Spain entered the shop through the rear door opening from the hotel office.

Passing with an easy step the row of barbers lined up in waiting beside their chairs, de Spain walked straight down the open aisle, behind Morgan's back. While Duke bent over the case to select a cigar, de Spain, passing, placed himself at the mountain man's side, between him and the street sunshine. It was taking an advantage, de Spain was well aware, but under the circumstances he thought himself entitled to a good light on Duke Morgan's eye.

De Spain wore an ordinary sack street-suit, with no sign of a weapon about him; but none of those who considered themselves favored spectators of a long-waited encounter felt any doubt as to his ability to put his hand on one at incomparably short notice. There was, however, no trace of hostility or suspicion in de Spain's greeting. "Hello, Duke Morgan," he said frankly.

Morgan looked around. His face hardened when he saw de Spain, and he involuntarily took a short step backward.

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De Spain faced him with his left hand lying open on the cigar-case. "I heard you wanted to see me," continued de Spain. "I want to see you. How's your back since you went home?"

Morgan eyed him with a mixture of suspicion and animosity. He took what was to him the most significant part of de Spain's greeting first and threw his response into words as short as words could be chopped: "What do you want to see me about?"

"Don't take my head off, Duke. I was sorry to hear you were hurt. And I've been trying to figure out how to make it easier for you to get to and from town while you are getting strong. Jeffries and I both feel there's been a lot of unnecessary hard feeling between the Morgans and the company, and we want to ask you to accept this to show some of it's ended." De Spain put his left hand into his side pocket and held out an unsealed envelope to Morgan.

Duke, taking the envelope, eyed it distrustfully. "What's this?" he demanded, opening it, and drawing out a card.

"Something for easier riding. An annual pass for you and one over the stage-line between Calabasas and Sleepy Cat—with Mr. Jeffries's compliments."

Like a flash, Morgan tore the card-pass in two, and threw it angrily to the floor. "Tell 'Mr.' Jeffries," he exclaimed violently, "to —— ——"

The only customer in the room, who chanced to be lying in the nearest chair, slid quietly but imperiously out from under the razor, and started, with a majority of the barbers, for the rear door, wiping the lather from one unshaven side of his face with a neck-towel as he took his hasty way out. At the back of the shop a fat man sitting in a chair on the high, shoe-shining platform, while a negro-boy polished him, rose instantly at Morgan's imprecation and tried to step over the bootblack's head to the floor below. The boy, trying to get out of the way, jumped back, and the fat man fell over him, or pretended to fall—for, despite his size, he had alighted like a cat on his feet and was instantly half-way up to the front of the shop, exclaiming profanely at the lad's awkwardness, before de Spain had had time to reply to the insult.

THE noise and confusion of the incident were considerable. Morgan was too old a fighter to look behind him at a critical moment. No man could say he had meant to draw when he stamped the card-pass under foot, but de Spain read it in his eye, and knew that Lefever's sudden diversion at the rear had made him hesitate; the crisis passed like a flash.

"Sorry you feel that way, Duke," returned de Spain, undisturbed. "It is a courtesy we were glad to extend to you. And I want to speak to you about Nan, too."

Morgan's face was livid. He appeared all ready to burst. "What about her?"

"She has given me permission to ask your consent to our marriage," said de Spain, "some time in the reasonable future."

It was difficult for Duke to speak at all, he was so infuriated. "You can get my consent in just one way," he managed to say; "that's by getting me."

"Then I'm afraid I'll never get it, for I'll never 'get' you, Duke."

A torrent of oaths fell from Morgan's cracked lips.

"THE BEST IN THE WORLD ISN'T GOOD ENOUGH FOR HER."

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"YOUR FINE WORDS DON'T PULL ANY WOOL OVER MY EYES. I KNOW YOU, DE SPAIN."

He tried to tell de Spain in his fury that he knew all about his underhanded work; he called him more than one hard name, made no secret of his deadly enmity, and challenged him to end their difference then and there, without any more delay.

De Spain did not move. His left hand lay again on the cigar-case. "Duke," he said, when his antagonist had exhausted his vituperation, "if you'll give me just one good reason for feeling the way you do toward me, and the way you've always acted toward me since I came up to this country, I'll fight you."

"Pull your gun!" cried Morgan, with an imprecation.

"I won't do it. You call me a coward. Ask these boys here in the shop whether they agree with you on that. You might as well call me an isosceles triangle. You're just crazy sore at me when I want to be friends with you. Instead of pulling my gun, Duke, I'll lay it out on the case, here, to show you that all I ask of you is to talk reason."

De Spain, reaching with his left hand under the lapel of his coat, took a Colt's revolver from his breast-harness and laid it, the muzzle toward himself, on the plate-glass top of the cigar-stand. This reduced him to the necessity of a spring into Morgan for the smallest chance for his life if Morgan should draw; but de Spain was a desperate gambler in such matters.

"There's more reasons than one why I shouldn't fight you," he went on evenly. "Duke, you're old enough to be my father—do you realize that? What's the

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good of our shooting each other up?" he asked, ignoring Morgan's furious interruptions. "Who's to look after Nan when you go—as you must before very many years? Have you ever asked yourself that? Do you want to leave her to that pack of wolves in the Gap? You know, just as well as I do, the Gap is no place for a high-bred, fine-grained girl like Nan Morgan. But the Gap is your home, and you've done right to keep her under your roof and under your eye. Do you think I'd like to pull a trigger on a man that's been the father to Nan you have? Damnation, Duke, could you expect me to do it willingly? Nan is a queen. The best in the world isn't good enough for her. I'm not good enough, I know that. She's dear to you, she is dear to me. If you really want to see me try to use a gun, send me a man that will insult or abuse her. If you want to use your own gun, use it on me if I ever insult or abuse her—is that fair?"

"Damn your fine words!" exclaimed Morgan implacably. "They don't pull any wool over my eyes. I know you, de Spain—I know your breed——"

"What's that you say?"

Morgan checked himself at that tone. "You can't sneak into my affairs any deeper," he cried. "Keep away from my blood! I know how to take care of my own. I'll do it. So help me God, if you ever take one of my kin away from me—it'll be over my dead body!" He ended with a bitter oath and a final taunt: "Is that fair?"

"No," retorted de Spain, good-naturedly, "it's not fair. And some day, Duke, you'll be the first to say so. You won't shake hands with me now, so I'll go. But the day will come when you will."

DE SPAIN SPOKE ONLY ONE WORD: "STICK."

He covered his revolver with his left hand and replaced it under his coat. The fat man, who had been leaning patiently against a barber's chair ten feet from the disputants, stepped forward as lightly as a dancing-master. "Henry," he exclaimed, in a low but urgent tone, his hand extended, "just a minute. There's a long-distance telephone call on the wire for you." He pointed to the office door. "Take the first booth, Henry. Hello, Duke," he added, greeting Morgan with an extended hand, as de Spain walked back.

Duke Morgan grunted.

"Sorry to interrupt your talk," continued Lefever. "But the barns at Calabasas are on fire—telephone wires from there cut, too—they had to pick up the Thief River trunk-line to get a message through. Duke, there's somebody yet around Calabasas that needs hanging, isn't there? Yes."

Gale Morgan tries to "make up."

WHEN within an hour de Spain joined Nan, tense with suspense and anxiety, at the hospital, she tried hard to read his news in his face. "Have you seen him?" she asked eagerly. De Spain nodded. "What does he say?"

"Nothing very reasonable."

Her face fell. "I knew he wouldn't. Tell me all about it, Henry—everything."

She listened keenly to every word. De Spain gave her a pretty accurate

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recital of the interview, and Nan's apprehension grew with her hearing of it.

"I knew it," she repeated with conviction. "*What* shall we do?"

De Spain took both her hands. He held them against his breast and stood looking into her eyes. He spoke only one word, but there was a world of confidence in his tone: "Stick."

De Spain rode that night to Calabasas to look into the story of the fire, which had destroyed one barn.

McAlpin, swathed in bandages, made no bones about accusing the enemy of starting the fire. No witnesses could be found to throw any more light on the inquiry than the barn boss himself could throw, and de Spain made only a pretense of a formal investigation. If he had had any doubts about the origin of the fire they would have been dissolved very quickly by an anonymous scrawl sent through the mail promising more if he didn't get out of the country.

INSTEAD of getting out of the country, de Spain continued as a matter of energetic policy to get more into it. He rode the deserts, stripped, so to say, for action, and walked the streets of Sleepy Cat, welcoming every chance to meet men from Music Mountain or the Sinks.

Duke came home a day or two later without a word for Nan concerning his encounter with de Spain. He was crustier to every one than she had ever known him, and toward Nan herself fiercely resentful. Sassoon was in his company a great deal, and Nan knew of old that Sassoon was a bad symptom. Gale, too, came often, and the three were much together.

One morning she sat on the porch sewing when Gale rode up. He asked for her uncle. Nan told him Duke had gone to Calabasas. Gale announced he was bound for Calabasas himself, and dismounted, professedly to cinch his saddle. He fussed with the straps for a minute, engaging Nan in the interval with indifferent success in conversation. "Look here, Nan," he said at length, amiably, "don't you think you're pretty hard on me lately?"

"No, I don't," she answered.

"I don't think when a fellow cares for a girl as much as I do for you, even if he does get out of patience once in a while just because he loves her the way a red-blooded man can't help loving her, she ought to hold it against him forever. Think she ought to, Nan?" he demanded, after a pause.

She was sewing, and had kept silence. "I think," she responded, deliberately, "before a man begins to talk red-blood rot, he ought to find out whether the girl cares for him or just loathes him."

He regarded her fixedly. Paying no attention to him, but bending in the sunshine over her sewing, her deft hands flying with the needle, her masses of brown hair sweeping back around her pink ears and curling in stray ringlets which the west wind danced with while she worked, she inflamed her brawny cousin's ardor afresh. "You used to care for me, Nan. You can't deny that." Her silence was irritating. "Can you?" he demanded. "Come, put up your work and talk it out. I didn't use to have to coax you for a word and a smile. What's come over you?"

"Nothing has come over me, Gale. I did use to like you—when I first came back from school. You seemed so big and fine then, and were so nice to me."

"Why didn't you keep on liking me?"

Nan made no answer. Her cousin persisted. "You used to talk about thinking the world of me," she said at last. "Then I saw you one Frontier Day riding around Sleepy Cat with a carriage full of women."

Gale burst into a huge laugh. Nan's face flushed. She bent over her work.

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"Oh, that's what's the matter with you, is it?" he demanded jocularly. "You never mentioned *that* before."

"That isn't the only thing," she continued after a pause.

"Why, that was just a little Frontier Day fun, Nan. A man's got to be a little bit of a sport once in a while, hasn't he?"

"Not if he likes me." She spoke with an ominous distinctness, though under her breath. He caught her words and laughed again. "Pshaw, I didn't think you'd get jealous over a little thing like that, Nan. When there's a celebration on in town everybody's friendly with everybody else. If you lay a little thing like that up against me, where would the rest of the men get off? Your strawberry-faced friend is celebrating in town most of the time."

Her face turned white. "What a falsehood!" she exclaimed hotly. Looking at her, satisfied, he laughed whole-heartedly again. She rose, furious. "It's a falsehood," she repeated, "and I know it." And she turned toward the house.

Gale took a quick step after her. "Oh, be a sport, girlie," he said. Nan retreated. "Kiss and make up," he exclaimed with a laugh. But she knew he was angry, and knew what to guard against. Still laughing, he sprang toward her and tried to catch her arm.

"Don't touch me!" she cried, jumping away, with her hand in her blouse.

"You little vixen," he exclaimed, with an oath, "what have you got there?" But he halted at her gesture, and Nan, panting, stood her ground.

"Keep away!" she cried.

"Where did you get that knife?" thundered Gale.

"From one who showed me how to use it on a coward."

He affected amusement, and tried to pass the incident off as a joke. But his dissimulation was more dangerous, she knew, than his brutality, and he left her the prey to more than one alarm, and the renewed resolve never to be taken off her guard. That night he came back. He told her uncle, glancing admiringly at Nan, how she had stood her ground against him in the morning.

Nor did Nan like the way her uncle acted while he listened—and afterward. He talked a good deal about Gale, and the way she was treating her cousin. When Nan declared she never would have anything to do with him, her uncle told her with disconcerting bluntness to get all that out of her head, for she was going to marry him. When she protested she never would, Duke told her, with many harsh oaths, that she should never marry de Spain, even if he had to kill him or get killed to stop it; and that if she had any sense she would get ready and marry her cousin peaceably.

HIS threats left Nan aghast. For two days she thought them all over. Then she dressed to go to town. On her way to the barn her uncle intercepted her. "Where are you going?"

"To Sleepy Cat," returned Nan, regarding him collectedly.

"No, you're not," he announced bluntly. Nan looked at him in silence. "I don't want you running to town any more to meet de Spain," added Duke.

"I'm not going to be cut off from going to Sleepy Cat, Uncle Duke, nor from seeing Henry de Spain."

"Meaning to say you won't obey, eh?"

"I mean to say when I'm going to marry a man, it isn't right to forbid me seeing him."

"You're not going to marry him; you're going to marry Gale, and the quicker you make up your mind to it the better."

"You might just as well tell me I'm going to marry Bull Page. I will never marry Gale Morgan in the living world!"

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"I GOT IT FROM ONE WHO SHOWED ME HOW TO USE IT ON A COWARD."

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GALE AFFECTED AMUSEMENT; BUT HIS DISSIMULATION, SHE KNEW, WAS DANGEROUS.

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He regarded his niece a moment wrathfully, and without replying walked back to the house. Nan, upset, but resolute, went on to the barn and asked Pardaloe to saddle her pony. Pardaloe shuffled around in an obliging way, but at the end of some evasion admitted he had orders not to do it. Nan flamed at the information. She was too high-spirited to dispute with him, and returned to the house pink with indignation. Going straight to her uncle, she protested against his tyranny. Duke was insensible alike to her pleas and her threats.

But next morning Nan was up at three o'clock. She made her way into the barn before a soul was stirring, and at daybreak was well on her way to Sleepy Cat. She telephoned to de Spain's office from the hospital, and went to breakfast. De Spain joined her before she had finished, and when they left the dining-room she explained why she had not come in the day before. He heard the story with misgivings.

"I'll tell you how it looks to me, Nan," he said, when she had done. "I don't like it, not a little bit. You are like a person that is being bound tighter every day by invisible cords. You don't see them because you are fearless. You are too fearless, Nan," he added, with apprehension. "I'll tell you what I wish you'd do: and I say it, knowing you won't do it," he concluded.

She made light of his fears, twisting his right hand till it was helpless in her two hands, and laughing at him. "How do you know I won't do it?"

"Because I've asked you before. This is it: Marry me, now, here, to-day, and don't take any more chances out there."

"But, Henry," protested Nan, "I can't marry you now and just run away from poor Uncle Duke. If you will be patient, I'll bring him around."

"Never, Nan."

"Don't be too sure. I know him better than you do, and when he comes for anybody he comes all at once. Why, it's funny, Henry: Now that I am picking up courage, you're losing it!"

De Spain was unconvinced. But apprehension is short-lived in young hearts. The sun shone, the sky spread a speckless blue over desert and mountain—the day was for them together. They did not promise all of it to themselves at once—they filched its sweetness bit by bit, moment by moment, and hour by hour, declaring to each other they must part, and dulling the pain of parting with the anodyne of procrastination. Thus, the whole day went.

In the late afternoon the two rode almost the whole length of Main Street together on their way to the river bridge. Every one knew the horseflesh they bestrode—none cleaner-limbed, hardier, or faster in the high country. Those that watched them amble slowly past, laughing and talking, intent only on each other, as erect, poised, and motionless as if molded to their saddles, often spoke of having seen Nan and her lover that day.

It was a long time before they were seen riding down Main Street together again.

De Spain gets a message from Nan.

THEY parted that evening under the shadow of Music Mountain. Nan believed she could at least win her uncle over from any effort of Gale's to coerce her. Her influence over him had never failed, and she was firm in her conviction that she could gain him to her side, since he disliked and distrusted Gale anyway.

For de Spain there was manifestly nothing to do but let Nan try out her influence. They agreed to meet in Calabasas just as soon as Nan could get away. De Spain arranged his business to wait for her at Calabasas. Several days passed with no sight of Nan and no word from her. De Spain, as the

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hours and days went by, scanned the horizon with increasing solicitude. When he woke on the sixth morning he was resolved to send a scout into the Gap to learn what he could of the situation. There was no one at hand to send but Bull Page, and no time to secure any one better.

The shambling barnman, summoned gruffly by McAlpin, hesitated suspiciously as he appeared at the office door. He looked at de Spain tentatively, as if ready either for the discharge with which he was daily threatened, or for a renewal of his earlier friendly relation with the man who had been queer enough to make a place for him. De Spain seated Bull Page before him in the stuffy office. "Bull," he began with apparent frankness, "I want to know how you like your job."

Wiping his mouth guardedly with his hand to play for time, Bull said: "Mr. de Spain, I want to ask you just one fair question."

"Go ahead, Bull."

Bull plunged promptly into the suspicion uppermost in his mind: "Has that slat-eyed, flat-headed, sun-sapped sneak of a Scotchman been complaining of my work? That, Mr. de Spain," emphasized Bull, leaning forward, "is what I want to know first—is it a fair question?"

"Bull," returned de Spain with corresponding and ceremonial emphasis, "it is a fair question, between man and man. I admit it: it is a fair question. And I answer, no, Bull. McAlpin has had nothing on the face of the desert to do with my sending for you. And I add this, because I know you want to

"MR. DE SPAIN, YOU'LL KILL HIM! DON'T YOU SEE HE CAN'T TELL YE TO STOP?"

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hear it: he says he couldn't complain of your work—because you never do any. But never mind that. I want you to do something for me, and I'll pay for it."

With a palsied smile and a deep, quavering note of gratitude, Bull put up his shaky hand. "Say what! That's all. I've been paid."

"You know you're a sot, Bull."

Bull nodded. "I know it."

"Still, I believe there's a man in you yet. Something, at any rate, you couldn't completely kill with liquor, Bull—what?"

BULL lifted his weak and watery eyes. His whisky-seamed face brightened into the ghost of a smile. "What I'm going to ask you to do," continued de Spain, "is a man's job. You can get into the Gap without trouble. You're the only man I can put my hand on just now that can. I want you to ride over there this morning and hang around Duke Morgan's place till you get a chance to see Miss Nan——"

At the mention of her name, Bull shook his head a moment in approval. "She's a queen, that little girl!" he exclaimed with admiring but pungent expletives. "A queen!"

"I think so, Bull. But she's in troublesome circumstances. You know Nan and I——" Bull winked in many ways.

"And her Uncle Duke is making us trouble, Bull. I want you to find her, speak with her, and bring word to me what the situation is. And you are to ride back here with what you can find out just as quick, after you get into the clear, as a horse will bring you."

Bull passed his hand over his mouth with a show of resolution. It indicated that he was pulling himself together. Within half an hour he was on his way to the Gap.

For de Spain, hours never dragged like the hours between Bull's starting and the setting of the sun that night without his return. And the sun set behind Music Mountain in a drift of heavy clouds that brought rain. All evening it fell steadily. At eleven o'clock de Spain had given up hope of seeing his emissary before morning and was sitting alone in front of the stove in the office when he heard the sound of hoofs, and in another moment Bull Page stood at the door.

He was a sorry sight. Soaked to the skin by a steady downpour; rain dripping intermittently from his frayed hat and his ragged beard and tattered coat; shaking with the bitter cold as if gripped by an ague, Bull, staggering to the fire and sinking in a heap into a chair, symbolized the uttermost tribute of manhood to the ravages of whisky. He was not drunk. He had not even been drinking; but his vitality was gone. He tried to speak. It was impossible. His tongue would not frame words nor his throat utter them. He could only look helplessly up at de Spain, as de Spain hastily made him stand up a moment on his shaking knees, threw a big blanket around him, set him down, kicked open the stove drafts, and called to McAlpin for more whisky to steady the wreck of it crouching over the fire.

McAlpin, after considerable reluctance, produced a bottle and a dipper. Bull held the dipper while de Spain poured. McAlpin, behind the stove, hopped first on one foot and then the other as de Spain recklessly kept on pouring. When the liquor half-filled the cup, McAlpin put out unmistakable distress signals; but Bull, watching the brown stream, his eyes galvanized by the sight, held fast to the handle and made no sign to stop. "Bull!" thundered the barn-boss, with an emphatic word. "That is Elpaso's bottle. What are

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you dreaming of, man? Mr. de Spain, you'll kill him. Don't you see he can't tell ye to stop?"

Bull, summoning the last flickering spark of vitality left within him, looked steadily up and winked at de Spain. McAlpin, outraged, stamped out of the room. Steadying the dipper in both hands, Bull emptied it. The poison electrified him into utterance. "I seen her," he said, speaking in a pardonably proud tone.

"Good, Bull!"

"They've got things tied up for fair over there," he continued, slowly and brokenly. "I never got inside the house till after supper. Toward night I helped Pardaloe put up the stock. He let me into the kitchen after my coaxing for a cup of coffee—he's an ornery, cold-blooded guy, that Pardaloe. Whilst I was drinking my coffee——"

"Who gave it to you?"

"Old Bunny, the Mex. Pardaloe goes out to the bunk-house, I sits down to my supper, alone, with Bunny at the stove. All of a sudden who comes a-trippin' in from the front of the house but Nan, to speak to Bunny. I jumped up as strong as I could, but I was too cold and stiff to jump up real strong. She seen me, but didn't pay no attention. I dropped my spoon on the floor. It didn't do no good, neither, so I pushed a hot plate of ham gravy off the table. It hit the dog 'n' he jumped like kingdom come. Old Bunny sails into me, Nan a-watchin', and while Mex. was pickin' up and cleanin' up, I sneaks over to the stove and winks at Nan. Say, she looked at me as if she'd bore holes into me, but I stood right up and glared back at the little girl. 'Come from Calabasas this morning,' says I, low; 'going back to-night. Some one waiting there for news.'

"DO YOU THINK THAT MESSAGE MEANS WHAT IT SAYS?"

"By jing! Just got the words out o' my mouth, who comes a-stalking in but Gale Morgan! The minute he seen me, he lit on me to beat the band—called me everything he could lay his tongue to. I let on I was drunk, but that didn't help. He ordered me off the premises. 'N' the worst of it was, Nan chimes right in and begins to scold Bunny for lettin' me in—and leaves the room, quick-like. Bunny put it on Pardaloe, and b'jing, Gale put me out—said he'd pepper me. But wait till I tell you how she fooled him. It was rainin' like hell, 'n' it looked as if I was booked for a ride through it, and I hadn't half-drunk my second cup of coffee at that. I starts for the barn when some one in the dark on the porch grabs my arm, spins me around like a top, throws a flasher up into my face, and there was Nan.

" 'Bull,' she says, 'I'm sorry. I don't want to see you ride out in this with nothing to eat; come this way, quick.'

"SHE took me down cellar from the outside, under the kitchen. When Gale goes out again she flings up the trap-door, speaks to Mex., pulls all the kitchen shades down, locks the doors, and I set down on the trap-door steps 'n' eat a pipin'-hot supper. Say! Well, I reckon I drank a couple o' quarts of coffee. Then I up and told her. 'Tell him,' says she, 'I can't get hold of a horse, nor a pen, nor a piece of paper—I can't leave the house but what I am watched every minute. They keep track of me day and night. Tell him,' she says, 'I can protect myself: they think they'll break me—make me do what they want me to—marry—but they can't break me, and I'll never do it—tell him that.' "

" 'But,' says I, 'that ain't the whole case, Miss Nan. What he'll ask me,

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"SHE GRABS UP A COVER OF AN EMPTY BOX AND A FORK, AND BEGINS A-WRITING INSIDE."

when he's borin' through me with *his* eyes the way you're borin' me through with yours, is: When will you see him—when will he see you?'

"She looked worrit for a minit. Then she peers round, grabs up a cover of an empty tobacco-box and a fork, and begins a-writing inside." Bull, with as much of a smile as he could call into life from his broken nerves, opened up his blanket, drew carefully from an inside coat-pocket an oilskin package, unwrapped from it the top of a tin tobacco-box on which Nan had scratched a message, and handed it triumphantly to de Spain.

He read her words eagerly: "*Wait: don't have trouble. I can stand anything better than bloodshed, Henry. Be patient.*"

De Spain went over the words again and again. He resented angrily the news that she was a prisoner in her own home. But there was much weight in her etched words; much to think about concerning *her* feelings.

He dropped into his chair and, oblivious for a moment of his companion's presence, stared into the fire. When he started from his reverie and turned to speak to his messenger, Bull was asleep. De Spain picked him up, carried him in his blanket over to a cot, cut the wet rags off him, and, rolling him in a second blanket, walked out into the barn and ordered up a team and light wagon for Sleepy Cat. Rain fell steadily all night.

FEW men bear suspense well; de Spain took his turn at it very hard. For the first time in his life he found himself without the freedom to act. Every impulse to take the bit in his teeth was met with the same insurmountable obstacle—Nan's feelings—and the unpleasant possibility that might involve him in bloodshed with her kinspeople.

"Patience." He repeated the word to himself a thousand times to deaden his suspense and apprehension. Business affairs took much of his time, but Nan's situation took most of his thought. For the first time he told Lefever and Scott the story of Nan's finding him on Music Mountain, of her aid in his escape, and the sequel of their friendship.

De Spain went one morning to Medicine Bend. He got back late, and after a supper at the Mountain House went directly to his room.

The telephone-bell was ringing when he unlocked and threw open his door. Entering the room, he turned on a light, closed the door behind him, and sat down to answer the call.

"Is this Henry de Spain?" came a voice, slowly pronouncing the words. "Yes." "I have a message for you." "What is it?" "From Music Mountain." "Go ahead." "The message is like this: 'Take me away from here as soon as you can.'" "Whom is that message from?" "I can't call any names." "Who are you?" "I can't tell you that. Good-by." "Hold on. Where are you talking from?" "About a block from your office." "If you're treating me fair—and I believe you mean to—come over to my room a minute." "No." "Let me come where you are." "No." "Let me wait for you—anywhere." "No." "Do you know me?" "By sight." "How did you know I

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was in town to-night?" "I saw you get off the train." "Do you think that message means what it says?" "I know it does." "Did you get it direct from the party who sent it?" "I can't talk all night. Take it or leave it just where it is."

De Spain heard him close. He closed his own instrument and began feverishly signaling central. "This is 101. Henry de Spain talking," he said briskly. "You just called me. Ten dollars for you, operator, if you can locate that call, quick!"

There was a moment of delay at the central office, then the answer: "It came from 234—Tenison's saloon."

"Give me your name, operator. Good. Now give me 22 as quick as the Lord will let you, and ring the neck off the bell."

Lefever answered the call on number 22. The talk was quick and sharp. Messengers were instantly pressed into service from the despatcher's office. Telephone-wires hummed, and every man available on the special agent's force was brought into action. Livery stables were covered, the public resorts were put under observation, horsemen clattered up and down the street. Within an incredibly short time every outgoing trail was watched.

De Spain, after instructing Lefever, hastened to Tenison's. His rapid questioning of the few habitués of the place, and the bartender, elicited only the information that a man had used the telephone-booth within a few minutes. Nobody knew him, or if they did, they refused to describe him in any but vague terms. He had come in by the front door and slipped out probably by the rear door—at all events, unnoticed by those now questioned. By a series of eliminating inquiries, de Spain made out only that the man was not a Morgan.

Outside, Bob Scott in the saddle waited with a led horse. The two men rode straight and hard for the river bridge, and out on to the Sinks. Their horseflesh was good, and they felt they could overtake any man not suspecting he would be followed.

But the chase was bootless. Whoever rode before them easily eluded pursuit.

"HE COULD easily slip us," Scott explained, "by leaving the trail for a minute while we rode past—if he knows his business—and I guess he does."

Undeterred by his failure to overtake the fugitive, de Spain rode rapidly back to town to look for other clues. Nothing further was found to throw light on the message or messenger.

Even after the search had been abandoned, the significance of the incident remained to be weighed. De Spain was much upset. A conference with Scott and Lefever only revealed the fact that all three were nonplused.

"It's one of two things," declared Lefever. "Either they've sent this to lure you into the Gap and 'get' you, or else—and that's a great big 'or else'—she needs you. Henry, did that message—I mean the way it was worded—sound like Nan Morgan?"

De Spain could hardly answer. "It did, and it didn't," he said finally. "But—" his companions saw during the pause, by the way in which his lips expressed the resolve he had finally reached, that he was not likely to be turned from it—"I am going to act just as if the word came from Nan and she does need me."

More than one scheme for getting quickly into touch with Nan was proposed and rejected within the next ten hours. And when Lefever, after conferring

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with Scott, put up to de Spain a proposal that the three should ride into the Gap together and demand Nan at the hands of Duke Morgan, de Spain had reached another conclusion.

"No, it isn't right to take you and Bob in where I am going on my own personal affair. And I know Nan wouldn't enjoy the prospect of an all- round fight on her account. Fighting is a horror to that girl. I've decided what to do, John. I'm going in alone."

"You're going in alone!"

"To-night. Now I'll tell you what I'd like you to do if you want to. Ride with me, and wait till morning outside El Capitan. If you don't hear from me by ten o'clock, ride back to Calabasas and notify Jeffries to look for a new manager."

"On the contrary, if we don't hear from you by ten o'clock, Henry, we will blaze our way in and drag out your body." Lefever put up his hand to cut off any rejoinder. "Don't discuss it. What happens after ten o'clock to-morrow morning, if we don't hear from you before that, can't possibly be of any interest to you, or make any difference."

Enter de Spain.

SCOTT was called by Lefever to conclude in secret the final arrangements. The ground about the quaking asp grove and nearest El Capitan afforded the best concealment close to the Gap. And to this point Scott was directed to bring what men he could before daybreak the following morning.

Meantime, de Spain, accompanied by Lefever, was riding toward Music Mountain. Scott had urged on them but one parting caution—not to leave the aspens until rain began falling. When he spoke, there was not a cloud in the sky. "It's going to rain to-night, just the same," predicted Scott. "Don't leave the trees till it gets going. Those Gap scouts will get under cover, and be hunting for a drink the minute it gets cold—I know them."

The sun set across the range in a drift of grayish-black, low-lying clouds, which seemed only to await its disappearance to envelop the mountains and empty their moisture on the desert.

By the time de Spain and Lefever reached the end of their long ride a misty rain was drifting down from the west. The two men had just ridden into the quaking asps when a man, coming out of the Gap, almost rode into them. He reined up and called out. Lefever answered.

"It's Bull Page," declared de Spain after the exchange of a few words, calling to Bull at the same time to come over to the shelter of the trees.

"What's going on in there, Bull?" asked de Spain, after Bull had told him that Gale had driven him out, and he was heading for Calabasas.

"You tell," retorted Page. "Looks to me like old Duke's getting ready to die. Gale says he's going to draw his will to-night, and don't want nobody around—got old Judge Druel in there."

De Spain pricked up his ears. "What's that—Druel?" he demanded. Bull repeated his declaration.

Beyond this, nothing could be learned from Bull, who was persuaded without difficulty by Lefever to abandon the idea of riding to Calabasas through the rain, and to spend the night with him in the neighborhood, wherever fancy, the rain, and the wind—which was rising—might dictate.

While the two were talking, de Spain tried to slip away, unobserved by Lefever, on his errand. He failed, as he expected to, and after some familiar abuse, rode off alone, fortified by every possible suggestion from a man to whom the slightest precaution was usually a joke.

The mountains never look blacker than when one rides into them, conscious

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of the presence of enemies, and alert for signs and sounds. But custom dulls the edge of apprehension. De Spain rode slowly up the main road without expecting to meet any one, and he reached the rise where the trail forked to Duke's ranch, unchallenged. Here he stopped his horse and looked down toward the roof that sheltered Nan. Night had fallen everywhere, and the increasing rain obscured even the outline of the house. But a single light shone through an uncurtained window. He waited some time for a sound of life, for a door to open or close, or for the dog to bark—he heard nothing. Slipping out of the wet saddle, he led his horse in the darkness under the shelter of the lone pine-tree and, securing him, walked slowly toward the house.

THE light came from a window in the living-room. Up-stairs and toward the kitchen everything was dark. De Spain walked gingerly around to where he could see into the living-room window. He could see within the figures of three men, but from the dim light and the distance at which he stood he could identify none of them with certainty. Mindful of the admonitions he had been loaded with, he tramped around the house in narrowing circles, pausing at times to look and listen.

In like manner he circled the barn and stables until he had made sure there was no ambush, and that he was alone outside. He then went among the horses, and, working with a pocket flashlight, found Nan's pony, found a bridle, and after an ineffectual search for a saddle, led the bareback horse out to where his own stood.

Walking over to Nan's window, he signaled and called to her. Getting no answer, he tossed a bit of gravel up against her window. His efforts met with no response, and, caching his rifle under the kitchen porch, he stepped around to the front of the house where, screened by a bit of shrubbery, he could peer closer into the living-room.

Standing before the wood fire burning in the open hearth, and with his back to it, he saw Gale Morgan. Sitting bolt upright beside the table, square-jawed and obdurate, his stubby briar pipe supported by his hand and gripped in his great teeth, Duke Morgan looked uncompromisingly past his belligerent nephew into the fire. A third man, elderly, heavy, red-faced, and almost toothless, sat in a rocking-chair to the right of the table, and looked at Duke: it was the old lawyer and justice from Sleepy Cat, the sheriff's brother—Judge Druel.

Nan was not to be seen.

Gale, big and aggressive, was doing most of the talking, and energetically, as was his habit. Duke listened thoughtfully, but apparently with coldness.

Druel looked from Gale to Duke, and appeared occasionally to put in a word to carry the argument along.

De Spain suspected nothing of what they were talking about; but he was uneasy concerning Nan, and was not to be balked, by any combination, of his purpose of finding her. To secure information concerning her was not possible unless he should enter the house, and this he decided to do.

He wore a snug-fitting leathern coat. This he unbuttoned and threw open, as he stepped noiselessly up to the door. Laying his hand on the knob, he paused, then, turning it, he found the door unlocked, and pushed it slowly open.

The wind, rushing in, blew open the door leading from the hall into the living-room. A stream of light in turn shot through the open door,

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across the hall. Instantly, de Spain stepped inside and directly behind the front door—which he now realized he dared not close—and stood alert in the darkness. Gale Morgan, with an impatient exclamation, strode from the fireplace to shut the outer door.

As he walked into the hall and slammed the door to, he could have touched with his hand the man standing in the shadow behind it. De Spain, not hoping to escape, stood with folded arms. Under the elbow of his left arm rested the muzzle of his revolver. Holding his breath, he waited expectant. But Gale's mind was apparently filled with other things, and he did not suspect the presence of an intruder. He walked back into the living-room, partly closing the second door.

De Spain, following almost on his heels, stepped past it, past the hall-stairs opposite, and through a curtained opening at the end of the hall into the dining-room. Barely ten feet from him, this room opened by an arch into the living-room, and he could hear all that was said with the greatest ease.

"Who's there?" demanded Duke of Gale, gruffly.

"Nobody," answered Gale. "Go on, Druel!"

"That door never opened itself," persisted Duke.

"The wind blew it open," said Gale impatiently.

"I tell y' it didn't," responded Duke sternly. "Somebody came in there or went out. Maybe she's slipped y'."

"Go up-stairs and see," blurted out Gale to his uncle.

DUKE walked slowly into the hall and with some difficulty, owing to his injured back, up the stairs. A curtain hung beside the arch where de Spain stood, and this he now drew around him. Gale stalked into the hall again, searched it, and waited at the foot of the stairs.

De Spain could hear Duke's rough voice up-stairs but could neither distinguish his words nor hear any response to them. Within a very few moments the elder man tramped heavily down again, saying only, "She's there," and, followed by Gale, returned to the living-room.

"Now go on, Druel," exclaimed Gale, sitting down impatiently, "and talk quick."

"I was only going to say it might be a good idea to have two witnesses."

"Nita," suggested Gale.

Duke was profane. "You couldn't keep the girl in the room if she had Nita to help her. And I want it understood, Gale, between you and me, fair and square, that Nan's goin' to live right here with me after this marriage till I'm satisfied she's willing to go to you—otherwise it can't take place, now nor never."

De Spain opened his ears. Gale felt the hard, cold tone of his crusty relative, and answered with like harshness: "What do you keep harping on that for? You've got my word. All I want of you is to keep yours—understand?"

"Come, come," interposed Druel, placatingly. "There's no need of hard words. But we need two witnesses. Who's going to be the other witness?"

Before any one answered, de Spain stepped out into the open archway before the three men.

"I'll act as the second witness!" he said.

The next instalment of ***"Nan of Music Mountain"*** *will appear in the March number.*

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OWEN JOHNSON'S OWN CHAPTER

By Demand of the Author

ILLUSTRATIONS BY JAMES MONTGOMERY FLAGG

"BOJO"

EVERYBODY'S readers may remember that we published last year a serial called "Making Money," by Owen Johnson. It began in the March number and concluded in September.

It so happened that the last half of this story was written by the author month by month, just in time to catch our presses. Various changes were made in every instalment of the copy by our editorial staff. The proofs showing these changes were submitted to the author. He did not always return them. He objected to none of these changes. We were surprised and pleased when he sent us the last two instalments of this story by the same messenger. They were accompanied by a request for a check for the balance due on the serial and the statement that Mr. Johnson was going to sail for Europe the next day. Obviously he could not thereafter be consulted about any changes that became necessary.

Mr. Johnson's copy for the last chapter gave us the impression of having been written on the lid of his steamer trunk. Despite the rights of authors, which we have always respected scrupulously, we felt that we owed it to Mr. Johnson and to ourselves to rewrite this last chapter. We did so, and published it as the conclusion of Mr. Johnson's serial in the September number of EVERYBODY'S. EVERYBODY'S never anticipated being confronted by such a situation as was created by Mr. Johnson's last chapter and Mr. Johnson's absence. Such a problem has never arisen in all the history of this magazine, and we have made ourselves a promise that it will never happen again.

The September EVERYBODY'S was on the news-stands August 23rd. On November 6th Mr. Johnson notified us that the rewritten chapter had been called to his attention, and he demanded that in justice to his literary reputation we reprint his last chapter as he wrote it, and a retraction of the last chapter as we rewrote it. We make the above explanation of the circumstances that our readers may understand fully the facts and the occasion for the retraction that we freely give to Mr. Johnson.

We publish here the last chapter as he wrote it, and we also republish the last chapter as rewritten by us and printed in the September EVERYBODY'S.

SYNOPSIS OF THE STORY

WHEN "Bojo" Crocker, just graduated from Yale, decides to enter Wall Street, his father gives him $50,000, with the prophecy that he will lose it all inside of two years. Bojo goes to live in an apartment with three other Yale men, Marsh, DeLancy, and Granning, and enters the offices of a brokerage firm, where he advances rapidly. He is engaged to Doris Drake, the daughter of a money magnate, and she undertakes to make his fortune, calling herself his General Manager. Through her tip, he makes money for

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DE LANCY

himself and his friends in Indiana Smelters. Later, her father uses him in the manipulation of a pool to buy New Orleans and Pittsburgh, deliberately misleading him as to his purpose. Bojo himself makes $250,000, but friends who have followed his tip lose; and Bojo, discovering how he has been used to trap his friends, makes restitution to them, so far as possible, and returns to Drake what is left of his own profit. He then definitely gives up Wall Street, and starts to work in a factory. Within a few months Doris, unable to contemplate poverty, breaks the engagement, and admits that she is on the verge of engaging herself to a man of assured wealth. Bojo, who has never really loved her, is deeply relieved. He is already in love with her younger sister, Patsie, who has been strongly attracted to him from the first.

Meantime, Drake is threatened with ruin. Bojo goes to him, on Patsie's appeal, and Drake explains in detail his situation, confessing that unless he can raise two millions within two days, he will be ruined. Through the influence of his enemies, credit has been refused him; and his wife, who, out of the fortune he had given her, could easily save him, has refused to come to his aid. Patsie makes Bojo help her arrange to turn all her own securities over to her father; but before this sacrifice can be carried out, the crash comes. Drake not only loses all his fortune, but is a million and a half in debt. His wife obstinately refuses all appeals to save him from disgrace. On the day of the last refusal, Drake falls beneath the wheels of an auto-bus and is killed.

THIS IS MR. JOHNSON'S CHAPTER AS HE WROTE IT

WHEN Daniel Drake's affairs were wound up it was found that with the sums derived from his life insurance that there remained a deficit of a little over $400,000. In this crisis the old loyal and generous spirit in Doris returned for perhaps the last time. She wished to take upon herself the total indebtedness but Patsie would not listen to this. She would have preferred perhaps in her devotion to the name of her father to have shouldered all the responsibility with a certain fierce pride. In the end the sum was divided. The younger sister left the house of her mother and went to stay for a short while at Doris'.

It was given out officially that Mrs. Drake's health had been wrecked by the family catastrophes. She left shortly for Paris, Rome and the Italian Riviera, where her health speedily improved and she passed the remainder of her life as an exile with a pronounced aversion to anything American.

The panic which swept over the country, leveling the poor and rich alike, gradually subsided into a long period of depression. Fred DeLancy lost every cent he had and became dependent upon his wife's career. He dropped completely out of society. A few of his friends saw him at rare moments, but whenever he could he avoided such encounters, for they recalled to him the expectations of his earlier days. Fate which had played him several rude turns had however, a compensation in store. With the arrival of the dance craze several years later Mr. and Mrs. Fred DeLancy who were of the first to seize its possibilities, became suddenly the rage of society and in the letting down of barriers that followed the frantic rush from boredom among our most conservative sets the DeLancys regained curiously enough a certain social position. Adversity had taught him the value of making money. Guided by the hands of one of those remarkable and adroit personages that instigate and expand popularity, a press agent, Fernando Wiskin, a genius of diplomacy,

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the DeLancy craze overran the country. They had their own restaurant with dancing studios attached and an after midnight dancing club. They appeared in the movies, made trips to Europe. They set a dozen fashions, they inspired sculptors, illustrators and caricaturists, and raised up a host of immitators, some better and some worse. Properly coached, they received fees for instruction a surgeon might envy, but as once a gambler always a gambler, what they made miraculously they spent hugely, and despite all warnings it would surprise no one if with the turning of the fickle public from one fad to another the DeLancy's, after spending $50,000 a year, would end just as poor as they began.

ROSCOE MARSH, hard hit by the panic, after steady reverses consequent upon a rather visionary adventures into journalism found himself compelled to part with his newspaper to a syndicate organized by his own city editor, a man who had come up from the ranks, who had long bided his opportunity, a selfmade American of the type that looks complacently upon the arrival in the arena of the sons of great fortunes with a belief that an equalizing Providence has sent them into the world to be properly sheared. Marsh, despite these reverses, still retained a considerable fortune, constantly augmented by a large family of uncles, aunts and cousins whose sole purpose in life seemed to be to die at opportune moments. He became interested in many radical movements rather from the need of dramatic excitement than love of publicity or any deep conviction. At the bottom, however, he believed himself the most sincere man in the world, and for a long time continued to believe that he had a mission to perform.

George Granning became one of the solid men of the steel trade. Of the four young men who had met that night on the Astor roof and prophecied their futures he was the only one to fulfill his program to the minutest detail. He married, rose to the managership of the Garnett foundries, left them to become general manager of a subsidiary to the steel corporation at a salary of which he had never dreamed. He became a close student of industrial conditions and outside of his business career found time to serve on many boards of arbitration and industrial investigation. Though his intellectual growth had been slower than his more gifted companions he had never relinquished a single fact acquired. At thirty-five he was constantly broadening, constantly curious for new interests. He went into politics and became more and more a power in party councils and though not aspiring to office himself was speedily appointed to offices of social research and usefulness.

The panic extended its paralyzing influence over the histories of industries of the nation. A month after the events recorded in the last chapter Bojo was still deliberating on his course of action when he learnt by accident the serious crisis confronting the Crocker Mills. With the knowledge that his father needed him he hesitated no longer and taking the train by impulse one morning arrived as his father was sitting down to breakfast with the announcement that he had come to stay.

Before the year was over he had married Patsie, settled down in the little mill town to face the arduous struggle for the survival of the fabric which his father had so painfully erected. For three years he worked without respite, more arduously than he believed it was possible for any man to work. Due to this devotion the Crocker Mills weathered the financial depression and emerged triumphantly with added strength as a leader and model among factory communities of the world. Despite the sacrifices and extraordinary demands made upon

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PATSIE AND HER FATHER.

his knowledge and his youth, he found these years the best in his life with a realization that his leadership had its significance in the welfare and growth of thousands of employees. When, the battle won, he removed with his family to New York and larger interests, there were times when he confided to his wife that life seemed to be robbed of half its incentive. In connection with Granning, to whom he had grown closer in bonds of friendship, he devoted his time and money more and more to the problems of Americanizing the great alien industrial populations of this country with such enthusiasm that he in more than one quarter was suspected of believing in the most radical socialistic ideas.

THIS IS EVERYBODY'S REVISION OF MR. JOHNSON'S CHAPTER AS WE PUBLISHED IT

Patsie makes a decision.

WHEN Daniel Drake's affairs were wound up, it was found that with the sums derived from his life insurance there remained a deficit of a little over $400,000. In this crisis the old loyal and generous spirit in Doris expressed itself—for perhaps the last time. She wished to assume, herself, the total indebtedness. But Patsie would not listen to this. In her devotion to the name of her father, she would have taken a certain fierce pride in shouldering all the responsibility. In the end the sum was divided.

The break between mother and daughters was complete and final. Even in the terrible first days after Drake's death, Mrs. Drake never for a moment softened, made no offers to protect her husband's name or spare her daughters. Neither Patsie nor Doris would have asked her, for worlds, relieved at last that the debt could be paid by those who loved him. Mrs. Drake kept closely to her rooms, and beyond necessary meetings for various arrangements, cut herself off from her family. It was given out officially that her health had been wrecked by the successive catastrophes, and she left shortly for the Italian Riviera. Her pronounced aversion to everything American, which she eagerly paraded before old acquaintances who met her there by chance, indicated an intention to spend the rest of her life in exile.

As soon as possible—within a few days after her father's death—Patsie left her mother's house and went to live for a while with Doris. And in the tenderness of their common bereavement the sisters were closer together, nearer to understanding and sympathizing with each other, than they had ever before been in their lives.

But this spirit, on Doris's part, did not long outlive her full realization of the feeling between her former lover and Patsie. Naturally, she had never known of that winter night in the Berkshires when they had almost forgotten her claims, overcome by the spell of the snowy silence and their isolation together. She must have known that Bojo was interested in Patsie, fond of her, but without guessing the quality of that interest, never dreaming that almost from his first meeting with Patsie it had been the younger sister that he really loved.

During the dreadful period of shock after Drake's death, Doris—herself bewildered, almost prostrate—did not grasp the full significance of Bojo's constant presence, did not see how utterly dependent on him Patsie was for

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strength and comfort. Despite their new relationship, Patsie could not speak freely to her sister about Bojo. If she had tried, she would have found it hard not to reproach her for giving a false impression about breaking off the engagement. Besides, mixed with her grateful relief that Bojo had been freed was a certain contempt for Doris because she had let him go. And beneath all was the sense, the fear, that in her heart of hearts all that was best of Doris still loved him.

Bojo made no effort to give Patsie more than comfort and support till she had begun to recover a little from the terrible blow. He could help her most by keeping in the background—some one on whom she could lean, without any demands on his part. Besides, he wanted her to come to him, when at last she surrendered, with full consciousness of what she was doing; and he realized the complexity of her feeling toward Doris.

MEANTIME, the panic in which Drake had gone down, sweeping over the country, had gradually subsided into a long period of depression, affecting many industries.

Bojo knew that his father's business had been hurt by the depression, knew that other mills had closed or were working at half speed; but he had no suspicion that his father was in grave trouble until Granning brought him word.

It was a Saturday half-holiday; and Granning had heard that morning, quite by accident, that the Crocker Mills were facing a serious crisis, and had been waiting for Bojo all afternoon. When he came in, Granning told him at once, one hand on his shoulder, and his keen, friendly eyes watching the younger man for the response he hoped for.

Bojo stood a long moment, silent, then his eyes met his friend's, and both hands went out. "Well, that's where I belong, Granny, and I'll go. I think I've been licked into shape to be of some use to my father now. Anyway, I'm going to fight the thing out with him. Sorry to leave you, old man."

"I'd been hoping you *would* leave me," answered Granning dryly, with another grip of Bojo's hand.

With an exultant hopefulness such as he had not felt since his first plunge into Wall Street, Bojo called Patsie on the phone and asked her to go on an outing with him the next day—a poor folks' junket, he said.

They refused Doris's offer of a car, and elected to tramp in the northern reaches of the Palisades, crossing by a launch far up-town which operated as a ferry, slanting across the river and landing them at the foot of the sheer green wall. They took a narrow path that wound along, following the river, leading them close under the high green cliffs with their tumbled rock slopes. Every turn of the path was a fresh adventure, and Patsie skipped along in the lead with the first sign of normal vivacity that Bojo had seen since her father's death. A dash of color came into her cheeks, and her eyes danced with joy in the sparkle and vividness of the life about her, and perhaps with a realization that here she could be natural with Bojo, without the scrutiny of other eyes.

Warm and a little breathless, she flung herself down on a grassy slope, and waited for Bojo to come up. She took off her hat, and let the wind ruffle the bright masses of her hair; her thin black dress showed the girlish lines of her slight body as she half reclined there, one arm behind her head.

Bojo sat down on a ledge of rock beside her, looking at her with a light in his eyes that Doris had never seen. Patsie started to turn her own eyes away, as she had done a month before when she felt he might ask her for definite surrender; then she turned back again and met the tenderness in his face bravely.

DORIS

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"GRANNY"

But something of the gravity beneath the tenderness reached her. "What is it, Bojo?" she asked in a low tone.

He leaned over and took the hand that lay at her side, carrying it to his lips. "I want to ask you something, Drina," he said; "but first I must tell you that I have decided to leave New York——"

She sat up, startled. "But Bojo—where?"

"To my father," he said. "He is in trouble—perhaps on the brink of failure. I'm going to him—to live in a little mill town—for years, if he needs me. Drina—will you come with me? Can you live that life with me, dear? Think, Patsie, what it means!"

She looked at him a long moment with something very like indignation in her eyes. "Why, of course I can, Bojo," she said stoutly. And then in a flash her arms went round his neck. "Oh, Bojo, Bojo," she said, "the only way I can't live is—without you!"

As he held her so, a memory passed through Bojo's mind: Doris and he in a sleigh, a grubby, sordid village, and Doris's voice saying: "Ask me anything but to be poor!" And remembering, he held Patsie closer.

Patsie told her great news to Doris that night, alone. She had talked it over with Bojo and had decided that it might be too painful for all of them if Bojo and she should make the announcement together.

Despite her vague feeling that Doris still loved Bojo, Patsie was shocked at the emotion her sister showed. At first Doris was too surprised to grasp the fact; but when at last she realized, when by persistent questionings she learned that Bojo had cared for her little sister even when he was engaged to her, a kind of belated jealousy flared up, and for a moment Patsie thought she was actually going to blame her for coming between them.

"Forgive me, Patise," she said, when at last she got control of herself. "I want you to be happy, of course. I want Bojo to be happy. But I think a little bit of me still loves him—perhaps always will—and your news upset me." There was a hint of melodrama in her sadness—and Patsie remembered Bojo's contention that Doris merely played at emotion, luxuriated in it. "I wish I could have had your courage," Doris sighed. "I wish I hadn't been afraid of poverty. But to live in an awful little mill town"—and she broke off with a shudder. "Not for me!"

Patsie watched her with relief, understanding at last that this flare-up of emotion had come from no genuine depths. At the same time her heart sank at the realization of what her sister was doing to herself. She had deliberately turned her back on the best thing life had ever offered her; and even the sense that it had been the best was already growing dim.

Wherein Bojo finds out where he belongs.

WHILE Patsie was talking with Doris, Bojo was already aboard the night train speeding toward the mills. It had been hard to say good-by to Patsie, but the sooner he went, the sooner he could claim her for always. Besides, he was really eager, not only to help his father, but to fit into the place where, at last, he felt he *belonged*.

The train deposited him at the little mill town in the early morning, about the time the factory wheels began moving. Bojo knew his father's habits well enough to risk going straight to the office. As he passed through the dingy

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streets, with their rows of ugly little frame houses, he smiled at the thought of how he would have loathed them a year before. Now, his heart did not sink. He was going to his own work—and Patsie was coming!

As he had expected, his father was already at his desk—but not working; only sitting back staring absently at the heaped-up papers. Bojo's pulses pounded at sight of him—older, a little drawn, worried. He stood a moment in the doorway before Crocker saw him.

"Good morning, Father," said Bojo, with an attempt at casualness.

Crocker leaped to his feet and took his son by both shoulders, an eager, questioning light in his eyes.

Bojo nodded to the unspoken question. "Yes, I've come back where I belong. Can you use me?"

"I certainly can," said the father heartily, gripping him hard. "You're a Crocker, Tom—you've got the stuff."

"I've just waked up to what you said two years ago—to the 'value of father and son sticking together, doing something that counts'—you see, I remember your very words. But I'm not broke," he grinned, abandoning the more emotional tone. "I've got $15,000 left, and every cent of it goes into the business."

"So my prophecy wasn't fulfilled, after all," said the father. "But I've got my wish, Tom. Had any breakfast?"

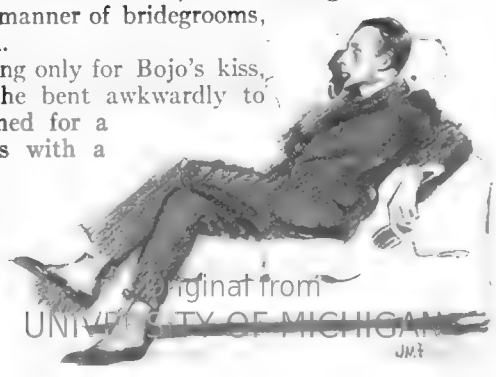
AS for Bojo, he got *his* wish six months later. Patsie came. Business had built up to the point where marriage was not too risky, and neither one was willing to wait beyond that point. The idea of a wedding in Doris's house was intolerable. The distance between the sisters was widening steadily; and Patsie felt that Doris was out of sympathy with her even though she was no longer jealous. So Patsie decided to break with the conventions of her old life entirely, and go to Bojo instead of letting him come for her.

She came on a train that stopped at a junction point a few miles from the town, and father and son—Bojo had insisted that Crocker, Sr., go along to welcome her—drove over for her together. It was a sparkling vivid October day—air like wine, the hills a glory of color—and Patsie, when she alighted, fitted into the picture perfectly—dressed in a tailored suit of leaf-brown, with a smart green feather in her small, close-fitting hat. The father surrendered unconditionally. He had known what kind of a girl Doris was, had dreaded her influence over Bojo, and had not been free from qualms about her sister. But no doubt survived his first look into Patsie's honest, loyal eyes.

Mr. Crocker drove, going back, and Bojo and Patsie sat on the back seat of the car with hands frankly clasped, too tremulously happy for speech. Patsie would not have known the streets were ugly if Bojo hadn't conscientiously pointed it out. And, even so, she found a hundred points to admire. They went past the factory—"our factory," she called it—and then to Crocker's house, a comfortable, unpretentious place, which appealed at once to Patsie's genuine liking for simplicity.

Three or four of Crocker's friends—his general manager at the mills, with his wife and daughter—were waiting for them, and within an hour after her arrival, Patsie, still in her traveling suit, radiant and confident, was standing beside Bojo, white and solemn now, after the manner of bridegrooms, before a clergyman in the Crockers' living-room.

When the final words were said, Patsie, waiting only for Bojo's kiss, turned with both hands out to Crocker. As he bent awkwardly to kiss her cheek, Bojo saw her radiance dimmed for a moment, her lip quivering, and knew it was with a



"ROSCY"

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tender thought of her own dearly loved daddy, who would have so rejoiced to see a daughter of his, at last, follow the leadings of her own heart to happiness.

* *

THE battle was won. For three years Bojo had worked more arduously than he had believed it was possible for any man to work. And, in large part due to his devotion, the mills were secure; and not only that, but a leader and model among factory communities of the world. Bojo was ready to come back to New York, with a very happy Patsie.

They had telegraphed to Granning to meet them, their first night in New York, at dinner on the Astor roof. It was to be a kind of reunion of the two, out of the Big Yale Four, who had maintained close friendship. Granning—the same big, sincere Granning—found them awaiting him, at the very table where, five years before, the four friends had exchanged confidences—Patsie starry-eyed with excitement and the city's thrill, and Bojo boyishly eager over the return to old ties in a new way. They looked out on the same stimulating, vital, monstrous New York—pointing out to each other the new towers of Babel that had pushed their way in during the Crockers' absence.

At last Granning indicated a roof not far distant, gleaming and winking with colored lights. "That's one of the places where Fred DeLancy gets rich," smiled Granning. "You know, of course?"

Bojo nodded. "Yes, but tell me the details." And Granning repeated the amazing story of how, after Fred had lost every cent in the panic, the dance craze had renewed his fortunes. Fred and Louise DeLancy were a fad. They had their own restaurant, with dancing studios attached, and an after-midnight dancing club. They appeared in the movies, set a dozen fashions, inspired sculptors, illustrators, and caricaturists.

"And Roscoe Marsh?" said Patsie, following the thought she knew was in both men's minds. "He's sold his paper, hasn't he?"

Granning nodded. "Roscoe's dream didn't come true, either," he said, with a smile for Bojo. "He was going to make his paper a wonderful social power," he explained to Patsie. "But he wasn't quite in earnest—and he hadn't his feet on the earth. He had too much money to start with, perhaps," he added thoughtfully.

"As a matter of fact," Bojo took up the strain of reminiscence, "you are the only one of us to carry out the program made that night up here."

Granning had risen to the managership of the Garnett foundries, and left them to become general manager of a subsidiary to the steel corporation at a splendid salary. Already he was known as a student of industrial conditions, and was on his way to important positions on boards of arbitration and industrial investigation.

"All but the marrying, Granny," Bojo added. "Where's that wonderful woman?"

Granning flushed slowly, then: "I'll invite you to meet her next week," he grinned.

When the congratulations and excitement had died down, Patsie turned to Bojo: "But, Bojo, what was *your* ambition that night? What did *you* want to do?"

Bojo looked at her with teasing tenderness. "I didn't know all of it then, dear," he answered, "but—I've done it!"

THE END.

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The REAL ADVENTURE

by Henry Kitchell Webster

Author of "The Butterfly," Etc.

Illustrations by Edward L. Chase

ROSE had succeeded. At least she had proved that she could make a life for herself—she was a successful designer of stage costumes, with an assured position of her own building. Besides, she had won the thing she had set out to achieve: her husband's respect and his friendship—his letters unconsciously told her that. But she had begun to fear that, meantime, she had lost his love. A day's visit with John Galbraith, her nearest friend, on his farm—a long talk with him that showed him incapable of believing a man and a woman could ever be at once lovers and friends—had deepened her fear. She was almost in a panic when, on coming back, she found her husband's card and a note from him under her door.

HER HEART FELT LIKE LEAD WHEN SHE'D READ IT.

HER shaking fingers fumbled pitifully over the folds of the note, but she got it open at last. It was from him, too. It read:

DEAR ROSE: This is hard luck. I suppose you're off for a week-end somewhere. I want very much to see you. When you come back and have leisure for me will you call me up? I know how busy you are, so I'll wait until I hear from you. RODNEY.

Her heart felt like lead when she'd read it. Dazedly, a little giddily, she pulled her door shut, went into her room, and sat down. He was in New York!

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He'd been to see her this afternoon—and left a card! And the note he'd written after his second visit was what Howard West might have written, or any other quite casual, slightly over-polite acquaintance. And it was from Rodney to her! She couldn't stand it to see him if he felt like that. Bitterness, contempt, hatred, anything would be easier to bear than that. She was to call up his hotel, was she? Well, she wouldn't.

AND then suddenly she spread the note open again, and read it once more. Turned it over and scrutinized the reverse side of the paper, and uttered a little sobbing laugh. If he'd been as cool, unmoved, self-possessed, as that note had tried to sound, would he have forgotten to tell her at what hotel she was to call him up? Then, with a gasp, she wondered how she *could* call him up. He'd think she knew where he was; he'd wait; and after a while wouldn't he take her silence for an answer, and go back to Chicago?

She clenched her hands at that and tried to think. Well, the obvious thing to do seemed to be the only one. She must try one hotel after another until she found him. After all, there probably weren't more than a dozen to choose among. It wouldn't be easy looking up numbers with everything dancing before her eyes like this, but if she took the likeliest ones first, she mightn't have to go very far. And, indeed, at a third attempt she found him.

When the telephone girl switched her to the information desk, and the information clerk said, "Mr. Rodney Aldrich? Just a moment," and then: "Mr. Aldrich is in fifteen nought five," the dry contraction in her throat made it impossible for her to speak. But the switchboard girl had evidently been listening in and plugged her through, because she heard the throb of another ring, the click of a receiver, and then—then Rodney's voice.

She couldn't answer his first "Hello," and he said it again, sharply, "Hello, what is it?"

And then suddenly her voice came back. A voice that startled her with its distinctness. "Hello, Rodney," she said, "this is Rose."

There was a perfectly blank silence after that, and then the crisp voice of an operator somewhere—"Waiting?"

"Yes," she heard Rodney say, "get off the line." And then to her: "I came to see you this afternoon, and again to-night."

"Yes, I know," she said. "I just this minute got in. Can't you come back again now?" How in the world, she wondered, could she manage her voice like that! From the way it sounded she might have been speaking to Alice Perosini; and yet her shaking hand could hardly hold the receiver. She heard him say:

"It's pretty late, isn't it? I don't want to . . . You'll be tired and . . . "

"It's not too late for me," she said, "only you might come before it gets any later." She managed to wait until she heard him say "All right" before she hung up the receiver. Then a big, racking sob, not to be denied any longer, pounced upon her and shook her.

The fact that the length of time it would take a taxi to bring him down from his hotel to her apartment was not enough to decide anything in, plan anything in, was no more than enough, indeed, to give her a chance to stop crying and wash her face, was a saving factor in the situation.

In the back of her mind, as with a hairpin or two she righted her hair and decided against attempting to change even her tumbled blouse or her dusty boots, was an echoing consciousness of something Galbraith had said that afternoon—"And you know when your next big thing comes along you will do that too."

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Without actually quoting those words to herself, she experienced a sudden confidence that was almost serene. In a few minutes now, not more than five probably—something incalculable, tremendous was going to begin happening to her. But she made no effort to foresee the nature of it. She just relaxed physical and spiritual muscles and waited. Only she hoped she wouldn't have to wait long.

No—there was the bell.

It was altogether fortunate for Rose that she had attempted no preparation, because the situation she found herself in when she'd opened the door for her husband, shaken hands with him, led him into her sitting-room and asked him to sit down, was one which the wildest cast of her imagination would never have suggested as a possible one for her and Rodney.

IT WAS his manner, she felt sure, that had created it; and yet, so prompt and automatic had been her response that she couldn't be sure, not for the first half-hour or so, anyway, that he wasn't attributing it to her. It wasn't so much the first words he said, when, opening her door, she saw him standing in the hallway, as it was his attitude; his rather formal attitude; the way he held his hat. It was the slightly anxious, very determined attitude of an estimable and rather shy young man making his first call on a young lady upon whom he is desperately desirous of making a favorable impression.

What he said was something not very coherent about being very glad and its being very good of her, and almost simultaneously she gasped out that she was glad, and wouldn't he come in? She held out her hand to him, politely, and he, compensating for an imperceptible hesitation with a kind of clumsy haste, took it and released it almost as hastily. She showed him where to hang his coat and hat, conducted him into her sitting-room, and invited him to sit down. And there they were.

And he was Rodney, and she was Rose! It was like an absurd dream.

For a while she talked desperately, under the same sort of delirious conviction one has in dreams that if he desists one moment from some grotesquely futile form of activity a cosmic disaster will instantly take place. A moment of silence between them would be, she felt, something unthinkably terrible. But the feeling did not last very long.

"Won't you smoke?" she asked suddenly, and hurried on when he hesitated. "I don't do it myself, but most of my friends do, and I keep the things." From a drawer in her writing-desk she produced a tin box of cigarettes. "They're your kind—unless you've changed," she commented, and went over to the mantel-shelf for an ash-tray and a match-safe. The match-safe was empty and she left the room to get a fresh supply from her kitchen.

On the inner face of her front door was a big mirror, and in it, as she came back through the unlighted passage, she saw her husband. He was sitting just as she'd left him, and as his face was partly turned away from her, it could not have been from the expression of it that she got her revelation. But she stopped there in the dark and caught her breath and leaned back against the wall and squeezed the tears out of her eyes. Perhaps it was just because he was sitting so still, a thing it was utterly unlike him to do. The Rodney of her memories was always ranging about the rooms that confined him. Or the grip of the one hand she could see upon the chair-arm it rested on may have had something to do with it. But it was not, really, a consciously deductive

HE WAS SITTING STILL, A THING IT WAS UTTERLY UNLIKE HIM TO DO.

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"LOOK INTO MY FACE," SHE COMMANDED. "OH, MY DEAREST, IS IT PITY THAT YOU SEE?"

process at all; just a clairvoyant look—*into* him, and a sudden, complete, utterly confident understanding.

He had come down here to New York to make another beginning. He meant to assert no rights, not even in their common memories. He would make no appeal. But something that he felt he had forfeited he was going to try to earn back. What was the thing he sought—her friendship, or her love? She knew. No plea that the inspired rhetoric of passion could be capable of could have convinced her of his love for her and of his need for her love as did the divine absurdity of this attempt of his to show her that she need give him —nothing. She knew. Oh, how she knew!

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She stole back into her little kitchen and shut the door and leaned giddily against it, trying to get her breath to coming steadily again. At last she straightened up and wiped her eyes. A smile played across her lips, the smile of deep maternal tenderness. Then she picked up her box of matches and carried them to him in the sitting-room.

He stayed that first evening a little less than an hour, and when he got up to go she made no effort to detain him. The thing had been, as its unbroken surface could testify, a highly successful first call.

Before she let him go, though, she asked him how long he was going to be in New York, and on getting a very indeterminate answer which offered a minimum of "two or three days" and a maximum that could not even be guessed at, she said:

"I hope you're not going to be too dreadfully busy for us to see a lot of each other. I wish we might manage it once every day."

THAT shook him. For a moment, she thought the lightning was going to strike, and stood very still holding her breath, waiting for it. But he steadied himself, said he could certainly manage that if she could, and, as the elevator came up in response to her ring, said that he would call her up in the morning at her office.

She puzzled a little, during the intermittent processes of undressing, over why she had let him go like that. She found it easy to name some of the things that were *not* the reason. It was not—oh, a thousand times it was not! —that she wasn't quite sure of him.

There was no expressing the completeness of her certainty that, with a look, a sudden holding out of the hands to him, the release of one little love-cry from her lips, she could have shattered, annihilated, that brittle restraint of his, released the full tempest of his passion, found herself—lost herself—in his embrace.

Nor was it pride or modesty that had held her back. The one thing her whole being was crying out for was a complete surrender to him.

But the real reason seemed rather absurd, when she tried to state it to herself. She had felt that it would be a *brutal* thing to do. Really, her feeling toward him was that of a mother toward a child who, having, he thinks, merited her displeasure, offers her, by way of atonement, some dearly prized possession: an iron fire-engine, a woolly sheep. What mother wouldn't accept an offering like that gravely!

This thing that Rodney had offered her, the valiant, heart-breaking pretense that she needn't give him anything—to her, whose aching need was to give him everything she had!—was just as absurd as the child's toy could have been. But it had cost him . . . Oh, what must it not have cost him, in struggle and sacrifice, to construct that pitiful, transparent pretense!—to maintain that manner! And the struggle and the sacrifice must not be cheapened, made absurd by a sudden shattering demonstration that they'd been unnecessary. His pretense must be melted, not shattered. And until it could be melted, that aching need of hers must wait.

And then she realized that the ache was gone—the tormenting, restless hunger for him that had been nagging at her ever since the first rush of spring, was somehow appeased. She'd have said, twenty-four hours ago, that to be with him, have him near her, in any other relation than that of her lover, would be unendurable. She thought of that as she was winding her watch. It seemed incredible that it was only the day before that Rodney's cool, friendly letter had driven her frantic. She turned out her light and opened

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her bedroom window. As she cuddled her cheek into the pillow, Rose smiled her old, wide smile. She was the happiest person in the world.

The world turns rose color.

THAT manner of Rodney's lasted—recurred, at least, whenever Rose and he were together—almost unaltered, for two whole days. There was a visit of his to her workshop, where he listened intently to her explanations of her tools and her working methods. There was a luncheon, at which, unwincing, he made her tell him the whole story of her success; and a dinner and theatre, after which he brought her home in a taxi, and, having told the chauffeur to wait, formally escorted her to her elevator.

She had held her breath a good many times during these various meetings, when certain old memories and associations sprang at them both, as it were, from ambush. But always, at the breaking-point, Rodney managed to summon up unexpected reserves for resistance; intrenched himself in the manner of his first call. The second night Rose both smiled and wept over her review of the day, and was a long while getting off to sleep. She felt she couldn't stand this state of things much longer.

But it was not required of her. With the last of the next day's light, the ice broke up and the floods came.

She had taken him to a studio tea in the upper sixties just off West End Avenue, the proprietors of the studio being a tousled, bearded, blond anarchist of a painter and his exceedingly pretty, smart, frivolous-looking wife.

The two men had instinctively drawn controversial swords almost at sight of each other, and for the hour and a half that they were together the combat raged mightily, to the unmixed satisfaction of both participants. The feelings of the bystanders were perhaps more diverse, but Rose, at least, enjoyed herself thoroughly, over seeing her husband's big, formidable, finely poised mind in action again. The talk, of course, ranged everywhere: socialism, feminism, law and its crimes, art, and the social mind.

It was half-past six or thereabouts when they left the studio, and the late May afternoon was at its loveliest. "I want to walk," said Rose, "after the tea, if I'm ever to want any dinner." He nodded a little absently, she thought, and fell in step beside her. There was no mention at any time of their destination.

It was a good while before Rose got the key to his preoccupation. They had turned into the park at Sixty-sixth Street, and were half-way over to the Fifth Avenue corner at Fifty-ninth, before he spoke out.

"On a day like this," he said, "to have sat there for two or three mortal hours arguing about stale ideas—when we might have been out here, being alive! But it must have seemed natural to you to hear me going on like that." And then with a burst, before she could speak: "You must remember me as the most blindly opinionated fool in the world!"

She caught her breath, then said very quietly, with a warm little laugh in her voice: "That's not how I remember you, Roddy."

She declined to help him when he tried to scramble back to the safe shores of conventional conversation. That sort of thing had lasted long enough. She just walked along in step with him and, for her part, in silence. It wasn't long before he fell silent too.

A thing that Rose hadn't counted on was the effect produced on both of them just by walking along like this together, side by side, in step. Just the rhythm of it established a sort of communion—and it was a communion fortified by many associations. Straight down Fifth Avenue they walked to the

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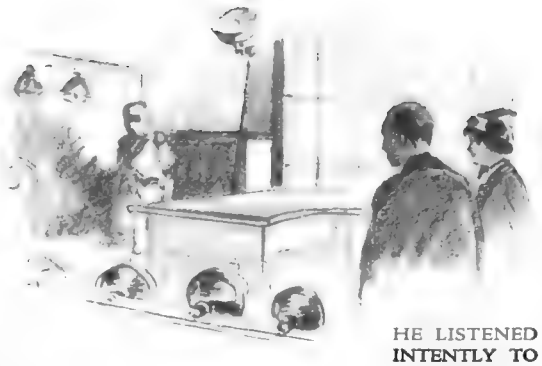
corner of Thirteenth Street, and then west. And when they stopped and faced each other in the gray brick entrance to the building where Rose's apartment was, it was at the end of a mile or more of absolutely unbroken silence. And facing each other there, all that was said between them was her: "You'll come in, won't you?" and his "Yes."

But the gravity with which she'd uttered the invitation and the tenseness of his acceptance of it, the square look that passed between them, marked an end of something and the beginning of something new.



HE LISTENED INTENTLY TO HER EXPLANATIONS OF HER TOOLS.

She left him in her sitting-room while she went into her bedroom to take off her hat and jacket and take a glance into her mirror. When she came back she found him standing at her window, looking out. He didn't turn when she came in, but almost immediately he began speaking. She went rather limp at the sound of his voice and dropped down on an ottoman in front of the fireplace, and squeezed her hands together between her knees.

"I don't know how much you will have understood," he began; "probably a good deal. You told me in Dubuque—as you were quite right to tell me—that I mustn't come back to you. And now I've disobeyed you, and come. What I hope you will have guessed is that I wouldn't have come except that I'd something to tell you—something different from the—idiocies I tormented you with in Dubuque; something I felt you were entitled to be told. But I felt—this is what you won't have understood—I felt that I hadn't any right to speak to you at all, about anything vital, until I'd given you some sort of guarantee, until I'd shown you that I was a person it was possible to deal reasonably with."

She smiled, then pressed her hands suddenly to her eyes. "I understood," she said.

"Well then . . ." But he didn't at once go on. Stood there a while longer at the window, then crossed the room and brought up before her book-shelves, staring blindly at the titles. He hadn't looked at her even as he crossed the room. "Oh, it's a presumptuous thing to try to say," he broke out at last, "a pitifully unnecessary thing to say, because you must know it without my telling you. But when you went away you said—you said it was because you hadn't—my friendship! You said that was the thing you wanted, and that you were going to try to earn it. And in Dubuque you told me that I'd evidently never be able to understand that you could have been happy in that room on Clark Street that I'd wanted to 'rescue' you from; that I'd never be able to see that the thing you were doing there was a fine thing, worth doing, entitled to my respect. Well, the things I'd been saying to you and the things I'd been doing justified you in thinking that. But what I've come down here to say is—is that now, at last—I do see it."

She would have spoken then if she could have commanded her voice, and as it was, the sound she made conveyed her intention to him, for he turned upon her quickly as if to interrupt the unspoken words, and went on with an almost savage bitterness:

"Oh, I'm under no illusions about it. I had my chance to see, when seeing would have meant something to you—helped you. When any one but the blindest sort of fool would have seen. I didn't. Now, when the thing is

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patent for the world to see—now that you've won your fight without any help from me— Without any help! In spite of every hindrance that my idiocy could put in your way! Now, after all—I come and tell you that you've earned the thing you've set out to get."

There was a little silence after that. She got up and took the post he had abandoned at the window. "Why did you do it, Roddy?" she asked. "I mean, why did you want to come and tell me?"

"Why, in the first place," he said, "I wanted to get back a little of my self-respect. I couldn't get that until I'd told you."

THIS time the silence was longer. "What else did you want?" she asked. "What—in the second place?"

"I don't know why I put it like that," he said. "Please don't think—I can't bear to have you think that I came down here to—ask anything of you—anything in the way of a reward for having seen what is so plain to every one. I haven't any—claim at all. I want to earn your friendship. It's the biggest thing I've got to hope for. But I've no idea that you can hand it out to me ready-made. I believe you'd do it if you could. But you said once, yourself, that it wasn't a thing that could be given. It was a thing that had to be earned. And you were right about that, as you were about so many other things. Well, I'm going to try to earn it."

"Is that—all you want?" she asked, and then, hearing the little gasp he gave, she swung around quickly and looked at him. It was pretty dark in the room, but his face in the dusk seemed to have whitened.

"Is friendship all you want of me, Roddy?" she asked again. She stood there waiting, a full minute, in silence. Then she said: "You don't have to tell me that. Because I know. Oh—oh, my dear, how well I know!"

He didn't come to her; just stood there, gripping the corner of her bookcase and staring at her silhouette, which was about all he could see of her against the window. At last he said, in a strained, dry voice she'd hardly have known for his: "If you know that—if I've let you see that—then I've done just about the last despicable thing there was left for me to do. I've come down here and—made you feel sorry for me. So that with that—divine kindliness of yours, you're willing to give me—everything."

He straightened up and came a step nearer. "Well, I won't have it, I tell you. I don't know how you guessed. If I'd dreamed I was betraying that to you . . . ! Don't I know—it's burnt into me so that I'll never forget—what the memory of my love must be to you? The memory of the hideous things it's done to you? And now, after all that—after you've won your fight—alone—and stand where you stand now—for me to come begging! And take a gift like that! I tell you it *is* pity. It can't be anything else."

There was another minute of silence, and then he heard her make a little noise in her throat, a noise that would have been a sob had there not been something like a laugh in it. The next moment she said, "Come over here, Roddy," and as he hesitated, as if he hadn't understood, she added: "I want you to look at me. Over here, where there's light enough to see me by."

He came, wonderingly, very slowly, but at last with her outstretched hand she reached him and drew him around between her and the window. "Look into my face," she commanded. "Look into my eyes—as far in as you can. Oh, my dearest—" the sob of pure joy came again—"is it pity that you see?"

She'd had her hands upon his shoulders, but now they clasped themselves behind his head. Her vision of him had swum away in a blur, and without the support she got from him she'd have been swaying giddily.

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ROSE ENJOYED SEEING HER HUSBAND'S BIG, FORMIDABLE MIND IN ACTION AGAIN.

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"Roddy, old man," she said, "if I hadn't seen—in the first ten minutes, the thing you—meant so hard I shouldn't see—I think it would have—killed me. If I hadn't seen that you loved me—after all; after everything . . . after all the tortures you'd suffered through me. Because that's all I want—in the world."

At that he put his arms around her and pulled her up to him. But the manner of it was so different from his old embraces that presently she drew him around so that what little light there was fell on his face, and searched it thoughtfully. "You *do* believe me, Roddy, don't you—that there isn't any pity about it? There isn't any room for pity. There's nothing in me at all but just a great big—want of you. Don't you understand that?"

HE DID understand it with his mind, but he was a little dazed, like one who has stood too near where the lightning struck. The hope he had kept buried alive so long—buried alive because it wouldn't die—could not be brought out into a blinding glory like this without pain—exquisite, terrifying pain.

The knowledge she had acquired by her own suffering stood her in good stead now. She did not mistake, as the Rose he had married might have done, the weakness of his response for coldness—indifference. She went back and began making love to him more gently; released herself from his arms, led him over to her one big chair and made him sit down in it, settled herself upon the arm of it, and contented herself with one of his hands. Presently he took one of hers, bent his face down over it, and brushed the back of it with his lips.

The timidity of that caress, with all it revealed to her, was too much for her. She swallowed one sob, and another, but the next one got away from her and she broke out in a passionate fit of weeping. That roused him from his daze a little, and he pulled her down in his arms—held her tight—comforted her. When she got herself in hand again, she got up, went away to wash her face, and, coming back in the room again, lighted a reading-lamp and drew down the blinds.

"Rose," he said presently, "what are we going to do?"

She knew she was not answering the true intent of his question when she said: "Well, one thing we can do, is to get ourselves a little supper. I don't know what we've got to eat, but we won't care—to-night."

There was a ring of decision in his voice that startled her a little when he said: "No, we won't do that to-night. We'll go out somewhere to a restaurant."

Their eyes met—unwavering. "Yes," she said, "that's what we'll do."

They didn't talk much across the table in the deserted little Italian restaurant they went to. Neither of them afterward could remember anything they'd said. They ate their meal in a sort of grave, contented happiness that was reaching down deeper and deeper into them every minute, and they walked back to the gray brick building in Thirteenth Street, arm in arm, hand in hand, in silence. But when she stopped there, he said:

"Let's walk a little farther, Rose. There are things we've got to decide, and—and I'm not going in with you again to-night."

She caught her breath at that, and her hand tightened its hold on his. But she walked on with him.

He said, presently. "You understand, don't you?"

She answered, "Oh, my dear!—yes." But she added, a little shakily, "I wish we had a magic-carpet right here that we could fly home on."

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Then they walked a while in silence.

At last he said: "There's this we can do. I can go back to my hotel to-night, and tell them that I'm expecting my wife to join me there. To-morrow? And then I can come and get you and bring you there. It's not home, and it's not the place I'd choose for—for a honeymoon, but . . ."

The way she echoed the word set him thinking. But before his thoughts had got to their destination, she said: "Shall we make it a real honeymoon, Roddy — make it as complete as we can? Forget everything and let all the world be . . ."

He supplied the word for her, "Rose-color?"

She accepted it with a little laugh . . .——"for a while?"

"That's what I was fumbling for," he said, "but I can't think very straight to-night. I've got it now, though. That cottage we had—before the twins were born—down on the Cape. There won't be a soul there this time of year. We'd have the world to ourselves."

"Yes," she said, "for a little while, we'd want it like that. But after a while—after a day or two, could we have the babies? Could the nurse bring them on to me and then go straight back, so that I could have them, and you, all together?"

He said, "You darling!" But he couldn't manage more than that.

He took her back to the gray brick entrance and, just out of range of the elevator-man, kissed her good night. "But will you telephone to me as soon as you wake up in the morning, so that I'll know it's true?"

She nodded. Then her eyes went wide and she clung to him. "*Is* it true, Roddy? Is it possible for a thing to come back like that? Are we really the old Rodney and Rose, planning our honeymoon again? It wasn't quite three years ago. Will it be like that?"

"Not like that perhaps," he said, "exactly. It will be better by all we've learned and suffered since."

Rose and Rodney re-embark upon "the real adventure."

THERE was a sense in which this prediction of Rodney's about their honeymoon was altogether true. They had great hours—hours of an emotional intensity greater than any they had known during that former honeymoon, greater by all they had learned and suffered since—hours that repaid all that suffering, and could not have been captured at any smaller price. There were hours when the whole of their two selves literally seemed transfused into one essence; when there was nothing of either of them that was not the other; when all their thoughts, impulses, desires, flowered spontaneously out of a common mind. There was no precalculating these experiences. They came upon them, seized them, carried them off.

One of these, that neither of them will ever forget, came at the end of a long tramp through the dawn of their second day. They had been swinging along in almost unbroken silence through the gray mist, had mounted a little hillock and halted, hand in hand, as the first lance of sunlight transfixed and flushed the still, vaporous air, and it had seemed to them, as they watched breathless while the sun mounted, that the whole of the life that lay before them was a track of gold like that which blazed across the sea, leading to an intolerable glory.

But life, of course, can not be made up of hours like that. No sane person can even want to live in a perpetual ecstasy. What makes a mountain-peak is the fall away into the surrounding valleys.

In their valleys of commonplace, every-day existence—and these occurred even in their first days together—they were stiff, shy, self-conscious with each

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other. And their attempt to ignore this fact only made the self-consciousness the worse. It troubled and bewildered both of them.

Rose's misgiving had been justified. They weren't the old Rodney and Rose. Those two splendid, careless savages who had lived for a fortnight on an island in the midst of Martin Whitney's carefully preserved solitude in northern Wisconsin, accepting the gifts of the gods with such joyous confidence that none of them could ever turn bitter—those two zestful children had ceased to exist.

John Galbraith had spoken truth when he said there was no such thing as a fresh start. For good or evil, you were the product of your yesterdays. The nightmare tour on the road with "The Girl Up-stairs" company was a part of Rose; the day in Centropolis; the night when Galbraith had made love to her. The hour in the University Club when Rodney's heart had first shrunk from an unacknowledged fear, the days and weeks of humiliation and distress that had succeeded it, were a part of him—an ineffaceable part.

SO IT was natural enough—though not, therefore, the less distressing—that Rose should note, with wonder, a tendency in him to revert to the manner which had characterized his first call upon her in New York, a tendency to be—of all things—polite. He didn't swear any more, nor contradict. He chose his words, got up when she did, picked up things she dropped. And when she was quite sure she was safe from discovery, she sometimes wept forlornly for the rough, outrageous, absent-minded, imperious lover of old.

She did not know that she was different too, as remote from the girl she had been during the first six months of their marriage—the girl who, "all eyes," had held her breath while Doctor Randolph told her things; the girl who had smiled over Bertie Willis's love-making, because she didn't know that such things happened except in books—as he was from the old Rodney.

So it was not wonderful that Rodney should have found a new mystery in her; nor that seeing in her look, sometimes—especially when it was not meeting his own—the reflections of a thousand experiences he had not shared with her, he should have felt that she was a long way off. And his heart ached for the old Rose, whom he had so completely "surrounded"—the Rose who had consulted him about the menus for her dinners, who had brought him all her little troubles; who had tried—bless her!—to study law, and had stolen into court to hear his argument, so that she could talk with him. Whatever the future might have for him, it would never bring that Rose back.

The arrival of the twins, in the convoy of a badly flustered—and, to tell the truth, a somewhat scandalized—Miss French, simplified the situation somewhat—by complicating it! They absolutely enforced a routine. And they gave Rose and Rodney so many occupations that the contemplation of their complicated states of mind was much abridged.

But even her babies brought Rose a disappointment along with them. From the time of the receipt of Miss French's telegram, telling them what train she and the twins would take, Rose had been telling off the hours in mounting excitement. The two utterly adorable little creatures, as the pictures of them in Rodney's pocketbook showed them to be, who were miraculously, incredibly hers, were coming to bring motherhood to her—a long-deferred payment for the labor and the agony with which she had borne them; the realization of half-forgotten hopes which had, during the period of her pregnancy, been the mainstay of her life. There was now no Mrs. Ruston, no Harriet (Harriet had gone back to Italy at the beginning of the war), no

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plausible physician to keep them away from her. Rose had a smile of tender pity for the memory of the girl who had struggled so ineffectually, and yet with such heart-breaking earnestness, to break the filaments of the web they'd spun around her.

No, it wouldn't be like that now. Rodney had agreed explicitly that Miss French was to be allowed to stay only so long as Rose wanted her; only for the few days—or hours—she would need for making herself mistress of their régime. Then the nurse was to be sent away on a vacation, and Rose should have her children to herself.

IT SEEMED TO THEM THAT ALL LIFE WAS A TRACK OF GOLD.

She didn't go to the station with Rodney to meet them; stayed behind in the cottage, ostensibly to see to it, up to the very last minute, that the fires were right (June had come in cold and rainy) and, in general, to be ready, on the moment, to produce anything that their rather unforeseeable needs might call for. Her real reason was a shrinking from having her first meeting with them in the confusion of arrival on a station platform, under the eyes of the world. Rodney understood this well enough, and, arriving at the cottage, he clambered out of the wagon with them and carried them both straight in to Rose, leaving the nurse and the bewildering paraphernalia of travel for a second trip.

Rose, in the passionate surge of gratified desire that came with the sight of them, caught them from him, crushed them up tight against her breast—and frightened them half to death. So that, without dissimulation, they howled and brought Miss French flying to the rescue. Rose didn't make a tragedy of it; managed a smile at herself, though she suspected she'd cry when she got the chance, and subjected her ideas to an instantaneous revision. They were —*persons*, those two funnily indignant little mites, with their own ideas, their own preferences, and the perfectly adequate conviction of being entitled to them. How would she herself have liked it, to have a total stranger, fifteen feet high or so, snatch at her like that?

She was rather apologetic all day, and got her reward; especially from the boy, who was an adventurous and rather truculent baby, much, she fancied, as his father must once have been, and who took to her more quickly than the girl did. Indeed, the second Rodney fell in love with her almost as promptly as his father had done before him. But little Portia wasn't very far behind. Two days sufficed for the conquest of the pair of them.

THE really disquieting discovery awaited the time when the wire-edge of novelty about this adventure in motherhood had worn off; when she could bathe them, dress them, feed them their very strictly regimented meals, without being spurred to the highest pitch of alertness by the fear of making a mistake—forgetting something like the juice of a half-orange at ten o'clock in the morning, the omission of which might have—who knew what disastrous consequences!

That attitude can't last any woman long, and Rose, with her wonderfully clever hands, her wits trained not to be told the same thing twice, her pride keeping in sharp focus the determination that Rodney should see that she could be as good a nurse as Miss French—Rose wore off that nervous tenseness

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over her new job very quickly. Within a week she had a routine established that was noiseless—frictionless.

But, do you remember how aghast she was over the forty weeks John Galbraith had talked about as the probable run of "The Girl Up-stairs;" her consternation over the idea of just going on doing the same thing over and over again, "around and around, like a horse at the end of a pole"?

Well, it was with something the same feeling of consternation that, having thrown herself heart and soul into the task of planning and setting in motion a routine for two year-and-a-half-old babies, she should find herself straightening up and saying: "What next?" and realizing that, so far as this job was concerned, there was no "Next." The supreme merit of her care from now on would be—barring emergencies—the placid continuation of that routine. There were no heroics about motherhood—save in emergency, once more. It was a question of remembering a hundred trivial details and executing them in the same way every day. It was a question of doing a thousand little services, not one of which was serious enough to occupy her mind, every one of which was capable of being done almost automatically—but not quite! The whole of the attention was never quite taken, and yet it was never, all the way around the clock, entirely left free. And her love for them, which had become almost as intense and overmastering a thing as her love for her husband, could never be expressed fully, as was her love for him. It would be cruelly unfair, she recognized that, to emotionalize over them—force them.

It was a fine relation. It was, perhaps, the very finest in the world. But as a job, it wasn't so satisfactory. Four-fifths of it, anyway, could be done with better results, for the children, by a placid, unimaginative, tolerably stupid person who had no stronger feeling for them than the mild, temporary affection they could excite in any one not a monster. And the other fifth of it wasn't a job at all.

On the whole, then, leaving their miraculous hours out of the account, their honeymoon, considered as an attempt to revisit Arcady, to seize a golden day which looked neither toward the past nor toward the future, complete in itself, perfect—was a failure.

IT WAS not until, pretty ruefully, they acknowledged this, tore up their artificial resolution not to look at the future, and deliberately set themselves to the contemplation of a life that would have to take into account complex and baffling considerations, that their honeymoon became a success. It was well along in their month that this happened.

Rose had spent a maddening sort of day, a day that had been all edges, trying not to let herself feel hurt over fantastic secondary meanings which it was possible to attach to some of the things Rodney had said, trying to be cheerful and sensible, and to ignore the patent fact that his cheerfulness was as forced and unnatural a thing as hers. The children—as a rule the best-behaved little things in the world—had been refractory. So, after their supper, when they'd finally gone off to sleep, and Rose had rejoined Rodney in the sitting-room, she was in a state where it did not take much to set her off.

It was not much that did; nothing more, indeed, than the fact that she found her husband brooding in front of the fire, and that the smile with which he greeted her was a little too quick and bright and mechanical, and that it soon faded out. The Rodney of her memories had never done things like that. If you found him sitting in a chair, you found him reading a book. When he was thinking something out he tramped back and forth, twisted his face up, made gestures. That habit couldn't have changed. It was just that he wasn't

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being natural with her! Couldn't feel at home with her! Before she knew it, she was crying.

He asked, in consternation, what the matter was.

"Nothing," she said. "Absolutely nothing. Really."

"Then it's just—that you're not happy, with me, like this." He brought that out gravely, a word at a time, as though they hurt.

"Are you happy, with me—like this?" she countered.

It was a question he could not answer categorically, and she did not give him time for anything else. "What's the matter with us, Roddy?" she demanded. "We ought to be happy. We meant to be. We said that we'd been through a lot, and that probably there was a lot more to go through—in the way of working things out, at least—and that we'd take a month just for nothing but to be happy in—just for pure joy." Her voice broke in a sob over that. "And here we are—like this!"

"It hasn't all been like this," he said. "There have been hours, a day or two, that I'd go through the whole thing for again, if necessary."

SHE nodded assent to that. "But the rest of the time!" she cried. "Why can't we be—comfortable together? Why . . . Roddy, why can't you be natural with me? Like your old self. Why don't you roar at me, any more? And swear when you run into things? I've never seen you formal before—not with anybody. Not even with strangers. And now you're formal with me."

The rueful grin with which he acknowledged the truth of this indictment was more like him, and it cheered her immensely. She answered it with one of her own, dried her eyes, and asked again, more collectedly: "Well, can you tell me why?"

"Why, it seemed to me," he said, "that it was you who were different. And you have changed, of course, down inside, more than I have. You've been through things in the last year and a half, found out things that I know nothing about, except as I have read about them in books. I've never had to ask a stranger for a job. I've never been brought to bay, the way you were in that damned town of Centropolis (I'd like to burn it). And other things—horrible things, have—have come so near you, that if it hadn't been for that white flame of yours, they'd have marked you. When I think of those things, I feel like a schoolboy beside you. You've no idea how—how innocent a man can be, Rose. That's not the tradition, but it's true. So, when I remember how things used to be between us, how I used to be the one who knew things, and how I preached and spouted, I get to feeling that the man you remember must look to you now, like—well, like a schoolboy showing off."

She stared at him incredulously. "But that's downright morbid," she said. "You don't have to go into the gutter to learn things. And what you say about innocence— A man can't keep his innocence by being ignorant, Roddy. If he's kept it, he must have fought for it. I know that." She was still deeply disturbed. "It's horrible that I should make you feel like that," she concluded.

HE PULLED HER DOWN IN HIS ARMS—COMFORTED HER.

"It isn't you," he told her. "It's just the situation. I can't help feeling that I'm taken on approval. Oh, it's *got* to be like that! There are things that, with all the forgiveness in the world, you can't forget. And until you have seen that I am different, that I have made myself different. . . ."

She gave a shaky laugh. "On approval!" Her eyes filled again. "Roddy, you can't mean that." She came over and sat down in

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his lap, and slid her arm around his neck. "This is where we'll begin!" she said. "That I'll never—whatever happens—walk out on you again. Whether things go well or badly with us, we'll work it out, somehow, together."

It was not until she heard the long, shuddering sigh he drew at that, and felt him go limp under her, that she realized how genuine his fear had been—the perfectly preposterous fear that if their new experiment didn't come up to her anticipation, she'd tell him so, and leave him once more. This time, for good.

It was a good while before they took up a rational discussion again, but at last she said: "It will take working out, though. We've been shirking that. Hadn't we better begin?"

He assented. "Only, you'll have to get up," he said, "and sit down somewhere else. Out of reach."

SHE smiled as she obeyed him. "It's hard for a woman to remember," she said, "that a man can't think about other things when he's making love, and can't think about the person he's in love with when he's doing other things. Because that's about the easiest thing a woman does."

She saw by the expression that went over his face that her remark had chilled him a little. He didn't like to think of her as "a woman," nor of his relation to her as accounted for by the fact that he was "a man." He'd generalize fast enough about the world at large, but it would always be hard for him to include her and himself in his generalizations.

"Well," he said when he'd got his pipe alight, "it's the first question I asked you after—after I got my eyes open: What are we going to do?"

"I told Alice Perosini," she said, "the day before we left to come up here, that I'd come back in a month, and that I'd stay until I'd finished all the work that we were contracted for. I felt I had to do that. You understand, don't you?"

"Of course," he said. "You couldn't consider anything else. But then what?"

"Then," she said after a little silence, "then, if it's what you want me to do, Roddy, I'll come back to Chicago, for good."

"Give up your business, you mean?" he asked quickly.

She nodded. "It can't be done out there," she said. "All the big productions that there's any money in are made in New York. I'll come back and just be your wife. I'll keep your house and mother the children, and—maintain your status, if you don't think I'm spoiled for that."

That last phrase, though, was said with a smile, which he answered with one of his own. But with an instant return to seriousness, he said: "I've not asked that, Rose. I wouldn't dream of asking it."

"I know," she said. "It's a thing I'm glad you let me give—unasked. But I mean it, Roddy. I've meant it from the first, when I told you you were all I wanted. There wasn't any string tied to that."

"I know," he said. "But all the same, it wouldn't work, Rose."

"There's a real job there," she persisted, "just in being successfully the wife of a successful man. I can see that now. I never saw it when it was my job. Hardly caught a glimpse of it. I didn't even see my bills; let you pay them down at the office, with all your own work that you had to do.' '

"It wasn't me," he said. "It was Miss Beach."

She stared at that and gave a short laugh. "If I'd known that . . . !" she said. Then she came back to the point. "It is a real job, and I think I could learn to do it pretty well. And of course a wife's the only person who *can* do it properly."

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Still he shook his head. But he hadn't, as yet, any reasoned answer to make, except as before, that it wouldn't work.

"I shouldn't mind the money end of it," she said. "I mean living on yours. I know I can earn my way, and I know you know it. So that wouldn't matter. I'd never feel like a beggar again, Roddy."

"I know," he agreed. "But that isn't it. It isn't a question of what you'd like to be, or are willing to be. It's a question of what you are. You're something more than just my wife. You've got certain talents—certain proved capacities. That's as true as that I am something besides—just your husband. There you are! Try it on, the other way around. Suppose I should offer to give up my practise and come down here to live with you—be just your husband and, say, your business manager. You can see that that's preposterous. Or, for that matter, we could both quit. I've made a devil of a lot of money lately. I've an income from my investments of from twenty-five to thirty thousand a year, that we could live on, and not do a blessed thing but be husband and wife to each other. Like the McCreas. But it wouldn't work. You've got to be what you are, that's the point, and, somehow or other, cut your life to fit. I expect that's one of the things that's been the trouble with us down here. We've both been trying so damned hard to *be* something. And that won't work."

"What will work, then?" she asked. And this he couldn't answer.

"WE'VE just got to go ahead," he said at last, "and see what happens. Perhaps you can work it out so that you can do part of your work at home. We could move the nursery and give you Florence's old studio. And then it would do if you only came down here for your two big seasons—fall and spring."

"That doesn't seem fair to you," she protested. "You deserve a real wife, Roddy; not somebody dashing in and dashing out."

"I don't deserve anything I can't get," he said. "I'd rather have a part interest in you than to possess, lock, stock, and barrel, any other woman I can think of."

She came back to him again and settled down in his arms. "You used to possess me, lock, stock, and barrel," she said. "You can do it again, if you'll say the word, Rodney."

He shook his head. "That's just what I can't do," he told her. "That's gone and we'll never get it back. And I don't believe I'd have it back if I could. For one thing, you can't possess, without being possessed. I know that back in those days you're talking about, I used to try to fight you out of my thoughts. Used to stay down late at the office, not working, just trying not to think about you. Trying to save out part of myself from being saturated with you. It was the fact that I was so terribly important to you that used to make me feel like that; the fact of your dependence—I don't mean for money—on me. I used to think it wasn't your lover that thought that, it was the other man; that it would be a perfectly wonderful relief to me if you could just get some interest that left me out. And all the while the lover in me was trying to have all of you there was. It's a hard thing to talk sense about."

"A man told me," Rose said—"John Galbraith told me that he couldn't be a woman's friend and her lover at the same time, any more than a steel spring could be made soft so that it would bend in your fingers, like copper, and still be a spring. He said that was true of him, anyway, and he felt sure it was true of nine men out of a dozen. Do you think it's true? Have we got

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to decide which we'll be?"

"We can't decide," he said with an impatient laugh. "That's just what I've been telling you. We've got to take what we can get. We've got to work out the relation between ourselves that is *our* relation—the Rose and Rodney relation. It'll probably be a little different from any other. There'll be friendship in it, and there'll be love in it. Imagine our 'deciding' that we wouldn't be lovers! But I guess that what Galbraith said was true to this extent: that each of those will be more or less at the expense of the other. It won't spring quite so well, and it will bend a little."

She was still disposed to rebel at this conclusion. "I don't see why it has to be that way," she insisted. "Why it can't be a perfect thing instead of just a compromise. Why being friends and partners shouldn't make us better lovers, and why being lovers shouldn't make us better friends."

"LIKE the doctrine of the Trinity," he murmured. " 'Three in one; one in three. Without confounding the persons nor dividing the substance.' It's a wonderful idea, certainly."

"Well, then," she demanded, "isn't it what we ought to try for? The very best there is?"

"That's what they tell us," he admitted. " 'Aim high,' they say. I'm not sure it isn't better to aim at something you can hit. Why, look at us, these past three weeks! We said we were going to have a month of pure happiness. One hundred per cent. pure. We waked up every morning telling ourselves we'd got to be happy, and we made ourselves miserable every night wondering if we'd been happy enough."

"I'm glad you were miserable, too," she said. "I was *so* ashamed of myself for being."

After a while he said: "Here's what we've got to build on: Whatever else it may or may not be, this relation between us is a permanent thing. We've lived with each other and without each other, and we know which we want. If we find it has its limitations and drawbacks, we needn't worry. Just go ahead and make the best of it we can. There's no law that decrees we've got to be happy. When we *are* happy it'll be so much to the good. And when we aren't. . . ."

She gave a contented little laugh and cuddled closer down against him. "You talk like Solomon in all his solemnity," she said. "But you can't imagine that we're going to be unhappy. Really?"

His answer was that perhaps he couldn't imagine it, but that he knew it, just the same. "Even an ordinary marriage isn't any too easy; a marriage, I mean, where it's quite well understood which of the parties to it shall always submit to the other, and which of them is the important one who's always to have the right of way. There's generally something perfectly unescapable that decides that question. But with us there isn't. So the question who's got to give in will have to be decided on its merits every time a difference arises." She burlesqued a look of extreme apprehension. She was deeply and utterly content with life just then. But he wouldn't be diverted. "There's another reason," he went on. "I've a notion that the thing we're after is about the finest thing there is. If that's so, we'll have to pay for it in one way or another. But we aren't going to worry about it. We'll just go ahead—and see what happens."

"Do you remember when you said that before?" asked Rose. "You told me that marriage was an adventure anyway, and that the only thing to do was to try it—and see what happened."

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"THIS IS WHERE WE'LL BEGIN!" SHE SAID. "I'LL NEVER WALK OUT ON YOU AGAIN."

He grunted. "The real adventure's just begun," he said.

"Anyhow," she murmured drowsily, "you can talk to me again. Just as if we weren't married."

Portia closes a door.

AND there is just about where they stand to-day — at the beginning, or hardly past the beginning, of what he spoke of as their real adventure; they are going forward prepared to make the best of it and see what happens.

What did happen within two or three days after this last conversation of theirs that I have chronicled was that Rose went back with Rodney and the twins to Chicago, stayed there only until Miss French could be summoned back from her vacation, and then went on to New York to a badly worried Alice and the now extremely urgent affairs of Dane and Company.

Summer is a slack time for a lawyer, of course, since judges are gentlemen who like long vacations. So Rodney persuaded Rose to take a bigger apartment in the same building and to put a card in the mail-box that would account for him as well as for herself. He came down pretty often, and always had, it must be owned, a rather hard time of it. The spectacle of Rose driving along an ungodly number of hours a day, while he idled about, doing nothing, was one he found it hard to get used to. It didn't altogether reconcile him to it to have her point out that there were times when he drove like that. They had two or three good Sundays, though; one of them out on Long Island

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RODNEY CARRIED THE TWINS BOTH STRAIGHT IN TO ROSE, LEAVING THE PARAPHERNALIA OF TRAVEL FOR A SECOND TRIP.

with John Galbraith—a meeting and the beginning of a friendship which Rose had been very keen to bring about.

Her work ended with a terrific climax in September, just about as his began, and Rose came back to Chicago, spent a joyous month with the twins, and with the little of Rodney his office could spare of him. Then, taking the babies and their nurse with her, she went out to California to see her mother

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ROSE CAUGHT THEM FROM RODNEY, CRUSHED THEM UP TIGHT AGAINST HER BREAST AND FRIGHTENED THEM HALF TO DEATH.

and Portia. Without any special incentive, just the natural desire of a daughter and a sister for reunion after so long a parting would have taken her there. But Rose had a special incentive. She wanted to talk to Portia. They hadn't had a real talk since that devastating day—ages ago—when, yielding to an impulse of passionate self-revelation, Portia had exhibited her great sacrifice and her equally great, though thwarted, desire; had said to Rose: "I

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am the branch they cut off so that you could grow. You're living my life as well as yours. The only thing I ever could hate you for would be for failing." She wanted to tell Portia how the life she had given up the chance of living had grown in her sister's trust. She wanted Portia's "Well done."

Also, as a practical matter of justice, she wanted to repay—so far as money could repay—what Portia, at such a cost, had given her. It was a project that had often been in her thoughts; at first, just as a dream, latterly as a realizable hope.

Considered just as a visit to her mother and sister, the journey to California was a success. Her mother, especially, got a vast satisfaction out of the twins, and Rose an equal satisfaction out of seeing how content she was.

She was writing a book—a sort of autobiography. Not that her life, as she modestly said, was worth writing about, but that the progress of the Cause she had devoted her life to could hardly be illustrated in a better way than with an account of that life; of the ideas she had found current in her girlhood; of the long struggle by means of which those ideas had become modified; and, last and most important, of the danger lest, now that the old fixed ideas had become fluid, they should flow in the wrong direction. Portia was acting as her amanuensis—faithful, competent, devoted, and—just as of old, or perhaps more so, Rose couldn't be sure—ironic, a little acrid.

MRS. STANTON'S attitude toward Rose's own adventure perplexed and amused her a little. She'd half expected to be embarrassed with approbation. She was prepared to deprecate a little the idea that by the example of her revolt and her attained independence she had done a service to the great Cause. She didn't feel at all sure that she had; couldn't believe that she and Rodney, with all their struggles, had settled anything; and she had hesitated as to how far she could convey that doubt to her mother.

But she might have spared her pains. Mrs. Stanton's attitude, while it fell short of "the less said the better," was one, at least, of suspended judgment. She couldn't, conceivably, ever have left Henry Stanton. She couldn't, evidently, understand why Rose mightn't have done her wifely duty and been content with that. She felt it incumbent upon women to demonstrate to men that the new liberties they sought would not, when granted, lead them to disregard the ties which were the essential foundations of Christian society. But Rose belonged to the new generation—a generation that confronted, no doubt, new problems, and would have to solve them for itself.

This suited Rose well enough. What she wanted from her mother, anyway, was just the old look of love and trust. And she got that abundantly.

The thing she wanted from Portia she didn't get. As long as any one else was by, she and Portia chatted easily, on the best of terms. But, left alone with her—as it seemed to Rose she actually took pains not to be—Portia's manner took on that old ironic aloofness that had always silenced her when she was a girl. She made at last a resolute effort to break through.

"One of the things I came out for," she said, "was to talk to you—talk it all out with you. I want to know what sort of job you think I've made of it."

"You've evidently made a good job of the costume business," said Portia. "I read that little article about you in *Vanity*, about a month ago. That didn't seem to leave much doubt as to who's who."

"I don't mean that," said Rose. "I mean what sort of job of it altogether; 'of the—of the life that's yours as well as mine.' "

She stopped there and waited, but all the assent she got from Portia was that she forbore to change the subject. They were sitting in the study which

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her mother had just abandoned for her afternoon nap, and Portia had busied herself sorting over the litter of papers her mother's activities always left.

"I want to tell you all about it," Rose said. "I'd like to tell you every smallest thing about it, if it were possible, so that you could remember it as I do." She tried to do this; to give her sister—not a narrative (her letters, after all, had put Portia in possession of the outlines of the story), but at least an interpretation of it that would go to the bottom; things she couldn't write in her letters, the actuating desires and hopes that lay behind the things she'd done. But the attempt collapsed. She was talking in a vacuum. Her phrases grew more disjointed until she felt that they were meaningless. At last, scrambling back to solid ground again, she told Portia that she wanted to pay back to her the cost of her education, as well as that could be calculated, and of her trousseau.

Portia's negative of this proposition was as keen and straight as a knife-edge. The thing wasn't to be discussed, not to be considered for an instant. "We're perfectly well off, mother and I. We're living easily within our income out here, and we're as contented as possible." The cadence of those last three words had a finality about it that closed the subject.

Portia didn't want to share, vicariously, in the life she'd made possible for Rose. The branch had withered indeed and didn't want the pain of feeling the sap struggling up under its bark again. The ashes had better be left banked up about the fading coal. The silence was like the click of a closing door. Then Portia said: "What does the North Side bunch think of you, now you've come back? And those Lake Forest friends of yours? They must have been hideously scandalized. Are they going to forgive you?"

"Oh, they're lovely to me," said Rose. "The only one I've lost out with is Frederica. She'll be a long time making it up with me, if she ever does."

"She saw what Rodney went through while you were away, I expect," Portia suggested.

"That, of course," said Rose. "And then—well, my going away like that, especially as she began to see what the idea was, must have seemed a sort of criticism on her own way of life, which she's every reason to feel perfectly satisfied with. And that, after she'd let herself get really fond of me, and brought me up by hand, must be pretty hard to forgive. She has forgiven me, of course. She's a dear. But we've—sort of got to begin again."

Portia wanted to know about the others; that pretty Williamson woman, and a few more whose names she remembered.

ROSE told her; took a feverish interest in the rather indifferent topic just to bury the memory of the one which had failed so dismally. She described a dinner or two she had been to since her return, and told of the little triumph that had been made for her on the occasion of the Chicago opening of "Come On In." Everybody had been there, and the Crawfords had given a supper dance for her at the Blackstone afterward. And, driving in the last nail, she told of the feeble little witticism old Mrs. Crawford had made apropos of her return—a remark whose tinge of malice was so mild that it was felt by all to constitute an official sanction of her social rehabilitation.

Portia honestly enjoyed all that, but Rose went back to the hotel feeling pretty blue. (They were stopping at the hotel. The twins alone, to say nothing of Miss French and herself, would have been too much for the modest confines of the bungalow.) She wished she could have a good long talk, tonight, with Rodney.

She had a sense of somebody, away up above all mundane affairs—not

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responsible for them, perhaps, but capable, at all events, of thoroughly taking them in—smiling at them all with a sort of ferocious cynicism. In the foreground of this impression were the good friends, the really good friends she had just been telling Portia about who had taken her back with so warm a welcome—because she'd succeeded, got away with it!

IT WAS with a deeper feeling of melancholy that she thought of Portia and her mother. Portia, who had fought so gallantly and deserved so much, thwarted, withered, huddling her ashes around her so that her coal of fire might never be fanned into flame again. Her mother, living gently in the afterglow of an outworn gospel. Must every one come to an end like that when some initial store of energy was spent? Begin walling himself in against life? Stuffing new experiences into pigeonholes, unscrutinized? Would the time come when little Portia would have to begin treating her with the same tender patronage that Rose felt now for her mother? Would little Portia, some day, smile over her life like that, and wonder whether she'd ever really lived?

She did wish she could have a talk with Rodney. The telephone-switchboard in the lobby gave her an idea. It was five o'clock, now; seven in Chicago. He'd just be sitting down to dinner, all by himself, poor dear, most likely, and wishing for a talk with her. Well, why not?

She rather electrified the hotel office when she put in that call. The whole place wore an important air for the next half-hour. She went up to her room to wait for it, and before the line was put through she thought of something that would have prevented her doing it if she'd thought in time. He'd probably think something horrible had happened to one of them. So the moment she heard his voice—it was faint and far away, but clear enough so that she could detect the straining urgency of it—she said: "It's all right, Roddy. There isn't a thing the matter. Did I frighten you half to death?"

He said, "Thank God!" And then, "I don't suppose it was two minutes I waited for your voice, but it seemed a year. What is it?"

"I'm ashamed to tell you, after a scare like that. It's nothing, Roddy. Just to hear you say hello. It seems a pretty unjust sort of world, to-night, and I wanted to be reminded that you were in it. That's all."

She had to say it all over again before she could make him believe he'd heard her straight, and by that time she was feeling pretty foolish over the impulse she had yielded to. But just the sound of his good, big laugh, when he understood, was worth it.

"You aren't running it, you know," he told her. "Leave the worry to the Authorities. I can't philosophize any better than that at twenty dollars a minute. I wish you were here."

"I wish so too," she said. "I will be next week."

When she had hung up the receiver she had to squeeze the tears out of her eyes before she could see to do anything else. But it was with her own smile that she contemplated what she meant to do next. She went into the adjoining room, relegated Miss French to the side lines, and undressed the twins herself. The twins adored her, and had the most ineffably delicious ways of showing it. But an added attraction for Rose resided in the fact that this incursion of hers always—just a little—annoyed Miss French. Clever as the nurse was about handling the twins, she could not manage even the pretense of that professional superiority which is the prerogative of nurses toward mothers. Rose, with those highly trained hands of hers, a twin in each of them, could exhibit a dazzling virtuosity that left Miss French nowhere.

THE END

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UNDER THE SPREADING CHESTNUT TREE

WITH PICTURES BY ROBERT G. BALL

Two Irishmen were discussing the death of a friend.

Said Malachi: "Sure, Dolan was a good fellow."

"He was that," assented Mike. "A good fellow, Dolan."

"And a cheerful man was Dolan," continued Malachi.

"A cheerful man was Dolan, the cheerfulest I ever knew," echoed Mike.

"Dolan was a ginerous man, too," said Malachi.

"Ginerous, did ye say? Well, I don't know so much about that. Did Dolan ever buy you anything?"

"Well, nearly," said Malachi, scratching his head in thought. "Wan day he come into Casey's barroom, where me and me friends was drinkin', and he said to us: 'Well, men, what are we going to have . . . rain or snow?' "

A commuter, in a tremendous hurry, entered a restaurant. "What have you for lunch?" he inquired of the waitress.

"Corn, peas, cabbage, lettuce, beans——"

"Don't fool with me, woman! Do I look like a rabbit?"

EDITOR'S NOTE—Though the sign is the Chestnut Tree, no story is barred by its youth. We shall gladly pay for available ones. Address all manuscripts to "The Chestnut Tree," enclosing stamped, addressed envelope.

The Chinese have numerous traditions concerning their famous philosopher, Confucius. One day, they say, while he was meditating in the fields outside the city of Tientsin, he noticed a woman weeping bitterly beside a fresh grave, which she was fanning vigorously. He was touched by her evident grief and said:

"O sorrowful one, what is your trouble?"

"Your Honorable Excellency, my husband is dead."

"No doubt he was a good husband and you are to be pitied, but why are you fanning his grave?"

"Exalted one," replied the woman—and her voice choked with sobs—"my husband made me promise not to marry again until his grave was dry."

A musical director tells a story of the embarrassment evinced by a young woman at a reception given Madame Schumann-Heink last year. The young woman was an enthusiastic admirer of the songstress, and she had often expressed to the hostess her intense desire to meet the celebrity. When, however, her turn came to be introduced to the famous woman she was so overcome that she lost her self-possession completely.

Blushing deeply, and twisting about the rings on her fingers, she managed to emit: "You— er—er—you sing, I be-believe."

"Heah, conductor!" yelled an infuriated "Colonel" on a Southern train, "that was my station, suh! Why didn't yuh stop theah, suh?"

"We don't stop theah no more," answered the conductor. "The engineer's mad with the station agent."

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One dark night three friends were crossing a deep, dry ravine, the banks of which were very precipitous. As the party had been imbibing a little too freely, one of the three had to be assisted up the incline. When, thinking him safe at the top, his friends turned him loose, he fell to the bottom. He lay very still, and the other two, supposing him severely injured, rushed down to him. As they leaned over to discover his condition, the fallen one exclaimed:

"For God's sake, strike a match! I think I'm unconscious!"

An advertisement which may be seen at the Asheville Baseball Park reads as follows:

"Don't kill your wife!
Let *us* do your dirty work.
"Mountain City Laundry."

H. H. Kohlsaat, the Chicago publisher, registered at the Hotel Cecil in London recently, and was assigned to a room on next to the top floor. The following morning he rang for a bell-boy. When there was no response to the second call he lifted the telephone receiver and waited in vain for "Are you there?" Failing to establish any communication with the office, he dressed and started for the office to register indignation. The elevator wasn't running. He began to walk down. On the fourth landing he met a housemaid, and asked in strong Chicago language what was the matter with the hotel.

"Well, sir, you see, sir," came the answer, "the Zeppelins were reported, and we were all ordered to the cellar for safety."

"————————!" After which Mr. Kohlsaat said: "Well, I'm on the next to the top floor and *I* wasn't warned."

"No, sir," was the bland reply, "but you see, sir, you don't come under the Employers' Liability Act, sir."

It was well known in staggeringly high society that the beautiful Lady Rosemary had never been kissed before; and as, after a long, languorous embrace, the athletic young Duke of Rushmore released his hold, she gazed searchingly into his lovelorn eyes and questioned:

"And do the poor indulge in this way?"

"Quite frequently, little pet," answered the high personage.

"Well, well, well! And do they experience the same sensations as we do, dear?"

"Absolutely."

"Dear, dear, dear! Why, it's much too good for the working classes!"

A parrot had spent most of his life in the box-office of a theatre and had learned a good many of the words and phrases common to that place. One day he was missed from his accustomed perch, and after a long search was found in a tree in the middle of a field. He was surrounded by a flock of crows who were attacking him from all sides, and had picked off almost all his feathers. As his rescuers came up they heard him saying: "Don't be in a hurry, gentlemen." "One at a time!" "Don't push!" "Don't shove!" "Take your time! There are a few good ones left."

"Mary," said the sick man to his wife, when the doctor had pronounced it a case of smallpox, "if any of my creditors call, tell them that I am at last in a position to give them something."

The jury had been out for two days, and still one persistent fellow held out against the other eleven. "Well, gentlemen," asked the court officer, looking in at the door, "shall I order twelve dinners?"

"No," replied the foreman. "Make it eleven dinners and a bale of hay."

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Everybody's Magazine

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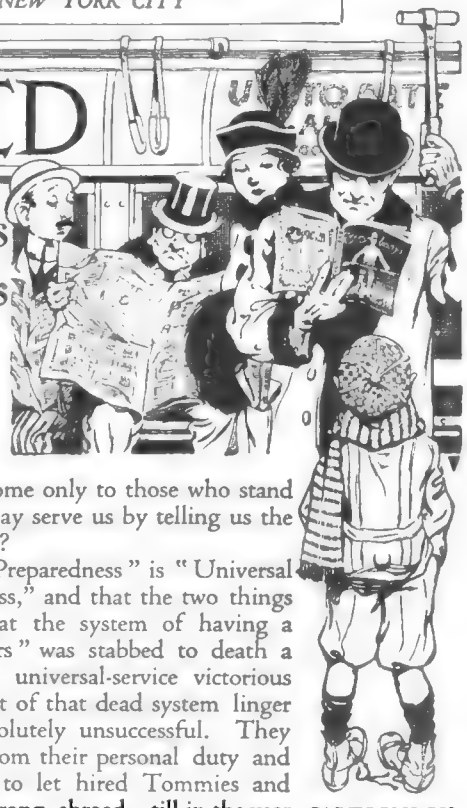
KEEP POSTED

A Brisk Summary of Big Events and Issues



CARTOONS BY GEORGE M. RICHARDS.

SECRETARY GARRISON! WHAT IS THE TRUTH?

WHY do we make a man President? Why do we make a man Secretary of War? Is it not, in some degree, that they may give to the people the vision which can come only to those who stand in high places? Is it not, in some degree, that they may serve us by telling us the whole truth as well as by tickling the soles of our feet?

Wilson and Garrison know perfectly well that "Preparedness" is "Universal Service," and that "Universal Service" is "Preparedness," and that the two things are absolutely identical. They know perfectly well that the system of having a small "standing army" backed by armies of "volunteers" was stabbed to death a hundred and twenty-five years ago by the democratic universal-service victorious armies of republican France. They have seen the ghost of that dead system linger on in England, a system undemocratic, unscientific, absolutely unsuccessful. They have seen it turn the minds of men in England away from their personal duty and responsibility, teaching them to slack at home and to let hired Tommies and eccentric volunteers do their fighting for them, right or wrong, abroad—till in the year just past we have had the spectacle of Englishmen, the old master-race of the world, running recruiting-bazaars and manufacturing poster-patriotism pills while Frenchmen and Russians perished by the million for the help that did not come. Let England win a hundred battles on the sea. Across her coat-of-arms will always lie a Belgium and a Serbia impaled and bleeding—and a volunteer dormant.

Wilson and Garrison know it. They know that an army of mercenaries backed by an army of casuals is an insult to the spirit of democracy, which demands that all shall serve and none shall wait; and they know that it is a short-cut to death because it makes us think that we can fight without making us actually capable of fighting.

But Wilson and Garrison know one other thing, too—or think they do. They think they know that the majority of the American people want "Preparedness" without paying for it in their own proper persons. They think they know the American people want "Preparedness" at the expense of paupers and of adventurers—and of exceptional patriots—who will enlist for money—or for excitement—or for absurd self-sacrifice, squandering their lives to save the lives of slackers. They want "Preparedness" without "Service." They want "Preparedness" without

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BUT SUPPOSE THE SWORD IS MADE OF COTTON-WOOL?

"Preparedness." They want a sword, but they want it made out of a material which Wilson and Garrison know to be cotton-wool.

Very well, says Washington. We will give it to them. And we will not merely give it to them. That is our duty. We will go beyond our duty. We will tell them that cotton-wool is splendid stuff. The people are busy in private affairs earning their livings eight to twelve hours a day. We are employed to specialize in public affairs. Far be it from us, though, to assume to instruct the people. If they are misinformed, we will repeat their misinformation to them. If they are blinded by bandages of inexperience, we will not try to strip those bandages off for them. We will dig a pit for them, of their own desire, into which they may fall.

That is the New Leadership. That is the leadership that democracies are getting to-day all over the world. In place of a leader that leads—a leader that listens. In place of a prophet—a phonograph. In place of a Moses—a Mephistopheles, whispering to Faust what Faust wants to hear.

Garrison is too honest to go all the way through to the finish of that theory of popular government. His honesty is as remarkable as his ability. Even in the midst of the politics of Washington he moves toward the truth—toward seeing it—toward telling it. In the very document in which he recommends a "Continental Army" he can not refrain from hinting at those very different recommendations which a non-political servant or ruler of the people would feel obliged to make.

He says that there are certain "proposals" that can not profitably be advanced at present. These proposals are "sound from a military point of view." The objection to them is that they run counter to "existing institutions and sentiments." He says again that in order to secure the adoption of these proposals it would be necessary to secure "a reversal of existing institutions and the changing of existing sentiments." We know that such reversals and changings are politically difficult. He says again, while speaking of political and legal difficulties, that "these reasons dispose of many suggestions which are entirely worthy of consideration from a military standpoint."

What proposals? What suggestions? He really mentions only one. There really exists only one. He mentions it. "Universal service." And what does he think of his own "volunteer" plans in comparison with "universal service"? He says that those plans "come as nearly as possible to meeting the conditions which must be met in a country which does not provide for 'universal service'"!

As for the possible success of "volunteer" plans, he is truthfully unenthusiastic. He seems to dwell rather on their possible failure. In doing so he reveals his only excuse for recommending any such plans. He says that "it certainly is not the sentiment of this country that any such failure [of 'volunteer' plans] is possible." He himself does not seem to share that sentiment. He not only mentions the possibility of failure, but goes on to point out its consequences, in the famous passage in which he says:

"If the nation requires certain service and offers the most favorable opportunity for the citizens to furnish such service, and, notwithstanding that, it can not secure such service, it must then resort to some method of compelling the service."

Secretary Garrison! There are times when a public man should be one hundred per cent. *this* or one hundred per cent. *that*. Such times are not frequent. Most politics is a struggle between bluish green and greenish blue. It is right, usually, that a public man should writhe and wriggle from tint to tint, toward the color he prefers. To-day the choice is between absolute white and absolute black. Choose which you will serve.

Choose black. Be for complete disarmament. It will put us in a position to claim the respect of the world for our "idealism."

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Choose white. Be for Preparedness. Be for the only Preparedness that prepares. Be for it openly and straightforwardly. It will put us in a position to claim the respect of the world for our power.

You surely know that the plans now under way will not put us in either of those two positions. We shall be sufficiently armed to forfeit the victories of "idealism" and yet so insufficiently and absurdly armed as to lose all chance of winning the victories of power.

Your annual report, from which we have quoted, makes us believe that you are for white. Say so. Say so, not in hints and subordinate sentences and buried paragraphs, but with a megaphone, if need be, from the top of the Washington Monument. Climb up where you can be seen and say what you mean—all of it.

Can democracies produce captains any more, as well as camp-followers? They must. They will. Otherwise they will fade away before the nations whose ruling classes, though they may not consult the common man, yet serve his national material interests with courage and initiative and vision. A vision of any destination is better than no vision. The inspired words remain inspired: "Where there is *no* vision, the people perish."

Secretary Garrison! There should be vision where you are placed. What is it? Black? White? Preach it!

SHE ALMOST HUMS WHEN SHE WHIRLS

EVERYBODY'S DOING *THIS* NOW.

CHARLOTTE, première skateuse in the Ice Ballet at the Hippodrome, begins a stride—lets it carry her, bending and curving, at top speed, to the center of the stage—brings herself up straight on her right toe—and starts whirling. She whirls twenty-six times on that one impulse, before she runs down. This can not be done on slippers. The best whirling dervishes in a regular toe-dancing slippered ballet will run down at the end of six whirls or seven. If it is to be done at all, it must be done on skates—and then it can be done only by Charlotte, the Belle of Berlin, the Teuton Top—Charlotte Oelschlaeger. She dances without that surname on.

Partly because of Charlotte and her Ice Ballet colleagues, the people of New York have taken to the ice in rinks and in restaurants with an enthusiasm unprecedented. Calculators calculate that there are more than 300,000 amateur skaters in New York this season. Last season there were not more than 40,000.

Charlotte gives skating lessons in the newspapers, with diagrams that show you where you wish you were going. Doctors prescribe skating. The skate-manufacturers point out that they went into the skate business because skating, unlike dancing, is conducted in a bracing atmosphere. They wish to make the community healthy. Charlotte's press-agent tells us that Charlotte was very ill before she took to skating. She took to skating at the age of six. We would not go so far as to say that skating cures measles or whooping-cough, but we are willing to help things along by saying that whatever was the matter with Charlotte Oelschlaeger it isn't now. She confirms our conviction that stage-dancing on ice has two great advantages over stage-dancing on a hardwood floor.

First there is an athletic advantage, as shown in the case of whirling. Impossible postures and impossible velocities—impossible on a hardwood floor—are brought to actuality on ice.

The second advantage is esthetic. A dancer in slippers or in boots or barefoot can not maintain any peculiarly beautiful pose for more than an instant. She loses her balance and must go on then to the next step in her performance. A dancer on skates strikes that pose and maintains it for what seems to be at least ten or fifteen seconds. She is gliding. She gets steadiness for her arms and legs from the very

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fact that her whole body is unanimously in motion. She keeps her balance. Motion and balance are two aspects of the same thing. She glides and turns and revolves—and her pose is just what it was before. Isadora Duncan was called a Greek statue. She would have been, if she had been able to maintain her poses long enough to permit the spectator to see them—and to see them from all sides—as he does in fact see a statue—or Charlotte Oelschlaeger.

As for the amateur ice-dancers, we congratulate them. In a restaurant where the tobacco is hot and the tango is ardent, the rise of the curtain on the little ice-rink in the corner sends a breath of vigor and of cool cleanliness into the room; and when the ice-dancing starts, it is soon demonstrated that it is more difficult on skates than on feet to do a dance which for its merit has ardor and nothing more. In ice-dancing there has to be at least a trifle of genuine athleticism.

Just one feature of this craze do we gravely deplore. In a large indoor rink where at least fifteen hundred men and women were skating, massed in a dense, silently revolving wheel in which no one could have fallen down farther than to his neighbor's shoulder, there seemed to us to be only ten or twelve old-fashioned persons with skates attached to their shoes by clamps or straps. Everybody else had beautiful special skating-shoes with skates attached by screws permanently.

It was not so on the pond behind father's barn. Is there no limit to the amount of money this country can spend—except on military aeroplanes? We gave ready credence to the man who owned the hall and who was also in the skating-things business when he assured us that New York would spend at least three million dollars this winter on skating-shoes and skating-scarfs and skating-skirts and skating-caps, all special, all for this one short-season sport.

This Oelschlaeger girl is an expensive guest.

WHEN IS A MEMBER NOT A MEMBER?

THE LEAGUE OF DUMMY HOUSEWIVES

TO THE "dummy director" now add the "dummy member." For this new title the first open and avowed candidates are the 800,000 women who are reputed to belong to the National Housewives' League. The legal proceedings now under way before the Attorney-General of the State of New York seem to substantiate the proud claim that the 800,000 ladies in question knew precisely as much about the National Housewives' League as certain directors of the New Haven Railroad knew about that railroad.

It is a high compliment. We do not extend it to the undummified members of the League who incited the Attorney-General to interfere in its affairs. These members noticed that a certain letter had been sent out from the headquarters of the League endorsing and eulogizing a certain food-product. It was, and is, an estimable product, honestly managed. Certain questions, though, were raised.

Was the National Housewives' League an advertising medium? If so, who decided what products were to be advertised? And who got the money paid by the advertiser for the circulation of his advertisement?

Unnatural questions. Mrs. Julian Heath, president of the National Housewives' League, repelled them. Show the records of a membership corporation to the members? Certainly not. At all-day meetings of suddenly summoned delegates, Mrs. Heath stood magnificent, like Elihu Root at the Chicago Convention, breasting the waves of anarchy. Good members breasted them with her. "She is our mother! It is an insult to ask her questions!" Yet the questions continued. "Where is the constitution? Where are the by-laws? We have gone to headquarters, and we aren't allowed even to look at them."

It was shocking. It was conduct highly unbecoming to persons in the member business, which is one of the most flourishing businesses in the United States. The

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work of members is to uplift the home or the factory, or the social evil, or the United States Senate, by giving their names and ten cents or ten dollars to a society breathing uplift in its very letter-head, and by then passing rapidly on to the next booth, where there is another society desiring the valued support of their names and their dues—and so to tea at Mrs. Smith's, to listen to a lecture on providing rational amusement for dissipated poets. The duties of a member are dues and teas. No wonder Mrs. Heath felt outraged.

Besides, it developed that the testing and endorsing and eulogizing of food-products was not being done by the National Housewives' League at all. It was being done by the "National Housewives' League Educational Committee." It might be supposed, of course, that the "National Housewives' League Educational Committee" was a commitee of the National Housewives' League. Not so. The "National Housewives' League Educational Committee" is a totally separate corporation. It is controlled by Mrs. Heath and her personal associates. It is this corporation that makes the tests and grants the endorsements and eulogies, and enters into the arrangements for receiving the moneys of advertisers. The National Housewives' League has nothing to do with it. The members of the League are members of the League. They are not members of the "Committee." The League provides the membership and the reputation. The "Committee," over which the members of the League have no control, does the rest.

We commend this form of organization to the directors of the New Haven. If they could have one corporation which contained the stockholders and another corporation which contained the railroad, they could really pat themselves on the back.

Just one more touch remained possible to prove that women are capable of public life. It came. When a copy of the constitution of the National Housewives' League proper was at last confided to the members, they perceived that they did not seem to control even that empty organization itself. The Executive Committee apparently dominated and perpetuated the National Officers; and the National Officers apparently dominated and perpetuated the Executive Committee. All that was left to the rank-and-file members was to uplift the home by returning to it. Instead they went to the office of the Attorney-General.

We are told by lawyers that the law of membership corporations may be greatly affected and developed by this case. We hope so. Even strictly orthodox dummy members of uplift societies might like to feel that they could drop into national headquarters, if they wanted to, without being arrested for trespass.

FIGHTING PHRASES—HURLED BY THE COLONEL

COLONEL ROOSEVELT is not a phrase-maker. "Square Deal"? "Hat in the Ring"? "Bull Moose"? "Beaten to a Frazzle"? "Muck-raker"? "Mollycoddle"? "Undesirable Citizen"? "Malefactors of Great Wealth"? "Race Suicide"? "The Strenuous Life"? "Speak Softly and Carry a Big Stick"? "Lunatic Fringe"? "Outpatients of Bedlam"? "Byzantine Logothete"? Not a phrase-maker? He is the greatest phrase-maker in our history.

Well, Colonel Roosevelt, we repeat, is *not* a phrase-*maker*. He is a picker-up of phrases and a hurler of them. In a great emergency, pressed by an enemy, his eye catches a phrase lying ready-made at his feet, in the rich boundless field of his personal observation of men and of books. He stoops for it, takes careful aim at his enemy's head—and another set of words, previously harmless, explodes into fame. His merit is simply in fitting the phrase to the head.

This "Byzantine Logothete," for instance. The Colonel had been reading Hodgkin's "Italy and Her Invaders"—a nice work, in eight volumes—and Bury's

HE GETS THEM FROM ANYWHERE.

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"History of the Later Roman Empire, from Arcadius to Irene—which is a slender work in only two volumes. He was wallowing in the international politics of twelve hundred years ago. Byzantium on the Bosporus rolled before his eyes. It had "logothetes." It was the center of a great and civilized, though expiring, empire. Its officials, including those who bore that fascinating title, "logothetes," were men of academic professorial learning. The empire had foes. These foes—Arabs, Bulgars, Germans—were "barbarians." The officials of the empire thanked God that they were not "barbarians." They knew the principles of international law. They knew all the words of those principles. They wove them into notes, elegant notes, which they sent to the "barbarians." The "barbarians" swallowed the notes and ate the empire. Byzantium became Stamboul.

The Colonel turned from his books to his newspapers. "Lusitania." "Nebraska." "Gulflight." "Arabic." "Armenian." "Orduna." "Hesperion." "Ancona." Before any of them were attacked, "strict accountability." Perhaps the Colonel did not stop to think also of British attacks on our much-noted "neutral rights." Certainly he did not stop to find out if anybody in politics besides himself had ever read Hodgkin or Bury. "Strict accountability" from Washington—and then those unavenged ships! "Byzantine logothetes"! He just grabbed it and threw it.

The fact that the Colonel does not meditate his phrases, but merely commandeers the handiest one that happens at the time to be within reach of his memory, was indicated to us when we ourselves heard him call a man—a good, sturdy, ward-convention sergeant-at-arms kind of man—a "Fidus Achates." The room was not full of readers of Virgil and reverers of the friendship of Fidus Achates for Pius Æneas. On the contrary, it was full of hard-working politicians. The Colonel saw the sergeant-at-arms man first. "Ah!" He laid his hand on the man's shoulder. The room was still. In a moment it was stiller. "Gentlemen, you must know him. In our last fight he was, I may say, my Fidus Achates." Consternation.

The Colonel will say "Fidus Achates" to a sergeant-at-arms and "pal" to a university president. It depends entirely upon what segment of his mind happens to have revolved to the top for the moment.

"Square Deal" came from the vocabulary of the plainsmen, whom the Colonel knew in his ranching days. "Bull Moose" came from days in the big woods. "Muckraker" came from days with John Bunyan and "Pilgrim's Progress." Few of the Colonel's phrases can be said even to bear the appearance of being literary inventions; and those few, when the historians get to work on them, will probably turn out to be unconscious resurrections of forgotten memories of something the Colonel heard from a man he met in a boxing-match, or of something he saw in a manuscript he rummaged through in a friend's garret while they were looking for last year's Christmas-tree ornaments.

It is from his tireless seeings and hearings in the world of men and in the world of books that the Colonel returns to us with phrases, even as he returned from Africa with strange birds. No word-weaver. No inventor. In phrases, as in all other things, man of action—explorer, hunter, finder, fighter.

NO HOPE OF THE PRESIDENCY FOR HIM.

HE WHOM THE PEOPLE WILL NOT FORGIVE

HE HAS served the people. Yet the people will have none of him. They remember only that once he served their enemies.

He is the ablest man this nation has seen at Washington in our times. A president of the United States—a president closer than any other recent president to the great world of international affairs—said that he was the ablest man that had appeared in our times in any capital city on either side of the Atlantic.

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Serving the people as a Cabinet officer, he raised the consuls of the United States and the army officers of the United States out of the bottom of the pit of politics to a level whence at least the light of professional pride and the light of patriotism could be seen above. He did works of reorganization greater and better than those of any of his Cabinet colleagues. He did them, serving not wealth and not party, but the people. He deserved then the presidency. It went to one of his colleagues, who was to him as good, sound sandstone is to imperial marble.

Returning to his native state, he grew not less able, but more sympathetic. In his service to the people at Washington he had remained a Tory. He had served, but he had served only scientifically, only efficiently. Now he grew into a perception of government, not merely by the able and by the powerful, but by the all. The marble mellowed. He said that his state had lost self-government. He wrote for it a constitution which would have done much to loosen from it the hands of wealth and the hands of party—which would have done much to restore it to a control by itself. The people did not read his constitution. They read that he wrote it. They trampled it underfoot.

Now, in all states, they trample under foot his name for president. Let Taft be president! Let Weeks be president! Let William Hale Thompson be president! Let Fairbanks be president! Let not this man be president!

What do they know of him? They know that in his youth he served Tweed, defending him in courts of law against the charge of having corrupted the City of New York. They know that in his manhood he served Whitney and Ryan, guiding them through intricate routes of clean law to a corrupt mastery—a politically corrupt mastery—of the transportation of the city of New York. Not himself corrupt, he served those who profited by corruption. To their political might and to their financial might he gave mental might. Giving mental might, in courts of law, was his trade. He practised it. He practised it among the great persons of his day. The day was corrupt. The great persons were supremely despisers of the people, supremely plunderers of the people, supremely—as we now say—enemies of the people. They were the super-peers of plutocracy. He was their first law-lord. It is enough.

While yet the light holds out to burn, the vilest sinner may return—except Elihu Root.

Euripides is dead. There is no dramatist competent to this tragedy.

A sort of prologue to it was seen in the case of Nelson B. Aldrich. Aldrich spent the last years of his life doing a colossal work for the public. His Monetary Commission laid the foundations for the present scientific currency law. The report of the Monetary Commission was of the utmost value to the United States—to every man, woman, and child in it. Aldrich lived to see that report scouted and rejected, simply because it came from him. When the merit of it had been recognized and made into law, Aldrich was dead. He served the people at the last; and yet, at the last, died unforgiven.

WHY DE FOREST'S LAMP CAN "TALK"

DR. LEE DE FOREST'S electrical "talking lamp" has not been understood. It does not "talk" at all. It is not in any way a machine for reproducing sounds which have been inserted into it—like a phonograph. It is a machine which, in and of itself, creates new sounds. The novelty of it is that it creates these sounds, not out of mechanical vibration—as the piano does, or the violin, or any other instrument used in the orchestra—but out of vibrations which are electrical.

The lamp used is the "Audion," already famous for the help it has given to long-distance telephone conversations. When applied to that

PERHAPS HE'LL HEAR A WHOLE ORCHESTRA.

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latter purpose it is called the "Audion Amplifier." It was the device chiefly responsible for sending the human voice all the way from Washington to Honolulu. It takes sounds in and "amplifies" them and sends them on again.

It is an incandescent lamp—looking very much like the ordinary incandescent lamps used for the lighting of residences. Within its glass bulb, however, there are two pieces of bent wire, called "grids," and there are two pieces of flat metal, called "plates." When it is rigged up for the production of musical sounds, there are wires which lead from the "grids" to certain combinations of certain metal shapes, called "condensers" and "resistances." A layman would say that the sounds "originate" in these "condensers" and "resistances." They proceed from them to the "grids" in the lamp. From the "grids" they jump, as again a layman would say, to the "plates." The "plates" are connected with a wire to a telephone receiver. The musical sounds are delivered at that receiver.

The energy used in creating these sounds is an electric current—nothing more. When that current is flowing through a certain combination of "condensers" and "resistances," the sound delivered is, we will say, "A." When it is flowing through a certain other combination, the sound delivered is "B." There is no striking of strings, as in the case of the piano, and no blowing into air-passages, as in the case of a flute. The sounds are by-products of electrical discharges. They become audible because of being passed through the "Audion." One might almost say that the "Audion" renders silence audible.

Dr. De Forest has now arranged his "condensers" and "resistances" into certain combinations which will, for instance, when used in turn, produce eight successive sounds, constituting an octave. It may be said, therefore, that Dr. De Forest has taken the first steps toward a control of the *pitch* of the sounds created. He can go up and he can go down. Also, he is able, already, to produce sounds of varying qualities. Sometimes they are thin and sweet. Sometimes they roll like a drum.

That the instrument will produce musical sounds is demonstrated. The problem is to devise the combinations of "condensers" and "resistances" which will enable it to produce all the variations of pitch and of quality necessary to its ready use for musical purposes. This problem will, perhaps, require many months or many years for its solution. When it is finished, the world will have a musical instrument of a totally new sort. All that one can safely prophesy about it is contained in that one statement: It will be an instrument of a sort not known before at all. The chances are that it will have a very unusual capacity for producing sounds of many different qualities. Even now it seems to be able to go from a harshness, as of the drum, to a tenderness, as of the violin, in a manner not possible to any other one instrument now known to the orchestra. Perhaps it will turn out to be able to combine the merits of many instruments with certain merits all its own.

In the meantime, the great achievement is that electricity, long used to create light and heat, has now been simply and effectively used to create sound. The principle is established.

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You will find the "Publisher's" Department on page 6 of the Advertising Section; and "A Row of Books" on page 11.

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THE MOTHER IN TROUBLE

YOUR quick, generous response to G. C. L.'s heart-choking letter in the December EVERYBODY'S saved her home, for the present at least. The contributions ranged from twenty-five cents to twenty-five dollars. Many of them, as usual, from people only a trifle better off than G. C. L. Others offered more if needed.

We were impressed by the number of letters received from men, and especially men who have no children of their own. By the number received from people with German names. By the number from the South. By the number of anonymous contributions. And by the uneven amounts of the contributions. As if the senders had strained to the last penny.

A great many helpful suggestions were made to G. C. L. And some startling ones. One man offered to establish the whole family on a Western farm. One woman offered to adopt the baby. A woman in Arizona offered to collect a barrel of children's clothing. A man offered to go partners in the baby, supplying the money, G. C. L. to do the work.

Being mere men, we were greatly taken aback when packages for the new baby began to arrive. A woman editor would have known what to expect. Imagine our desk covered with "everything for baby." Mentionable and otherwise. Then packages for the other children. How tender and thoughtful women are. Many asked for G. C. L.'s address, so that they could send her things for the children from time to time, as their own children grew out of them.

Through an error a few letters were forwarded to G. C. L. We shall not forward any more. Nor shall we give her address. She would need two secretaries to handle the correspondence. Obviously, she ought not to be burdened at this time.

Now about the money. In addition to what EVERYBODY'S sent her when we got her letter, we have sent G. C. L., from you, $553.20. Frankly, we expected a thousand. But $553.20 is a goodly sum to poor folks, and with the clothing and toys it made a rare Christmas for G. C. L. and her brood. Fortunately, G. C. L. did not share our disappointment, as her letter to our company's treasurer shows:

> "MY DEAR MR. MALLON: There are times in human experience when the heart is too full for expression. I can not command words that will tell you all it means to me—that check and the good-will it expresses—but one thing you must know and that is the deep and lasting appreciation we both feel toward you, EVERYBODY'S, and all the people who have, and may, help us, and it makes me feel as if the whole worldful of people are wonderful and kind if one but gets beneath the surface.
>
> "You are right in thinking our needs are urgent; that check was used at once to cancel those mortgage notes, which were so many, many months overdue, and to pay interest on same. It was pinching hard (the fact they were due and *got* to be paid this fall, yet no possible way to do it). Of course, there are other things pinching hard, too, but we

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know now that our home can not be taken away from us, as it could have been before that payment was made.

"God bless you and *every one!* G. C. L."

No, G. C. L. does not share our disappointment. To her "the whole world-ful of people are wonderful and kind," and she prays "God bless you and *every one!*" Notice how the kindness of a few makes "the whole world kind" for her. So the unkindness of a few may make "the whole world unkind." This is a big view and serious. Every single kindness or unkindness of each one toward another helps to fashion that other's opinion of all mankind.

HERE ARE EXCERPTS FROM A FEW OF YOUR LETTERS

"Enclosed find express order for one dollar and fifty cents for the 'Mother in Trouble,' from Mother, Daughter, and Granddaughter."

"Will you kindly see that my mite goes forward to the 'Mother in Trouble'? I have (we have) four babies. I should be interested to know if that mortgage can be paid off."

"This small amount from a 'childless mother,' whose evening of life will miss the richness of love and consideration of sons and daughters."

"I am so sorry for you, for I, too, have had little ones coming when I could not care for those little ones around me. Now my children are grown, my husband dead, and my eyes are failing, but I want to help you."

"I can sometimes squeeze out a dollar here and a dollar there to put away for future expense, and I think the 'Mother in Trouble' needs this particular five dollars more than I do, and she shall have it, and my good wishes with it."

"Hand her the enclosed check, and tell her that if a little more is needed, I will try to find it some place, and I wish her luck!"

"I have packed in a small box, addressed to you, some warm things for the children. Frankly, some man can do great, good service in that household by advising this woman's husband kindly."

"Isn't it a travesty on the justice of this government when a man who is willing to give his time and strength to make an honest living for a wife and six children can find work but part of the time at one dollar and seventy-five cents a day?"

YES, it is a travesty on government. Ideal government. We often forget that government in a republic is all the people working together through their representatives for saving money and time, and for securing greater efficiency. The National Government, Congress, is just ourselves handling our national and international interests through our representatives. Some things we can do better at home than we can through Washington. An ideal government is perfect machinery and perfect representatives. Obviously unattainable. But if we had it, we should still have imperfect mortals at home. Men and women who can not manage. And who, with their children, will suffer. Their more able neighbors must care for them. Our duty and our opportunity is around the corner. G. C. L.'s troubles are her neighbors' troubles, not yours. This way of helping her is the wrong way, but heavenly compared with no way. Have you looked around your corner? Have you ever heard a big Billy Sunday congregation sing "Brighten up the corner where you are"?

E. J. R.

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